

BRITANNIA



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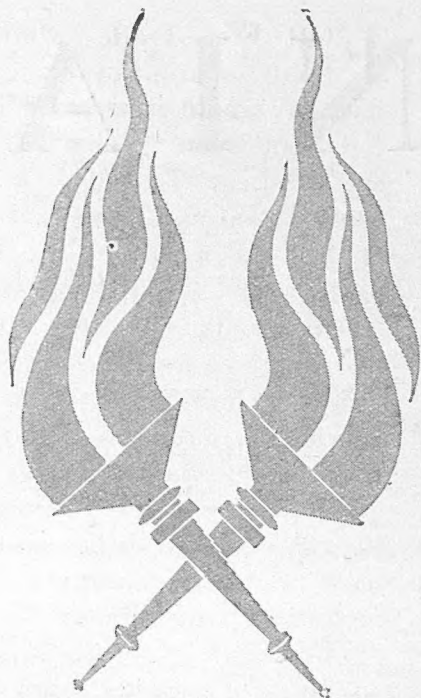
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THE FLARE of the TORCHES

ISN'T FREE TRADE OBVIOUSLY WRONG?

By GILBERT FRANKAU

THE policy of BRITANNIA is the policy of the Open Forum. For this reason you will find, on page 497 of this issue, an article by Sir Herbert Samuel entitled: "Is Safeguarding Obviously Right?" In that article Sir Herbert states—with rather less than his usual clarity—the case against safeguarding (I prefer the word "protection"), as it is commonly stated: (a) By Liberal politicians; (b) by financiers and importers; and (c)—if I may be allowed the remark—by those "little Englanders" who refuse to see the British Empire whole.

SIR HERBERT, as an astute debater should, begins by granting that a protective policy appears, on the surface, a profitable one. He then goes on to say: "Most of our leading financiers are against it. Very many of our principal manufacturers are against it" (the first of which points seems obvious, finance having no country—and the second of which, with all due deference to Sir Herbert, seems open to discussion), "Our political economists, with few exceptions, are against it" (which, considering the lamentable failure of all our political economists to reconcile their theories with post-war industrial facts, does not weigh with me), and, finally, "Almost every leader of the working class is against it"—which is neither accurate nor, even if it were accurate, germane.

BECAUSE, if ever any body of men and women in any country showed themselves utterly, absolutely and deplorably incapable of service to their fellows, it is those leaders of our working classes—one

presumes that Sir Herbert Samuel refers to the Trade Union officials—who are only just beginning to see that Capital and Labour, if they cannot arrange to live amicably together, will inevitably die in the same profitless ditch.

Whereafter my distinguished opponent plunges headlong in with the statement: "The essence of the matter is that this small island cannot possibly produce within its own shores all that it needs for its subsistence—or more than a fraction of what it needs."

NOW this, I submit, is sheer Little Englandism—a curse from which the Liberal Party always has suffered, and is apparently still suffering to-day. The essence of the safeguarding matter is not—and never can be—"this small island." Protection, in the final issue, must be Imperial Protection. And, taking this as our basis, there is no need for us, as Sir Herbert suggests, to "lend our capital to other countries." Our surplus capital, if the Socialists leave us any, should be lent to our own people, within and not without the Empire; and equally, when we talk, as Sir Herbert does, about "promoting the success of our export trades," we should think first of those exports which find their way to our own kinsmen overseas.

"There can be no question," says Sir Herbert, "of Great Britain being self-contained." But the British Empire can, actually, be made as self-supporting as—even more self-supporting than—the United States of America. We can produce—to name only a few commodities—all the grain, all the timber, almost all the cotton, all the rubber, and all

the metals we require. Moreover, if only we set our shoulders to the wheel, we can produce a *surplus* of these prime commodities—a point which both political economists and Liberal politicians appear to overlook.

AND now for the spear-head of the attack which Sir Herbert—in common with all other political strategists—launches against safeguarding. "Always and inevitably," he says, "a protective tariff, if it has any effect at all, raises prices above the level at which they would otherwise stand." Yet he goes on to say, "If prices are inclined to fall—through improved methods of production—then the tariff may not be followed, at the moment, by an actual increase in the prices charged." And even concludes this portion of his argument—which, I repeat, totally disregards the Imperial aspect of safeguarding—with the statement: "If foreign goods were shut out, and if plants that are now half idle were employed to their full capacity, there need be no rise in prices. A carefully devised tariff could effect this, and nothing beyond this; and so would achieve good results without harmful consequences."

From which, I maintain, any reasoning person would judge Sir Herbert at heart a safeguarder—were it not for the fact that he qualifies the whole statement with a final, "But this is not a plan which can be carried out in practice"; and goes on again, as one presumes Liberalism will go on till the end of its epoch, to confuse the entire issue with a column of what I can only describe as "on the other hand" journalism, with references

to what Mr. Baldwin said and what Mr. Churchill said . . . though not to what Mr. Gladstone said in 1884.

I MUST admit I am a little surprised that Sir Herbert does not mention Mr. Gladstone. Because the whole of his argument is Gladstonian—that is to say, out-of-date. Safeguarding—Sir Herbert must learn—is not “an artificial raising of prices by tariff manipulation.” It is the equalising, by perfectly legitimate means, of national opportunities. Put in a nutshell, the imposition of a pound a ton duty on foreign iron and steel means the giving to the British manufacturer, who pays three to four times the taxes of his foreign competitor, and to the British workman, who demands a hundred-per-cent. higher living than, say, the Belgian workman, their chance to secure enough business in the home market to keep themselves alive.

SAFEGUARDERS maintain—and I fail to see how any unprejudiced reasoner can disagree with them—that we cannot both have and eat the cake of industry. So long as the British workman demands (rightly, in my opinion) a better standard of living than the foreign workman; so long as the Government of Great Britain (wrongly, in my opinion) levies a scale of taxation which would not be tolerated by the citizens of any other country on the planet; and so long as we allow (as we do allow) every other country on the planet to dump its surplus wares on “this small island” with its forty million inhabitants—so long will our basic industries continue to dwindle, till eventually they disappear.

IT is no use talking about “industrial efficiency” and “financial reform.” Already we have reformed our finances, by the adoption of the gold standard, to such an extent that finance is the master, instead of being the servant, of industry. Already, in ten short post-war years of so-called Free Trade, we have let the French, the Belgian, the German, the American and the Italian turn us from the world’s workshop into the world’s Tom Tiddler’s ground. Eighty-five per cent. of the linen sold in London shops is foreign

linen. Four million tons of the iron and steel-work we use is foreign. The best mahogany in the world, grown by us in Africa, has to camouflage itself as “South American” before it can find a market with British cabinet makers. While our so-called moderate British Labour men, to whom the party Sir Herbert represents looks eagerly for alliance against Conservatism, spends half its time praying for a reconciliation with bloody Russia—in the hope that we may one day sell bloody Russia enough agricultural machinery to grow the wheat which we ourselves can grow in Canada and Australia . . . if only we have the *nous* to adopt a wholesale instead of a retail emigration policy, and not make idleness in Great Britain a paid career.

OWING to delay in the delivery of our new Rotary Machines and the very heavy demand for BRITANNIA, a limited number of poorly printed copies may get into circulation. Readers who obtain such copies are requested to return same to **The Publisher, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London,** when postage will be refunded and a properly printed issue forwarded free of charge.

IT is no use playing with this problem of emigration. Our pioneers must emigrate not in single spies but in whole battalions. As an Empire we own millions upon millions of acres waiting only manpower and rail-power for their development. British finance built the United States of America. Let it now build the United States of Britain—an independent self-supporting Commonwealth, growing everything it needs, shipping its own goods in its own ships, and telling the foreigner, should he raise any objection, that we will drop our customs barriers when he drops his.

Such is the ultimate goal of those of us who believe this Empire of ours to be something more than an excuse for flag-wagging and political perorations. But before we can reach it, before we can even dream of reaching it, we must prove—to those far-flung Dominions of ours—that we have discarded even the tradition of Free Trade.

FOR Free Trade, whatever our financial and importing interests may say about it, is not Fair Trade. It is not even efficient Trade. At the best it is only cheap-Jack-Trade—and as a system it is failing before our very eyes. The only excuse for it—“cheap food and cheap boots”—is an excuse no more. Cheapness is no longer obtained by low wages. It is attained by mass production. And how can a British manufacturer, unsafeguarded, dare mass production with its vast capital outlay and its vital need for a home market.

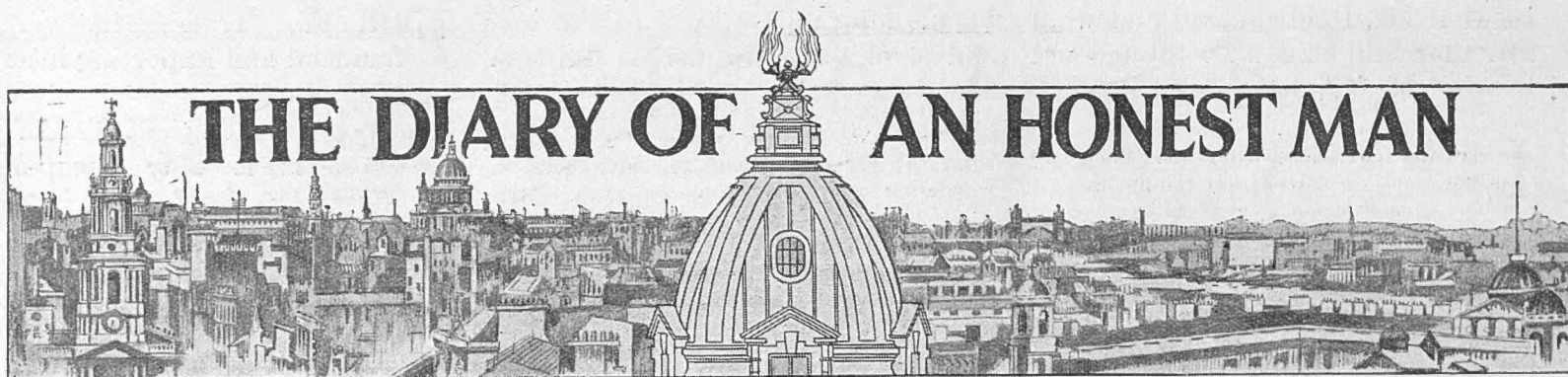
Always, our financiers talk of export markets—forgetting that a rise of even sixpence a week in home wages would give the people of this small island nearly a million pounds a week more to spend.

Safeguarding—the motor trade proves it—can raise wages. But mass production can lower overhead costs so that the rise in wages becomes negligible; except for the additional spending power of the working classes, which means more, and still more, trade. If our financiers had had vision they would have seen this long ago. Just as they would have seen the need for developing Canada, Australia, New Zealand and all our other Dominions, rather than countries which, in the end, have become competitors and not customers, trade-enemies and not trade-friends.

WE talk too much about international friendships; forgetting that, however amicable our relations with another country, any good citizen of that country puts its interests before ours. And we talk too much about “Buying British”; forgetting that Great Britain must make before Britons can buy.

WE can make, here at home, and in our Dominions, almost everything that the most luxurious of human beings can require for his or her comfort. Why don’t we?

Free Trade is not all the answer to that most momentous of all national questions. But it is most of it. As we in “this small island”—should four years of a Liberal-Labour Coalition follow four years of Conservative apathy—will learn to our cost.



The Failure of Self Government.

THE new session which opens next Tuesday is to be given up to Local Government Reform. The history of England has been the history of the decay of local independence. The start came with the first Parliament, which was not an experiment in popular government, but a far-sighted attempt on the part of the weak central government to break down the independence of the provinces by getting the local magnates, on whom they depended for grants of money, away from local influences and within reach of court pressure.

As we know, the experiment succeeded. For some hundreds of years, however, the parishes retained extensive powers, and it was the last century which saw their extinction in England and Wales as important units in government. The system first adopted was the creation of *ad hoc* authorities operating over wider areas; such were the original highway authorities, the first poor law unions, and the school boards. Then came the different councils as they exist to-day, though the Poor Law Unions remained. Now it seems that they, too, are to go and a good deal more of the highway administration is also to be transferred to the County and County Borough Councils. The number of the old *ad hoc* boards and committees remaining to-day in Scotland is greater than in England and the government policy applied to Scotland will produce relatively greater changes.

His Knibbs's Nightmare.

SIR GEORGE KNIBBS, the Australian statistician, has had a nightmare and has found a publisher for it. It takes shape as a book called *The Shadow on the World's Future* and its thesis is that world population is growing at such a pace that humanity has only another two hundred years to live. A few years before the war some one discovered that there was nothing in aristocracy. When asked why, he produced some statistics which showed that we all had precisely 1,048,572 ancestors living a mere thirty generations back. This startling discovery failed to destroy the House of Lords for the simple reason that it was wholly fallacious. If it had been even partially true the desolate island of Tristan da Cunha, for instance, must have had as recently as A.D. 1300 a population of over a million. Actually its population is known to have been less than it is to-day.

Sir George Knibbs's fallacy is, of course, less simple, but it is surely equally compendious. World population is a statistical and not a social fact. Population rises and falls by areas and history tells us that each population group will continue to expand so long as the area from which it draws its sustenance is capable of providing for expansion. Whenever these conditions cease to exist the population group declines. That is a matter of historical fact.

To give comparatively recent examples, look at Provence, East Anglia or New England. To go further back, look at Tyre, Sidon, Babylon and Carthage. When no drastic change occurs, the population group will ultimately reach a

stable figure. This has happened already in China and France, and is happening in India (the increase between 1911 and 1921 was only 1.2 per cent.) and in England, where a birthrate of 19 per thousand is low enough to produce an actually declining population in a mere score of years (in 1925 and again last year the birthrate was below 19 per thousand.)

Noises Off.

COLCHESTER Oyster Feast has come and some thousands of oysters have gone the way of all oysters since the days of Vespasian. Last week's feast was famous in the series because for the first time the art of music was included in the toast list.

The connection is not as obscure as Sir Landon Ronald, who made rather heavy weather over oyster Pattis, seemed to think. The clue is to be found in the well-known fact that a noisy noise annoys an oyster. To invite the sympathetic co-operation of Sir Landon Ronald and Sir Hugh Allen in the festivities was therefore a mere piece of prudence on the part of those interested in the fisheries.

Now that our musicians have been to Colchester they will want to go again and they know what they have got to do in order to be sure of their invitation. They have got to educate the public within the next twelve months into preferring music to noise. Judging by the last dance band I listened to, where the applause was nearly as deafening as the saxophone, they will have an uphill task. But after their dose of native inspiration they will no doubt carry it through.

A Dishonourable Insinuation.

ATTENTION is due to the *Daily Herald's* attack on the cotton industry. The Labour Party have no policy for Lancashire, but they have undertaken, if returned to power, to appoint a committee. Obviously this was not good enough for a bye-election cry, so the *Daily Herald* calmly announced as a fact that "a Government committee armed with legal powers to call in all the books" (the italics are not mine) "would long ago have arrived at a decision."

In other words, the Lancashire operatives were deliberately induced to believe that the employers have concealed somewhere a surplus of unemployed capital which public opinion, if the facts became known, would force them to use in developing the industry. Alternatively the suggestion was that secret profits were being made at the expense of the workers.

These discreditable insinuations are characteristic of the Labour Party. When they fail to produce the rabbit from the hat they are forced to accuse the wicked capitalist of concealing it. There are too many ruined shareholders in Lancashire—men once rich who are literally penniless to-day—for the more popular talk about rich men living in idleness to have cut any ice at Ashton. So we had instead the furtive accusation of a fraudulent conspiracy. For the rabbit had got to be found, else the Ashton electors could not have had their rabbit pie.

Newspaper Trusts.

SIR ROBERT DONALD, once editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, has alarmed Fleet Street by prophesying the demise of three London morning papers. My own view is that the trustification of the Press will defeat its own object. It will lead to a gradual loss of influence by the Press and will bring back in its train the small independent newspaper.

Certainly the political influence of the big combines to-day is infinitely less than that of *The Times* under Delane, and it is at least arguable that the *Nation* under Mr. Massingham and the *Westminster* under Mr. Spender, with their relatively tiny circulations, influenced English politics to an actually greater extent than did the *Daily Mail* under Northcliffe.

That, relatively, their influence was overwhelmingly greater is unquestioned. Nor is it true that even circulations absurdly small by comparison with the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express* are necessarily uneconomic. If any daily paper could guarantee to its advertisers that it was read by every reader of *Punch* it would not lack support. But the independent newspapers of the future will be different in form and scope from our great daily papers of to-day. They will be more like the *Figaro* than the *Daily Telegraph*. And one day we may even have a paper as good as the *Journal de Genève*.

A Bold Campaign.

LAST Sunday was Temperance Sunday. We are told by the organiser that the pledge-signing campaign will culminate in 1929 in a "house to house effort." Whether, in recognition of the fact that an Englishman's house is his castle, the visitation will be wholly confined to public houses is not stated. In the interests of temperance I hope that at least a few visits to private houses will be sandwiched in between the "Dog and Duck" and the "Goat and Compasses." But in any case, good should come out of evil, for the really essential temperance reform is the enforcement of simultaneous closing hours in adjoining districts and the house to house visitation may bring to the minds of our reformers, if only they keep their heads (and their feet), the absurdity of the present regulations.

Real Scientists.

TALKING of scientists, I am amused to see that Mr. J. B. S. Haldane has a truer sense of values than most of his contemporary scientists. Asked to define the scientifically-minded man in terms of concrete personalities he puts Dr. Crippen above Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Wells above Mr. Bernard Shaw.

In other words, some one has at last admitted that what is meant by a scientist is a man who knows some science. The admission is overdue. Ordinary people do not call the history master at Little Puddleton Grammar School a historian, or the youngest curate of St. Theophilus's a theologian. Nor do we refer to the village postmaster as an administrator. But every other day we see conscientious lecturers in

organic chemistry called scientists and if not claiming at least accepting the title as giving them sufficient authority to settle in the name of "science" all the problems of life.

I hope that Mr. Haldane's frankness will open our eyes and that when we next read that, "all scientific men are agreed that family life is a hopeless anachronism," we shall cease to conjure up visions of stern men with magnificent foreheads brooding over time and fate but shall see instead the more familiar if less godlike features of Dr. Crippen of Brondesbury and Dr. Palmer of Rugeley. Nor would this belated recognition be undeserved; both these eminent scientists died for their convictions.

The Last Soldiers' Battle.

THE day before yesterday was the anniversary of the crisis of the First Battle of Ypres, the day on which the tide definitely turned. Ypres was perhaps the last battle in which the man was master of the machine, certainly the last in which the rifle and the bayonet were the decisive weapons. For Englishmen it is an even more poignant memory, because it was the last battle fought by a British Army of the pre-war tradition. The British Army won, but it was broken by its efforts and when the agony was over von Falkenhayn could send four Army Corps to the East and so enable Hindenburg to drive the Russian Army for ever out of Germany.

The old British Army, victorious as it was, could not attack, because the old British Army had ceased to exist. And the new Army was not ready.

Falkenhayn lost his battle but won his campaign. Silesia was saved and the way was paved for the defeat of Russia in 1915. But for the British regimental officers and men he might have won not a campaign but a war. As it was, time was against him, and he could not fight on two-fronts.

Rewards and Fairy Stories.

THERE are few men in public life who talk less nonsense than the Dean of St. Paul's, but I cannot agree with the view he has just expressed that Ministers of the Crown should be content with their present salaries and the "honour of serving the public."

Why must the business of government be left to that minority of men who are content for moral reasons with a third of the income which they can earn in other walks of life? Ministers have no security of tenure and many of them have no alternative but to live up to their income. Sir Kingsley Wood, in fact, is merely stating the plain truth when he describes the present ministerial salary as a "miserable pittance."

It is, of course, true that many business men are immensely overpaid in the sense that other men of equal abilities could and would do their work for much less. But the public will not allow them to do so. Shareholders expect famous men on the boards of their companies and in charge of their executive departments, and it will be a bad day for England when they cease to expect the same in the Government. Moreover, in any case Ministers of the Crown are cut off from the larger rewards of a commercial career. Big fortunes are not made by the savings on high salaries but by company flotations. Financial genius does not go begging, it goes taking.

Surely the vast fortunes acquired by successful promoters and denied to salaried officials are sufficient to set off against the honour and dignity of public service without insisting that the salaries themselves shall be half those which are paid by private corporations. The present system is debasing our public life by leading to the sale of reputations honourably earned and the subsidisation of Ministers and ex-Ministers by private individuals. Why not change it?

Turbulent Priests.

VOTING by the clergy in the dioceses of London, Rochester and Liverpool shows a majority against the Archbishops on the permissive use of the new Prayer Book. Meanwhile the general body of the laity looks on wondering what the trouble is about. They would be wiser to look closer. England was a Catholic and became for two centuries an intensely Protestant country. But just as English democracy preserved and enriched the traditions of the monarchy so the central body of English protestantism preserved in great measure, with the cathedrals and their endowments, the ceremonial traditions of the older church.

Next Week.

NOVEMBER 3RD.

Brewers' Exhibition, Royal Agricultural Hall.

Bisley Prize Teams Luncheon, Mansion House. 12.45.

Sir Frank Dyson at Working Men's College, St. Pancras. 8.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

Master of Balliol at Coventry Cathedral.

The Friends of Italy. Wigmore Hall. 3.

NOVEMBER 5TH.

Merchandise Marks Act Rubber Inquiry, Board of Trade.

Viscount Grey of Fallodon on "Anglo-French Naval Agreement," Liberal Council Luncheon, Whitehall Rooms. 1.

City Livery Club Dinner, Guildhall. 6.45.

Imperial Industries Club Dinner, Hotel Metropole.

Motor Cycle and Cycle Show opens at Olympia.

NOVEMBER 6TH.

Knights of the Round Table Dinner to Italian Ambassador, Girdlers Hall. 7.15.

British Cotton Growing Association Luncheon, Manchester.

NOVEMBER 7TH.

Princess Mary opens Wilson Cottage Hospital, Mitcham.

Pilgrims' Luncheon to United States Consul-General, Hotel Victoria. 1.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

National Institution of Industrial Psychology, Home Office Museum. 4.30

NOVEMBER 9TH.

Lord Mayor's Show.

Election of Mayors.

The present trouble has arisen with the growth of Anglo-Catholicism, which seeks to give to the ceremonial of the English Church a new (or as they claim, the old) doctrinal significance. The Anglican compromise—ritual without dogma and episcopacy without authority—has temporarily broken down, just as the political compromise which provided democratic institutions and left them to the control of a governing class was broken down.

The cause is the same in both cases. In the one case the doctrinal system, in the other case the social system, is for the first time openly challenged by able, sincere and Christian men. The Bishops are only slowly being brought to realise that an episcopacy without authority in matters of doctrine is a workable institution so long as the general body of the clergy and laity are in agreement. That and no other is the issue.

Planetary Promiscuity.

DR. H. MANSFIELD ROBINSON has taken on himself to send our love to Mars. Here in a nutshell we have the modern wisdom.

Every comment on this incident has missed the really significant folly, which is not the dispatch of the message but its contents.

Why send our love? What do we know of the Martians? They may be detestable people. If they are anything like Mr. Wells's Martians they certainly are. Is our love really so cheap that we can send it out so blindly into space to be picked up by anybody who happens to be there? Even Browning, who for the inadequate reason that God was in heaven concluded that all was right with the world, was never confident that all was right with Mars. And where a Victorian Liberal confessed to a doubt only a madman could feel certain.

Yet it is a matter of hard fact that Dr. Robinson, though he may be unique in thinking it possible to convey our greetings to Mars, is at one with ninety-nine out of a hundred people in being ready to do so literally without any provocation at all. It is a barren sentimentality which cannot see that indiscriminate amity degrades social relationship to the level of the cattle pen.

"I have loved justice and hated iniquity," a famous prelate was proud to confess, "and therefore I die in exile." Perhaps the high priests of modern internationalism prefer a more comfortable epitaph: "I have loved everyone and hated no one, therefore I have been elected to the board of the Cosmopolitan Finance Corporation."

Mr. Everyman Misunderstood.

THE Drapers' Chamber of Trade have passed an important resolution "viewing with apprehension the exceptional growth of the principle of hire purchase." Almost simultaneously the Book Marketing Board, sponsored by Sir Ernest Benn and Mr. Jonathan Cape, has launched a scheme to enable us to buy even books on the instalment plan.

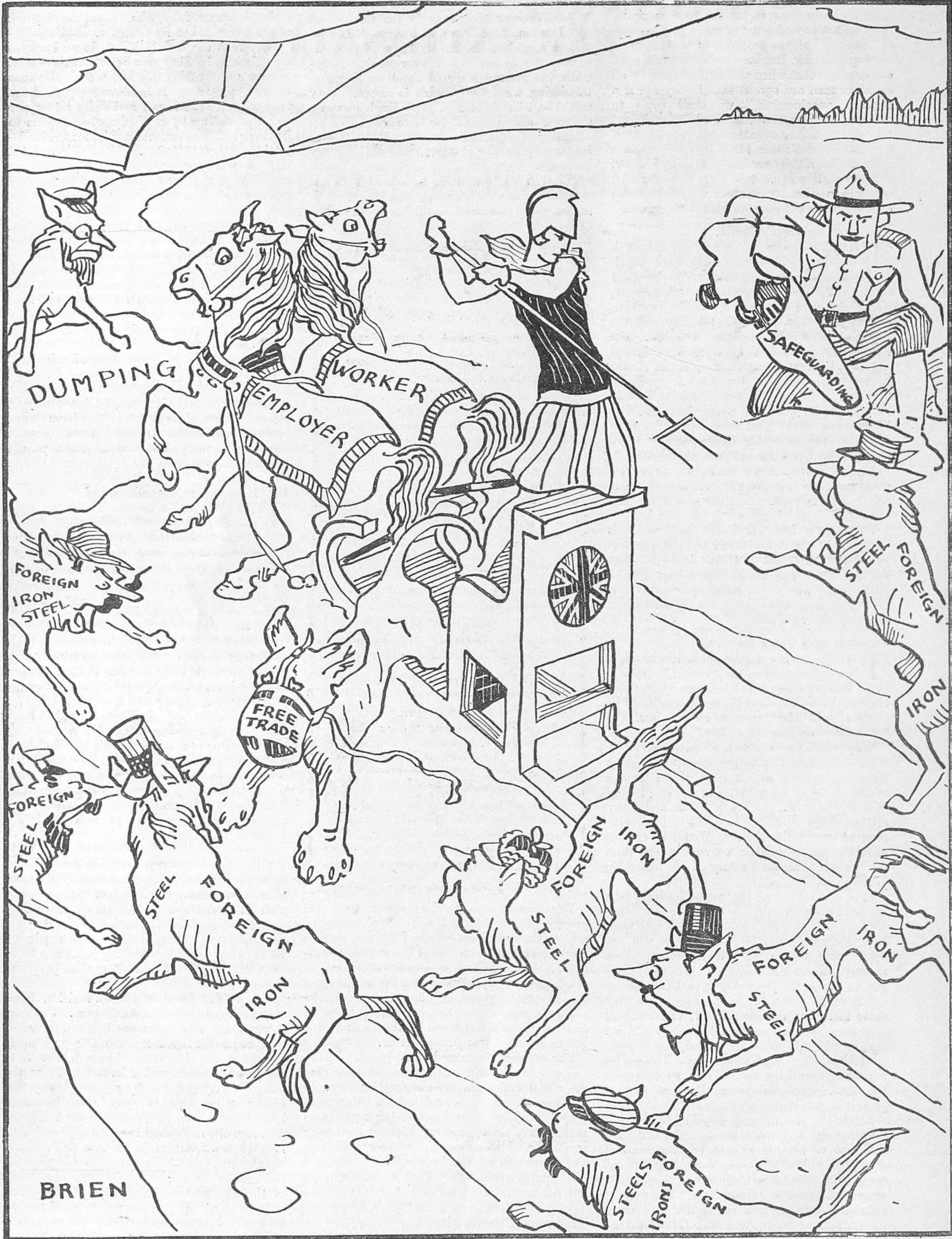
The importance of the question is seen at once when we realise that the immense trade prosperity of the United States in recent years is very largely if indirectly due to the spread of the hire-purchase system deliberately financed by the banks. At any rate it is due to this that the vast increase (nearly 100 per cent.) in bank cash—i.e., purchasing power—in America, in the last six years has not been nullified by a corresponding rise in prices. The result has been a trade boom. In England in the same period there was an actual fall in aggregate of bank cash—i.e., of our purchasing power—and the result has been the disastrous trade depression.

Here is a practical lesson in economics. Only if production keeps pace with the expansion of purchasing power do you get expanding trade. The hire-purchase system when applied over a vast continent and to all commodities is a practical system of stimulating production and neutralising the effects of that credit expansion which is the necessary starting point of a trade revival. Why? Because it enables people to buy.

I fancy that Sir Ernest Benn and Mr. Jonathan Cape are wiser than the drapers. Observe, however, the vital difference between stimulating production by increasing the purchasing power of the individual through the hire-purchase system and stimulating it, as the Labour Party propose, by a guaranteed wage, higher unemployment pay and insurance benefits and other subsidies to wages. In the first case the individual is responsible and if he fails to work harder he cannot pay off the instalments. In the second case his personal fortunes are in no way bound up with those of the producer whose goods he finds himself able to buy. He has, therefore, no incentive to produce more and actually experiences a temptation to produce less. That way lies disaster.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

THE BRITANNIA CARTOON



Safeguarding to the Rescue.

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



Crawford Price.

REPARATIONS AND YOUR INCOME TAX

By

CRAWFURD PRICE

REPARATIONS is a dull word indicative of a dry subject, and I would fain leave the sorry business entirely to the bankers and the economists. But it happens to be a business which will be much discussed during the coming months, and one, moreover, which definitely affects the economy of every household in the country. Reparations have a fundamental bearing on the vast problem of unemployment and the burden of income tax.

Indifference towards the negotiations recently inaugurated may therefore lead to further sacrifice, and to that possibility, at least, the British Taxpayer must offer a determined resistance. He has already made sacrifices enough. Too long has he been the milch cow of the Entente.

I shall make no attempt, in the space of a brief article, to delve below the surface of this complex issue. Indeed, so tortuous are its ramifications that I doubt the ability of anyone to grasp the problem as a whole. But there are certain outstanding facts that he who runs may read, even though his mind be bewildered by the colossal figures involved.

The Great War is supposed to have cost about sixteen thousand million pounds sterling, or fifty per cent. more than the total cost of governing Great Britain for 225 years prior to 1914. Small wonder, then, that the idea of making Germany pay for it disappeared as soon as European statesmen got their brains back into working order. Disappeared, also, the idea of a War Indemnity.

We contented ourselves with Reparations—reparations for damage caused to civilians, the dependents of war victims and property, and for the cost of pensions, allowances and a host of other incidentals.

Assessing Germany's Indebtedness.

WHEN the peace plenipotentiaries attempted to assess these damages they not unnaturally boggled at the magnitude of the task, and the Treaty of Versailles ordained that an Inter-Allied Reparations Commission should be constituted with instructions to reach a decision by May 1st, 1921, as to the amount, frequency and manner of the payments to be made by Germany. The Commission met continuously, allied ministers also assembled at the Conferences of San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Spa, Brussels and London to discuss the matter, and in April, 1921, the total amount due from Germany was fixed at £6,600,000,000.

The London ultimatum of May 5th, 1921, ordained that payment was to be made by a fixed annuity of £100,000,000, plus an amount equal to 26 per cent. of the value of German exports. Soon afterwards, as if by malice aforethought, the mark commenced its downward career, and with it went the hope of the London Conference. We had to begin all over again.

The Dawes Plan.

HENCE the Dawes Plan. It is popularly imagined that General Dawes and the international experts associated with him produced a rabbit out of the hat in the shape of a complete solution of the Reparations problem. Not so. The purpose of the Commission was entirely different. It sought first (and with complete success) to rehabilitate German finances. Secondly, it attempted to assess Germany's capacity to pay, and this it accomplished with such accuracy that thus far the prescribed schedule has been punctually met. Furthermore, although the first year in which Germany is called upon to pay the standard annuity of £125,000,000 only began on September 1st last, there is every evidence that the burden is one which her industry and finance can carry.

What the Dawes Plan certainly did not do was to fix the total of German indebtedness. That still stands, nominally, at the astronomical figure of six thousand six hundred million pounds sterling calculated by the Reparations Commission. Nobody, of course, regards this figure as other than sheer nonsense (mere interest at 5 per cent. would entail an annual payment of £330,000,000) and its existence, even on paper, has greatly militated against the economic reconstruction of Europe.

Germany, quite rightly, wants to know where she stands, and it is the purpose of the Committee of experts set up under the recent Geneva agreement to re-examine the question and assess the total liability.

Even were the question confined to this particular issue, it is obvious that a colossal amount of labour and time would be involved; but in any attempt to reach a settlement there is grave danger that the thorny subject of inter-allied debts will be introduced. Indeed, this can hardly be avoided, for France has already made it clear that she will not be satisfied with less than the amount of her indebtedness to Britain and America, plus approximately half the alleged cost of reconstructing the devastated provinces.

What France demands from Germany will, therefore, largely depend upon what Britain demands from France (America being obdurate), and it is almost inevitable that Britain will be asked (once more in the sacred name of European appeasement and recovery) to make further sacrifices. And it is precisely here that the British Taxpayer comes into the forefront of the picture.

However opinions may differ as to the best method of dealing with War Debts, it cannot be denied that Britain has acted with the utmost magnanimity towards her debtors. According to the principle laid down in the Balfour Note, we demand from them and from Germany only what is necessary to cover our indebtedness to the United States.

Now let us see what that means. At the close of the War our European allies owed us a matter of £2,000,000,000—a staggering total, to be sure, but it had all come out of British pockets. *Per contra*, we owed the United States £850,000,000. We are therefore prepared to wipe off no less than £1,150,000,000 of debt, and even more if Uncle Sam ever decides that it is not necessary for our good upbringing that we should be compelled to pay to the uttermost farthing.

The burden thus imposed upon the British Taxpayer is particularly heavy. We may talk, however lightly, of cancellation. We may remove the onus from the backs of our Allies with the stroke of a pen. But the liability remains. The £2,000,000,000 continues to figure in every statement of our financial position as "National Debt." It, or a large part of it, bears interest at 5 per cent., absorbs about £100,000,000 of our national revenue every year, and costs you and me approximately 1s. 8d. in the £ in Income Tax.

In short, cancellation is a cant phrase which barely disguises the fact that British men and women are paying the debts of French, Italians, Yugoslavs, Belgians, Poles, Czechs, etc.

The Funding Agreements.

WE do not, ourselves, seem able to shed our responsibilities so easily. Precisely why there should be one law for this little island and another for the continent of Europe I cannot profess to understand, but the settlement which Mr. Baldwin effected in America

(Continued overleaf.)

Speaking Internationally

(continued)

deserves, shall I say, all that has been said about it—on both sides. Probably it will still be news to many to learn that we are engaged to pay the United States £100,000 every day for 62 years, or, in terms of Income Tax, over 7d. in the £.

The debt was agreed, in round figures, at £850,000,000, payable over 62 years in annuities ranging from £32,000,000 in 1923 to £37,000,000 in 1933 and onwards. By 1984, if we still exist as a nation, we and our children and our children's children will have paid the United States a total of £2,221,000,000 in discharge of a nominal debt, incurred on behalf of our Allies, of £850,000,000. That, fantastic as it all looks, is how the baneful thing works out. And it is only part of the price we have to pay for winning the War.

The point I am endeavouring to make is that we have already erred sufficiently on the side of generosity, for in comparison with the Baldwin settlement, our own funding agreements look supremely ridiculous. Take the Italian debt, for example. By virtue of the Churchill-Volpi agreement, Italy is paying us, in satisfaction of a liability of £610,840,000, a sum which, capitalised at 5 per cent., amounts to no more than £86,000,000. We receive a paltry £4,000,000 a year from Italy, who has money to burn in Albania, and this particular act of indulgence costs the British Taxpayer about 5d. in the £ on Income Tax.

Another £15,500,000 Annually.

OR consider the French debt which, in 1925, stood at £610,250,000, less £53,250,000, which was held in gold—a net amount of

£557,000,000. That loan is costing our Exchequer £28,000,000 annually, against which France is paying only £12,500,000. We find the balance of £15,500,000 by planking another 3d. on the Income Tax. And even this agreement has not yet been formally ratified—it has been held up by Paris, no doubt in the hope that we would consent to a greater sacrifice.

It is interesting to record, on the other hand, that the Dominions and Colonies are regularly paying us interest on the total amount of the money advanced them during the War.

YOUR TAXES AND THEIRS.

This table shows the taxation per head of the population, the figures for the last pre-war year being given for comparison:

	Gt. Britain.	France.	Germany.	Italy.	U.S.A.
1913-14..	£3 11 0	£3 7 0	£1 11 0	£2 2 0	£1 4 0
1926-27..	£14 11 0	£7 7 0	£5 13 0	£4 4 0	£6 0 0

But the story is still incomplete. Wherever we turn we find the unfortunate British Taxpayer mulcted for the benefit of somebody else. If he loaned money to his own government he has to pay the interest on it himself; if he loaned it to Germany, he lost the lot (perhaps deservedly) when the mark crashed; if he loaned it to France, he lost four-fifths of his capital when the franc was stabilised at 124:21. When this latter fact was pointed out to Mr. Churchill he was professedly sympathetic, but recommended the impoverished investors to press their "moral claims" upon the French Government. What a hope!

The whole trouble, of course, lies in the

peculiar mentality of our rulers when war loans are in question. It is held to be correct, honourable and expedient that we, the most heavily burdened people in the world, should pay our debts to the last penny. Yet where other nations are concerned, it is equally correct and honourable and expedient that they should pay what they like or even nothing at all.

The Obvious Lesson.

THE lesson is obvious. New Reparations negotiations are upon us. By the Balfour Note we have forgiven our Allies the greater part of their debts. We have thereby incurred a permanent addition to our Income Tax which far exceeds any paltry relief which industry may expect to receive from the much-advertised de-Rating Bill. We have done enough.

For myself I cannot see that any very useful purpose will be served by reconsideration of the Reparations question until such time as America voluntarily opens her eyes to the wisdom of an all-round cancellation.

And We Won the War.

BUT even that will be no fairy wand. It will not realize the magnificent transformation scene which figures in the imagination of some international economists. It may ameliorate the general situation to some extent, but our own swollen National Debt will remain and, since Jones will continue to pay interest on the money loaned to the States by Brown, we shall go on taking in each other's washing *ad infinitum*. And we, I suppose, really won the war.

MR. MCKENNA'S WARNING*

By PROFESSOR JAMES MAYNARD KEYNES

MR. MCKENNA has done a bold thing. He has dared to reprint without alteration the advice, the explanations, the prophecies which have adorned his annual addresses to the shareholders of the Midland Bank since 1920. But he emerges with remarkable success. He has said substantially the same thing, brought up-to-date, every year; he has never been listened to; and his warnings have turned out right. But the authorities of the Bank of England, against whom in polite and covert language he has been inveighing, have possessed the inestimable advantage of never explaining themselves or having to justify their policies. So Cassandra, though having a tongue, has not prevailed against them.

A True Prophet.

YET his story is a simple one which might—one would have thought—be understood even by the dumb unless they are also deaf. It is a clear and argued exposition of the inevitable consequences of a prolonged attempt, spread over years, to deflate prices through the instrument of Bank Rate and Credit Restriction. Business losses, curtailment of production, severe unemployment, a heavy aggravation of the burden of the National Debt—this is what Mr. McKenna has told us each year that we are heading for; and this, each year, is what we have got.

The argument, put very briefly, is as follows. There have often been periods of what Mr. McKenna calls "speculative inflation," in which prices have gone up out of proportion to wages, with the result that exceptionally high profits have been earned, leading in their turn to over-trading. Against such developments the Bank of England's traditional weapon of high bank-rate and the restriction of traders'

credit is ideally suitable and always likely to be successful. But there is also quite a different kind of inflation, such as that which was the legacy of the War Period, when wages have had time to rise just as much as prices, so that profits are no longer excessive.

Now it is vital to distinguish between these two kinds of inflation and to be quite clear, before we use the weapon of Credit Restriction to cure the second kind, exactly what we are in for and whether it is worth while. This is the piece of clear thinking which, time after time in the course of these addresses, Mr. McKenna has demanded, yet which the Treasury and the Bank of England have never provided.

For how does the process work? Clearly prices cannot fall unless either profits fall or wages fall or efficiency increases. Over a long period we might hope a good deal from an increase in efficiency; but manufacturers could not possibly hope to increase efficiency quickly in a degree corresponding to the fall of prices. Moreover, an atmosphere of restriction is the worst possible atmosphere in which to increase efficiency in modern conditions, where much depends on full-scale production.

Less Output and Less Employment.

HOW then will a restriction of credit by the Bank of England bring down prices? The first effect will be to cause manufacturers to drop all their less profitable business—which means less output and less employment. The second effect will be to bring towards bankruptcy those manufacturers who happen to be working—because of foreign competition or for any other reason—with a narrow margin of profit, as, in this case, the heavy industries of coal, iron and steel and the textile industries. These industries have to choose between losing money and embarking on a struggle with their

operatives to reduce wages; and they generally go in for a bit of both. By this time there is—one way or another—a large body of unemployed. When the Bank of England achieved this result, one-half—the easier half—of the Bank's task has been accomplished.

The next stage is to use the pressure of unemployment to bring down wages. In modern conditions this is exceedingly difficult, and the resistance to it has been tenacious and on the whole successful. That is why the phase of unemployment has been so exceedingly prolonged. When wages have come down to the necessary extent—and in so far as efficiency is increased, the extent to which wages need fall is correspondingly diminished—profits are restored at a lower price-level than before. The workers will be no worse off than they were, when once the process is completed; for, though their money-wages will be lower, their purchasing power will be maintained. But the reasonableness of this final outcome does not make it any the easier to bring about in practice.

Many people, who did not think so at the time, now realise it would have been much wiser to have established both prices and wages at a higher level—thus avoiding business losses, unemployment and a heavier National Debt. Nor are we yet out of the wood.

As Bagehot wrote many years ago:—"The directors of the Bank of England were neither acquainted with right principles, nor were they protected by a judicious routine." But, at any rate, the Chairman of our greatest Joint Stock Bank did what he could to warn the Government and the public.

(World Copyright)

*The Post War Banking Policy, by Reginald McKenna (Heinemann 7/6).

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

WHERE WOMEN ARE WANTED

By J. Saxon Mills

I DO not like to say we have too many women in this country, because that sounds ungallant. A popular poet has it thus:—

*The Roses of the Nation
As I do understand,
By careful computation
Exceed the gross demand.*

In Canada, on the other hand, the demand exceeds the supply. To put it in statistical form, the excess of males in Canada out of every hundred of the people is three; in England the deficiency is nearly five. This sort of thing, if carried too far, may mean legalised polygamy with us, which is absurd, and legalised polyandry in Canada, which is still more absurd.

Why do I make these dreadful remarks? Because I am always noting that any estimate of prospective migration to Canada is always in terms of males. For example, I am told we may settle 13,000 single men next year on the land in Canada. That is right enough, but no mention is made of a corresponding migration of single women. Commissioner Lamb thinks 13,000 men ought to be balanced by at least 20,000 women.

A Bad Sort of Scarcity.

By thus persistently pumping in the males into Canada we are producing a state of things good neither for morals, nor for social stability nor for sound development. A popular French novelist tells us that the most awful sort of famine is a *manque de femmes*.

There ought to be no difficulty in getting the women out. There is a great call for women for domestic service and the lighter farm work. They do not need even to be trained. Only they must be "alert and well-bred" as all Englishwomen are. Canada is engaged in a big job of State-building. But you cannot build a healthy State on such a lopsided sexual basis. Every Jack must have his Jill, actual or in fair prospect.

Wasting the Breed.

How is it that the Dominions, especially Canada, find it so easy to get Europeans to fill up their spaces and so hard to get British?

Canada gives not the slightest financial help to her German or Scandinavian settler, neither in transport nor in the purchase of land or stock. Yet they come in. A Canadian who has held high office tells me this week that he could get 100,000 Europeans in three months for his Province if he so wished. The difficulty is to keep them out rather than bring them in.

A good part of the explanation is not hard to find. The Nordic European has been accustomed and compelled to stand on his own feet. He has kept a certain independence and got at last a little money in his sock. So he comes across the water, bringing his independent spirit with him, and there he makes good.

I know of a tract of country, the Peace River district of Alberta, 50 miles by 150, now largely settled with Ukrainians. When another Ukrainian escapes from the Sovietic Paradise, he joins up with his fellow-countrymen. Thus a Russian colony in a British Dominion steadily grows. The second and third generation will, it is expected, see them all good Canadians, not Bolsheviks, because a man who owns a bit of land doesn't subscribe to Bolshevism.

Downhill.

Why is it so hard to get the Briton out? Because he is getting more and more accustomed to use the Government and its doles as a "leaning-post." He is losing the old basis of self-help and independence, and when a man does that he "slips," as my Canadian friend truly points out. He has less and less initiative and spirit of adventure. *Panem et Circenses*—doles and cup ties—why should a man leave these things to strike out for himself in the wild west?

I suggest the Government should estimate how long it may take to absorb our present unemployed, and how much it will cost in public money to support them in idleness in the meantime. Let that sum be then capitalised and devoted to purposes of migration.

Stop at all costs this process of demoralisation. Will our rulers do that? Not at all. And why? Perhaps because, as Adam Smith remarked long ago, a politician is "an insidious and crafty animal whose counsels are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs."

The Future of British Guiana.

I should like to say a word or two about that scandalously neglected colony, British Guiana—just as an object lesson. An excellent new Governor, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, is going out there, and as the colony has got a new Chamber of Agriculture, a new constitution and a Forest Trust, we may at last be getting a move on. Colonel May, Trade Commissioner, has been showing us some pictures of the country at the Imperial Institute this week.

It was in "Guyana" that Sir Walter Raleigh sought the solid gold city of Manoa, which he didn't find, largely because it wasn't there. He overlooked another El Dorado in the land of humbler but more useful resources, which even we haven't yet begun properly to discover.

A Treasure-House.

I am not talking about the colony's monopoly of the green-heart timber, good for harbour piles or fishing-rods; of her rich veins of bauxite or aluminium, now being exploited a little by the Americans; of her gold and diamonds, her rice, coffee, copra, rubber, limes, bananas, pineapples, grape fruit—all the foison of the tropics, mostly neglected and unharvested.

But I would refer to sugar, a commodity which is not only "the delight of infancy and the consolation of old age," but enters nowadays into a wide range of manufactures. British Guiana could easily supply all our sugar requirements, though England has nearly the sweetest tooth in the world. She could put two million acres under sugar. At present she has just about 65,000.

The Sugar Question.

British Guiana is hard up. She wants roads, railways, capital, labour. We could have helped her by eating her sugar. Here are some figures of our sugar imports. In 1926 we brought in 12½ million cwt. of refined sugar, including 6½ million from Czecho-Slovakia and 4½ million from the Netherlands. From our Empire we drew 1½ million cwt. Of unrefined we buy from the foreigner much more than half our overseas supplies.

Cotton and the Empire.

The Empire Marketing Board has issued an interesting paper on the Empire and raw cotton, which suggests some reflections. One's mind goes back to the days when our British fiscal policy was in process of Cobdenisation, in the middle of the last century. Richard was not a very wise or long-sighted statesman. We badly want a new biography of him written in the light of the results of his doctrine as they have worked out down to date.

In 1842 the duty on cotton was repealed, and with it the Empire preference. The duty on the foreign produce was 2/11 a hundred-weight, on the British a small matter of three-pence. If that advantage had been maintained, we should to-day have all our raw cotton supplies under our own political control.

We have cotton lands enough to supply the whole solar system with the raw material for all time. Yet what is the situation now? In 1926 we imported 3,097,181 cents of 100 lbs. from the foreigner mainly the United States, and 441,435 from our Empire. And that is after many years' working of the excellent British Cotton-growing Association.



A Sugar Cane Factory in British Guiana.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

By A. WEBB

A Land Without Public Opinion



President Cosgrave.

WHAT is the truth about Ireland? is the question asked every now and again by the man in the street in England. It is usually prompted by an outrage like that of the unprovoked and malicious attempt to set fire to the house of Viscount Lascelles at Portumna, or like the shooting by unknown men of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State. But the question usually remains unanswered.

The truth is that few people in England, except Lord Balfour, have ever understood Ireland, and fewer people in Ireland have ever understood the English attitude towards the land of St. Patrick.

It is a country that has no public opinion. It is a land of talkers, who are always ready to tell one what other people say—not what they themselves think. The trouble is that very few of them do think, and these few find it safer to keep their opinions to themselves. Noteworthy exceptions are W. B. Yeats and George Russell ("Æ"). The majority of other intellectuals prefer not to put their names to anything that might prove to be controversial, in case their opinions should prove to be unpopular.

A Drifting Land.

THAT is why Ireland is drifting to-day; drifting under the influence of a small anti-English minority who believe in coercion, even if it has to be secured by the gun; drifting because it lacks definite and resolute leadership outside the Free State Executive Council. Mr. W. T. Cosgrave has been fighting hard for years to show that Irishmen can govern their own country, and he has a record that greater statesmen than he would be proud to possess. But he is not a Mussolini. He has tried to lead and inspire, while his opponents have been pin-pricking. The Opposition in the Free State is small, but it has been contriving for years to make things uncomfortable for the majority of the people, who only wish to be let alone, hoping by this means to bring about a repetition of 1916. It has a somewhat disillusioned and almost illiterate peasantry upon which to work.

For a century Ireland was always "agin the Government," as a matter of course, but at the same time the people always expected the British Government to distribute largesse. Until six years ago British taxpayers' money was spent on building harbours, railways and roads, and maintained a first-class public service in Ireland.

To-day there is an Irish Government in power in Dublin, which must appease the importunate beggar out of the country's resources alone. The cry "Give, give," goes up to-day in Ireland as unceasingly as it does in the eastern cities. But the Irish farmers and labourers think there is something wrong with a Government which points out that these doles must come out of taxation which the recipients themselves must pay.

The Silent Man in the Street.

THE Irish peasantry, fed for years on insidious lies that the British Empire was kept in being by the money extracted from them, has not yet realised that Ireland is not an El Dorado, and that wealth can only be produced by hard work on the farms.

Mr. Hogan, the Free State Minister for Agriculture, who has done more for the country than any single man in the past century, has not gained in popularity by straightforwardly announcing this fact up and down the countryside.

Years ago the farmers declared that the remedy for all their ills lay in the abolition of the rack-renter. To-day they own their land, but they still await the fortunes they were promised glibly by Sinn Féin.

This body, which eminent Unionist leaders, anxious to spike the guns of John Redmond, once described as "an ardent band of young idealists," attained their ends only because they were able to coerce the unthinking masses, who believed that the line of least resistance lay in accepting Sinn Féin rather than in opposing it.

Major-General Macready has told the whole story in his reminiscences, where he points out that the movement could have been easily crushed had there been the slightest semblance of articulate public opinion in those days. To-day Ireland is being ruthlessly dragged into the acceptance of the views of a minority, as a consequence of the lack of courageous opposition from the man in the street.

A Censorship Farce.

THE Censorship Bill is a case in point. This is being forced on the Dail by a few zealots, and does not by any means represent the views of the majority of the people. If it did, the Bill itself would be unnecessary. Ostensibly its purpose is to prevent the morals of the people being contaminated by the reading of English newspapers that specialise largely in crime news. The "reformers" have used gun and petrol-can to prevent the circulation of these papers; they have intimidated news-agents who stock them; they have denounced them from the pulpit and the platform, but the majority of the people in Ireland continue to buy them.

Thwarted in this direction, the leaders of this small minority movement brought pressure on the Free State Government, with the result that a Bill has been drafted that will exclude from the Free State not only the sensational Sunday and similar papers, but half the classics of the world. And the Bill is likely to pass into law because few people have the courage to stand

up and declare that they refuse to regard the works of Canon Sheehy as a substitute for Anatole France or H. G. Wells. Both these authors are likely to be banned if the Bill becomes law.

The test is not indecency—the present laws, inherited from the British, are sufficient to deal with such offences—but whether they are calculated to "inculcate principles contrary to public morality or are otherwise of such a character that the sale or distribution thereof tends to be injurious or detrimental to or subversive of public morality." That means anything that the censors want it to mean.

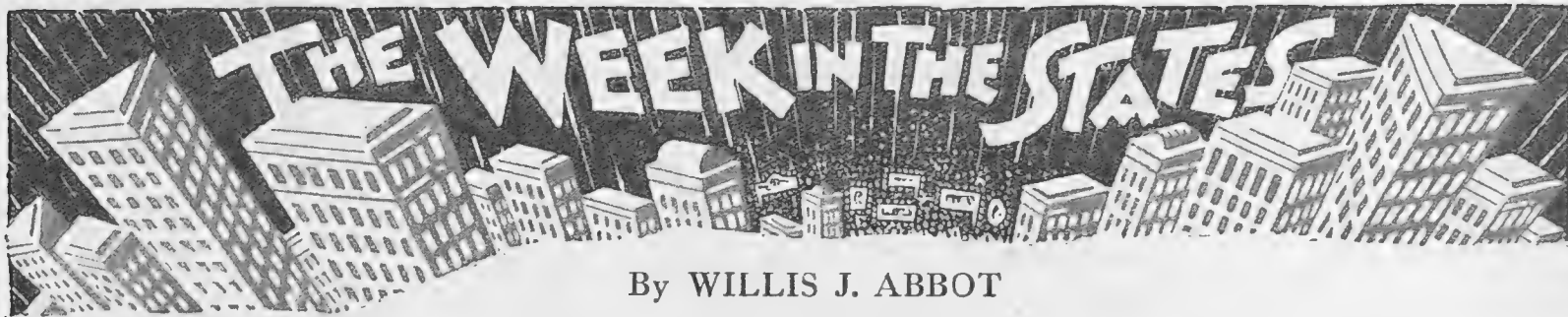
It certainly would mean the exclusion of *BRITANNIA* if it ventured to discuss the ethics of small families, for instance. Because birth control is prohibited by the Catholic Church—although to-day extensively practised by its members—no non-Catholic will be allowed to read the views of the Bishops of the Church of England on the subject.

But Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and the general public on the whole, are afraid to stand up to the fanatics and insist upon their right to select their own reading.

Learning Only to Forget.

THE Gaelic language has been made compulsory in the schools for similar reasons. Ostensibly it was to create a national mentality. Actually it has resulted in the children being turned out with even less education than they had before the new system came into force. And then, as the Gaelic Leaguers themselves admit, the children have forgotten even the little Irish they have learned within a year of leaving school. Because public opinion does not express itself, this state of things will continue.

The truth is that the average Irishman will not fight for his rights. He wants an easy time; he wants to be let alone, and in order to realise this ideal he would walk ten miles with peas in his boots.



This is the sixth of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

THE Presidential campaign enters upon its last week with little change in the outlook. All the indications point to the election of Hoover. Wall Street betting is four to one in his favour. Every poll thus far taken gives him sixty-three to sixty-five per cent. of the total vote. It is not to be thought that "Al" Smith's people show any sign of weakening. There are many who insist that the drift of the last days is toward him, being much encouraged by the tremendous ovation at Boston, which, of all American cities, is largely Irish and Roman Catholic. Hoover's charge that "Al" Smith preached State Socialism in his advocacy of the Government sale of liquor, and the Government ownership of water powers, has been made by the latter an excuse for posing as a martyr. He claims that if his position is socialistic, many of the most eminent American citizens have been Socialists. A more serious allegation is that "Tammany's well-known zest for political jobs explains Smith's eagerness to have liquor selling and the public services kept in political hands.

Ambassador Houghton's Campaign.

Ambassador Houghton, nominee for senator in New York, opened a campaign for Hoover in Missouri, where the German-American vote is heavy. He told in detail of the efforts of Hoover to assist the Germans after the Armistice with food and clothing. A story has been circulated by the Democrats that Hoover in the distribution of American relief was indifferent to the welfare of German children. Houghton's testimony, as the result of personal observation in the field, is proving most advantageous to Hoover's candidacy. I note that the London Press has been expressing most commendatory opinions as to his services as ambassador. The British public will no doubt be interested to know that his prospects for election to the Senate are regarded as excellent, while the vigour with which he has thrown himself into the support of Hoover's candidacy will undoubtedly enhance his strength with the next administration in the event of a Republican success. Regarded as a great international figure, Ambassador Houghton will be a force for the maintenance of goodwill between the English-speaking nations.

Lord Melchett's Welcome.

Americans find it hard to think of a man they long knew as Sir Alfred Mond by his new title of Lord Melchett. He has figured prominently in the news this last week. A most distinguished gathering of financiers, business men and economists met at the Hotel Astor to do him honour. On a raised dais sat seven pioneers of American industrialism, Orville Wright, inventor of the airplane; George Eastman, of Kodak fame; Harvey Firestone, the world's greatest consumer of rubber, now establishing plantations in Liberia; Thomas

A. Edison, and Henry Ford, who need no descriptive phrases; Julius Rosenwald, head of a great mail order house; and Charles N. Schwab, known wherever steel is used. Glen Curtis, manufacturer of airplanes and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, multi-millionaire publisher, were to have rounded off the nine materialistic muses, but were unable to attend. Lord Melchett received a merited tribute when he closed his address, in the course of which he said: "All English people throughout the world are drawn together not merely by the bond of sentiment, but by the economic necessity of those who exchange raw materials for merchandise goods. That, I think, is going to be the economic grouping of the world of the future, the economic grouping, not in hostility, but in co-operation, a grouping, not in repression of each other, but an economic



Lord Melchett.

grouping which will enable us to form units which, undoubtedly operating on a big scale, will enable us to solve many economic problems."

The St. Lawrence Waterway.

Should Hoover be elected, a most interesting international undertaking will at once be pressed. He is strongly committed to the plan of a deep waterway through the St. Lawrence River from the Lakes to the sea. The whole of the middle and Western United States strongly favour this enterprise as helping to solve the farm problem by reducing freight rates on grain to Europe. From the engineering point of view, it is perfectly feasible, and Hoover is

the ideal man to carry it to a conclusion. But diplomatic differences are serious. Canada is not nearly so united in favour of the project as the United States. Part of the canal would be wholly in Dominion waters, and part in international, none exclusively in United States territory. Water power created by work is likely to be of sufficient value to defray all the cost, but there is little demand for power in Canada though an unlimited demand on the United States side of the line. While the canal would be a Dominion enterprise, the power would belong to the provinces in which it is generated. The Eastern Provinces are indifferent, even hostile, to the canal, as they do not wish to see their position as ports usurped by the cities on the Great Lakes. Some western provinces wish the matter deferred until at least a test has been made of the Hudson Bay route to Europe. It is easy to multiply examples of these political and diplomatic difficulties in the path. But in the "International Joint Commission" Canada and the United States have a body which, in the sixteen years of its existence, has never failed to determine an international question submitted for its arbitration. It has worked effectively and quietly settling issues which, in Europe, would have been regarded as major questions of diplomacy. The indications are that Hoover's inauguration will mean busy days for these international harmonisers.

Mr. Steed's Quotation.

Lively interest has been awakened here by the cabled reports of Mr. Wickham Steed's speech in Birmingham last week. He is reported as saying, firstly, that President Coolidge had said that in view of the Kellogg anti-war Pact, the United States would make no objection to the exercise of a blockade against an aggressor nation, and secondly that the President wanted to see the time when every American cruiser would be a guarantee of security to the British people, and every British cruiser one of defence to the American people. The latter statement was made in direct quotation. It is not the practice here to interview the President. Such statements as he makes, are given out voluntarily. Mr. Steed's quotation has, therefore, aroused some inquiry, and White House has let it be known that the reference to the attitude on the League blockade was erroneous. The President fears that Mr. Steed may have been misquoted, but he certainly never committed himself on this subject. As to the remark concerning the mutual aid of cruisers, the President is not reported as issuing any denial, a fact which is regarded with much gratification by the friends of the English-speaking Unity here. As the Naval Construction Bill will certainly come up at a short session of Congress, all desire that no impression shall go out that ships are to be built as a menace to Great Britain.

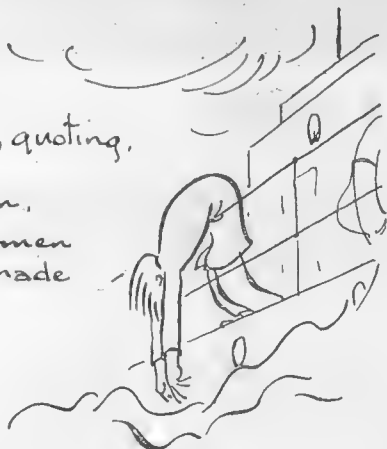
IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notoriety, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, quoting,

God made men,
God made women
and then He made
passengers.



Lord Dewar

It is woman's duty to provide for the
inner man, & man's duty to provide
for the outer woman.



Conservative Agent at Chertsey.

It was very difficult
to ask a woman if she
was 30, but now I
have only to say,
"Are you 21?"



Lord Melchett.

We are not Europeans



'well' wotchernoabout hat?



Canon Woods

The girl of to-day is all right. Possibly
better than her elders were



D'Arville.

Mons Camille de Rhynal. (Pres. of International
Dancing Federation.)

Your dancing becomes more like a dead
march done to syncopation. Judging by the
faces of English dancers. The Frenchman
goes ahead and expresses himself.



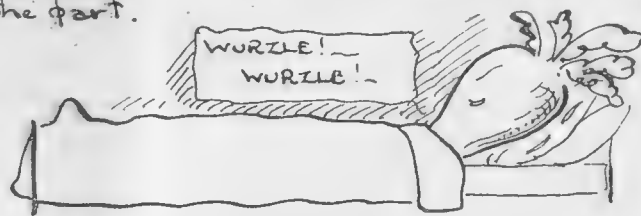
Lady Astor

I do not believe
we are taken in
so easily as
men.



Mr. H.M. Johnson. (Mellon Institute of Industrial
Research Univ. Pittsburg).

When a person falls asleep, he loses most
of his personal dignity. He begins to be-
have very much like a vegetable, & looks
the part.



Mr. Charles F. Masche.

Martians are now
turning their
attention to this
earth, so they have
there a close pump-
ing off place from
which to work.



Aberdonian (in court).

I met some Scotsmen.
They asked me to
have a drink,
and I couldn't
resist it



THE WEEK ON WINGS

By E. M. Rossiter



A BOOM IN AIR TRAVEL

Passengers disembarking at the London Air port. As many as fifty big air liners a day have been flying with full loads to and from the Continent during the past record summer flying season.

THE year 1928 will certainly go down in aviation history as the turning point in civil aviation development. All over the world the air lines have experienced this year a remarkable expansion of traffic. Imperial Airways, Ltd., report an increase in passengers on their cross-Channel air lines of 52 per cent. over last year. The Deutsche Lufthansa exceeded its 1927 record before the end of September, and similar increases are reported by the airways in practically every European country, whilst in America the growth in air mail transport has been stupendous and now amounts to about 200 tons a month.

Traffic at the London Air Port.

Traffic in and out of the London Air Port at Croydon has, during the past summer, consistently shown a weekly increase of from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. over the best record in any previous year, and the result would have been still more satisfactory had the air lines been able to cope with the peak of the demand. The record day was in August when 343 passengers, besides a large quantity of freight and mails, made the air crossing of the Channel. At this period fifty big air liners a day were carrying full loads into and out of Croydon and passengers averaged over 2,000 a week. Women passengers still predominate; on an average five women to every four men travel by Imperial Airways' services.

Success of the London-Paris Line.

Five or six services in each direction have been flown nearly every day by the British London-Paris line, which has now been developed to the point where it is practically self-supporting. Traffic revenue is sufficient to show a profit on operating costs so that it is possible to increase the flying without any additional subsidy. An important mile-post on the road to commercial success has therefore been passed.

The days when an air ticket represented a doubtful gamble have gone by. This year, up to the end of August, Imperial Airways completed no less than 95.2 per cent. of the flights

scheduled in their European time-table and maintained without break their 100 per cent. reliability record on the Cairo-Basra service.

Air Mail and Freight.

With regular air connections to towns in all parts of Europe and as far afield as Persia and South America, a very real saving of time is realised by the air mail services. Postal air traffic this year promises to show an increase as high as 60 per cent. and, like goods traffic, is expanding so swiftly that special types of aircraft are required to handle it with the maximum efficiency.

500 Private Fliers.

The Flying Age has opened in earnest. In addition to the growth in public transport flying, an amazingly rapid advance is being made in private flying. Light aeroplane clubs are becoming almost as numerous as motoring clubs, and literally thousands of people are learning to fly, or waiting their turn to do so. To-day there are nearly 700 civil fliers, of whom 500 are private (Class A) pilots. In 1925 there were only 180 civil pilots all told. Only the shortage of facilities prevents the number from jumping to 5,000 in a matter of months, so keen and widespread is the desire to learn to fly.

Next year's progress will be still more rapid. The new clubs opened this year will be working at full throttle and more will have been started. The output of light planes will be doubled. The new airships will be launched. Imperial Airways, Ltd., will open their air line to India and the Cobham-Blackburn air line from Egypt to East Africa will also, one hopes, be an accomplished fact. The Schneider Trophy Seaplane Race—the world's speed classic—will be held in England and an Aero Show—the first for nine years—will be held at Olympia. "Air" will be the main topic of the year.

The Coming Boom.

A boom in air travel is not far off. The formation is foreshadowed of a new aviation company, headed by a former Air Minister,

with the aim of co-ordinating and developing civil aviation in this country on a national basis. Under this scheme, it is understood, the existing flying clubs will be offered the opportunity of joining a well-capitalised enterprise that will ensure the creation of facilities for flying on unified and economical lines, and relieve them from financial uncertainty at the end of the three-year subsidy scheme under which they are now working.

The Need for Air Ports.

A town without an air port will in future be as badly off as a town without proper rail and road facilities. At the same time, aviation in this country cannot flourish while aerodromes are so few and so inconveniently placed. A weightily-worded appeal has therefore been addressed by the Air Council to every City Corporation and important Town Council in the country urging upon them the desirability of establishing municipal air ports, or at least of reserving a suitable site for future use as an aerodrome under the powers conferred by the Town Planning Acts.

A number of towns have already taken steps to provide themselves with an air port at once. The latest is Manchester, which is to have one of the finest aerodromes in the country if the Corporation approves the plans. Leeds has quickly followed Manchester's example, and twenty-five other towns are keenly interested.

Indian Airways.

An airway across India from Karachi to Delhi, Calcutta and Rangoon, a distance of 2,300 miles, has been decided upon as the foundation of the Indian air development policy. According to the latest reports from India, the Standing Finance Committee is understood to have agreed to an expenditure of £525,000 for the Indian Government's programme.

The Karachi-Rangoon airway will connect at Karachi with the British air line from India, and will form a further link in the future airway to Australia. When the British and Indian routes are working regularly, Delhi will be brought within seven days from London, Calcutta eight days, and Rangoon nine days.

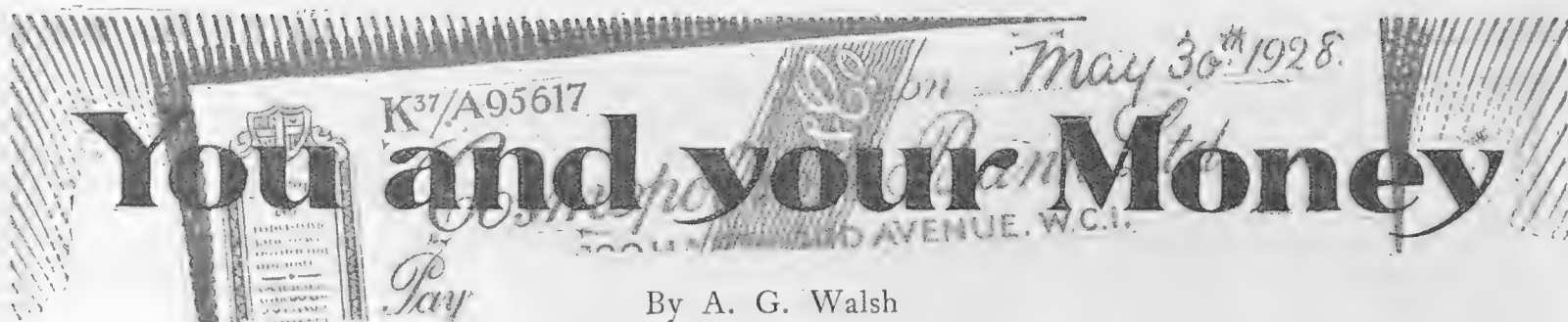
Tenders for the stages Karachi-Delhi (690 miles), and Delhi-Calcutta (815 miles), to be flown by aeroplane, will probably be called for immediately, and for the third section, Calcutta-Rangoon (810 miles), to be flown by aeroplane, at a later date.

A bid will be entered by Indian Airways, Ltd., a company with rupee capital which has been formed as an associate of Imperial Airways, Ltd. This company is undoubtedly the soundest from every standpoint among those likely to put in offers, since it will have at its disposal the technical and commercial experience and resources of the British concern.

Cape Town to London Non-Stop.

The new Fairey monoplane, with which Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams will attempt to set up new world's records for duration and distance of flight, is in the final stages of assembly, and will be undergoing preliminary tests shortly. An attempt on the duration record will probably be made first. According to present plans the pilot will follow a route round England and will endeavour to keep flying for three days and three nights.

Thereafter, all going well, the machine will be shipped to Cape Town and an attempt made to fly it non-stop to England, a distance of 6,000 miles.



By A. G. Walsh

WHEN you buy stocks and shares you take them generally for better or worse. What I mean is that no marketable security is free from price fluctuations.

While therefore you cannot avoid the possibility of slight depreciation (temporarily, perhaps) in your investments, you can take care of your money by the exercise of circumspection and eschewing obvious risks.

Unfortunately, in this country, we have no standard by which investment values can be measured. In America a system of rating is in practice under which securities are classified according to their soundness or speculative character.

It is true that we take for comparison long-dated British Government loans as a standard of measurement, but its reliability is shaken by the sharp fluctuations with every movement of the Money Market.

Even were a recognised standard of measurement for investment values in force, I doubt whether many investors would bother about it.

Apply Commonsense Principles.

YET it is the neglect to apply the commonsense principles that is responsible for so much careless investment. How many people trouble to go into the merits of a stock or share; attempt to classify it as an investment security; or a semi-speculative or speculative security?

Some investors, who would not buy a house without a surveyor's report, or even a piano without examination, will trust entirely to their own judgment in making an investment, although their knowledge of financial matters is but slight.

In making an investment you should be as sure of your position as you can be of anything in this mundane sphere. I don't suggest that by careful selection you will never lose money. The political, monetary and other factors that the future holds have to be reckoned with. But there are degrees of capital safety.

Safety of Capital.

LET it clearly be understood here that safety of capital with a large yield and the prospect of appreciation is almost an impossible combination. Occasionally one may discover such an investment, temporarily under a cloud, or depressed for some reason, or overlooked, perhaps. If a security were regarded as a "safe" investment, there would be no need to dispose of it below its real investment value. Good-class securities can always command buyers.

It is difficult for me as financial adviser to select an investment without knowing what the wants and inclinations of the individual investor are.

Some desire nothing more than safety of capital. Their requirements accordingly can be satisfied with a gilt-edged investment yielding $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. Others demand stability of income. Fixed-dividend securities such as bonds, debentures and preference shares are the most suitable types.

These are attainable at prices to yield 6 per cent. with reasonable security. It is possible to obtain more—even 7 per cent. and higher.

But remember the adage: "The higher the yield, the greater the risk."

How Values are Gauged.

AND now I come to the question of values. In theory, the value of a stock or share should be based either upon the break-up value of the assets representing that portion of the capital, or upon the income-return or potential yield.

In practice, more often than not, the quotation is determined by the supply and demand of the moment, or the condition of the market. Rumour and market gossip, too, are influences. A hint of a bonus, or a suggestion of buying for control, frequently send prices soaring.

If you are advised or tempted to buy some security that has jumped into popularity, at once consider what influences are affecting the market. Check the yield at the buying price and see how it compares with other similar shares offering equal security. It always pays to exercise caution.

Baird Television: The Other Side.

MY recent comment upon the Baird television system evoked a rejoinder from the company in the form of an invitation to witness

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

a demonstration of the apparatus. This I accepted, for the policy of BRITANNIA is to be perfectly fair, and, wherever possible, to allow the other side to state its case.

The demonstration took place at the company's headquarters. The images of various people, including a colleague who accompanied me, were transmitted from one point of the building to another. The transmission, I frankly admit, was good, the features of the subjects being clearly distinguishable.

At the same time, I could not help feeling that the commercial stage is some way off.

The officials agreed that events such as the Cup Final or the Derby could not be transmitted yet. Mr. Baird claims that it is only a matter of time before such scenes will be broadcast. Meanwhile, he complains that he is handicapped in his experiments by the refusal to grant him broadcasting facilities. Other countries, he told me, had willingly granted him these facilities.

Mr. Baird refutes the suggestion that "he is barking up the wrong tree." A year ago his system might have justified criticism; but a great improvement, he declares, has been

effected in the interval. He is working constantly upon the invention, and he showed me a new development in his system which will probably be made public soon.

I am not prepared to modify my criticism of the finance of the various companies identified with Baird television. The system is not sufficiently advanced yet as a commercial proposition to justify in my opinion the recent high premiums for the shares.

Nor do I like the flotation of numerous subsidiary companies before television has become a public service, and is working on a commercial basis. But the managing director explained that the object of these offshoots mainly was to protect the invention in foreign countries.

About Asbestos Shares.

SO many readers have sought my views on the possibilities of Rhodesia's asbestos deposits that I feel confident this type of mining proposition is going to appeal to the public, who like an occasional speculation.

While the shares of the newer asbestos ventures are something of a gamble the industry itself has gone beyond the speculative stage; in fact, it has become firmly established. The achievements of the Rhodesian and General Asbestos Company prove this conclusively. The company made a trading profit of £260,400 for the past year and £281,400 in the previous twelve months. Over half a million in two years!

And it is still far from the stage of full production. I hear from a responsible source (one which cannot be disregarded lightly) that the current year's earnings may be almost double those of the past year.

At the end of this year many contracts at low prices fall in. A substantial increase in the monthly output also is about to take place. These considerations should materially affect the value of the shares.

The present quotation of £5 12s. 6d. may seem pretty stiff for the company's £1 shares, but I am confident that within another year they will touch a much higher figure.

NOW as regards the lesser lights: the new companies are still in the development stage. Until it is seen what degree of economic success can be attained their shares obviously are a sheer speculation in contrast with those of the Rhodesian and General.

Most of the new shares in my opinion are a little too dear to make them really attractive, but if I thought that a wave of speculation were approaching the Rhodesian market I should not hesitate to describe them as a promising gamble.

If you wish to regard them purely as possible dividend payers, my advice would be: Wait and watch. For instance, the main milling plant of the African Asbestos Trust is not likely to come into commission until the end of 1929. I cannot foresee dividends until 1930 at the earliest. Yet in market circles the shares are regarded favourably at 22s. 6d.—that is, of course, on their speculative possibilities.

The 5s. shares of the United Mining and Asbestos Co. stand at 22s., equivalent to nearly £4 10s. for a £1 share. Mapeke 5s. shares are quoted 9s., while Mashaba £1 are around 12s. I merely mention these to show how values vary.

You and Your Money—*contd.*

"Ifs" and "Ands."

I DON'T know when I read a prospectus that contained so little essential information and relied so much upon fanciful estimates as that issued by the Monte Carlo Club Limited.

Prospects seem to be based on "ifs" and "ands." A point stressed is that it is not a "night club"; but strictly a "social and entertainment club." Some very noisy "night clubs," I believe, like to make the same distinction.

But to return to the prospectus. The assets, so far as I can ascertain, consist of a 9 years' lease of the premises at £300 per annum and a reversionary lease for a further 54 years at £100 per annum, subject to a premium paid by the vendor; furniture, fittings and stock. For this lot the vendor receives £35,000. How it is apportioned the prospectus does not show.

Now for the fanciful side of the business. The gallant admiral and his two colleagues who constitute the Board are evidently co-optimists for they estimate a future membership of 5,000, bringing in a return of about £15,000. Evidently the "sub" is to be £3 3s.—modest for a good class club! The situation is described as "exceptionally good . . . in the west end of London." I differ. Grosvenor Road is quite off the Clubland map.

Takings of £2,500 a week are foreshadowed, and with efficient management "not less than £1,400." Nil, I suppose, if the management by chance proves inefficient! Anyhow, the estimate for working purposes is brought down to a weekly average of £800 and expenses £500, leaving £300 net, or £15,000 per annum plus £15,000 subscriptions.

I suggest that this is simply a blind-fold estimate. In my humble opinion the anticipation of 5,000 members is absurd and the estimated profits from a club in Grosvenor Road fantastic.

Tobacco Securities Trust.

SHAREHOLDERS of the British American Tobacco Company cannot do better than retain as a permanent investment the shares of the new Tobacco Securities Trust Company. As already announced, each holder of "Bats" will receive, free of cost, one ordinary and one deferred share in the new trust in respect of every eight "Bats" held.

I thought it a pity that Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, when explaining the object of the scheme the other day, did not give details of the shareholdings that are being taken over by the trust.

What did impress me, however, was the statement that the trust is to commence with cash resources of £1,000,000. It will thus be in a position to take advantage of any profitable investment opportunities offered. It will also start with as strong a Board of financial experts any Trust Company could wish to have.

The chairman is Mr. Reginald McKenna and he will be supported by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, chairman of the B.A.T., by Lord Bradbury, so well remembered in connection with the original treasury notes, and Mr. Allen, a director of one of the biggest banks in America.

I understand that the new company will be indirectly associated with tobacco. It is quite natural that it should, as undoubtedly it will be in a position to know more about tobacco than any other company in the world. At the same time its interests will be widely spread, and no doubt it will be invited to participate in some of the best financial business in the city.

Apart from these considerations, one thing that prompts me to suggest that the shares should be retained is the prediction of the chairman that the company might be in a position to declare a dividend of 15 per cent. on its ordinary shares next year.

Eventually, when the cash assets are earning a larger return, improving dividends can reasonably be expected.

It can hardly be expected that the Deferred shares will receive any dividend yet awhile. They do not participate until the full dividend of 15 per cent. has been paid on the ordinary shares in each year.

Railway Earnings.

ADMITTEDLY the weekly traffic statements of the four principal railway groups are depressing. The latest figures have not yet reached me; those I have cover 42 weeks. They serve my purpose.

The Great Western's receipts are £1,126,000 down. Part of this has been offset by working economies. It would, therefore, surprise me if the net loss for the year should exceed £400,000. The surplus of 1927 profits available for dividend on the ordinary stock was £3,030,500. It may be possible to pay a dividend of 5 per cent., at least in respect of this year.

In the case of the London Midland and Scottish the decline has reached the formidable figure of £3,642,000 and may grow to £4,000,000 by the end of the year. With the savings effected, and allowing for the proportion of working expenses deducted from gross receipts, the net loss may not exceed £1,500,000, or even £1,000,000.

The surplus for the 1927 dividend was £4,580,000, so that to hope for a dividend of 3 per cent. would not be expecting too much.

A shrinkage of £2,279,000 is reported in the London and North Eastern's takings. Here again economies have been effected. Even so, net profits most likely will fall short of the amount required to pay the full 4 per cent. on the Second Preference Stock.

I feel confident that, as in 1926, there will be a withdrawal from the reserve fund to make up

the deficiency and provide enough to pay the nominal dividend on the Preferred Ordinary Stock.

So far, the Southern has lost just under £600,000 in gross receipts. The greater part, possibly the whole, may be saved through economies, so that there is just a chance that the dividend may not be affected.

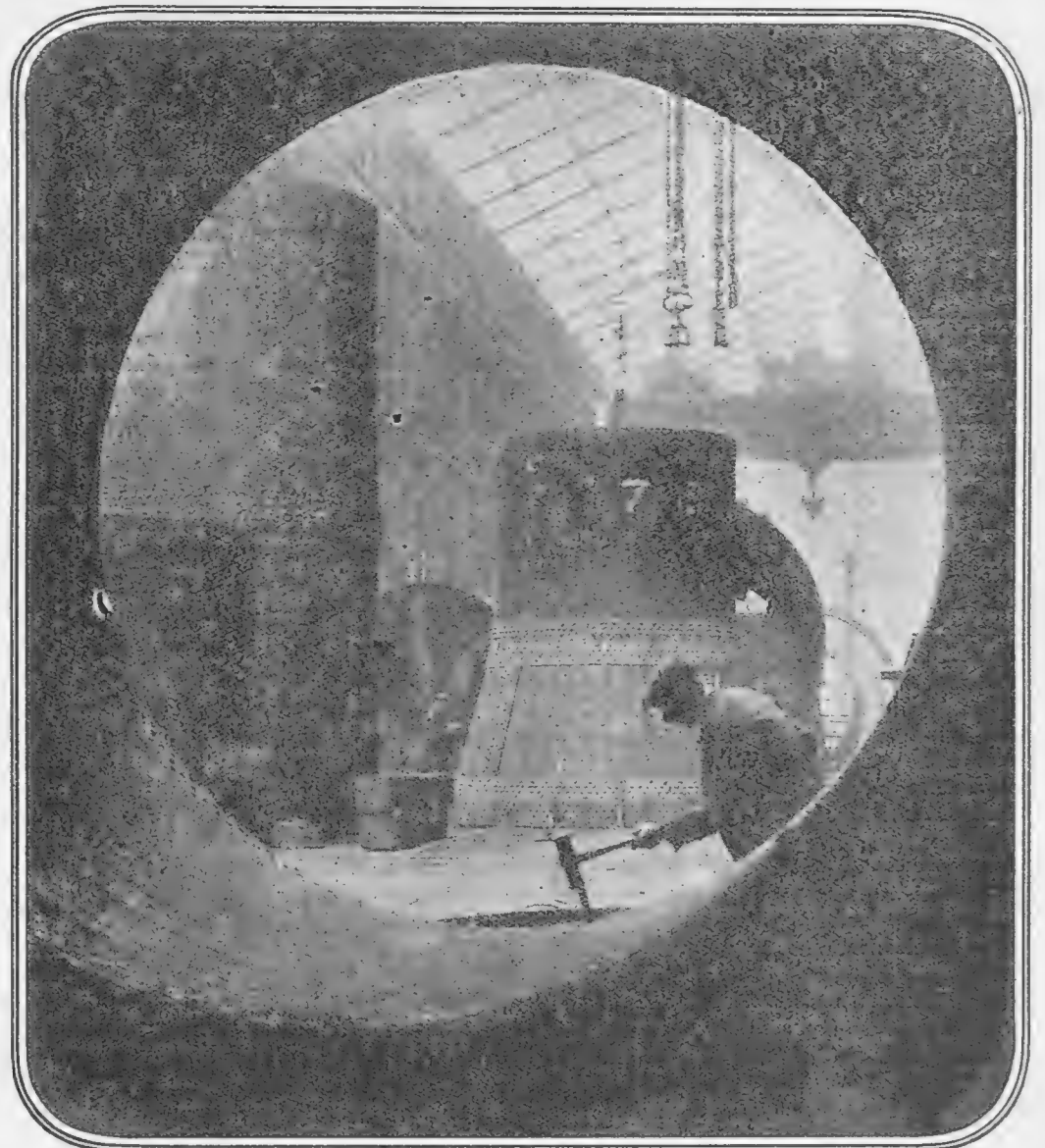
Indian Annuities.

Last week I directed attention to the Indian railway annuities, paid by the Government of India. These were the "A" class, which cease at a given date and during their currency give a high yield. When they fall in no capital is returned.

There is another class, known as the "B" annuities. These give relatively low yields, but the capital is repaid at a given date and in some cases with a substantial bonus through the accretion of investment income.

As with the "A" class, there are four groups of "B" annuities. The most attractive, to my mind, are the Great Indian Peninsula. These have a currency of 20 years, ceasing in 1948. Gross income per £ of annuity is 14s. 3d., deductions being made for the repayment of capital. Net income, after deduction of income tax, is 12s. 5d. per £ of annuity. The current price of G.I.P. "B" annuities is £23½. They thus yield just over 2½ per cent. free of income tax.

East Indian "B" annuities continue until 1953, when the capital is returned. This return is smaller than that expected in the case of the G.I.P. The gross income, however, is larger, being 18s. 7d. per £ of annuity. Net income is about 16s. At £19½ the annuities yield £4 2s. per cent., free of tax.



Exclusive Photo to Britannia.

The Boiler Shop.

(Rep.roduced by courtesy of Vickers-Armstrong.)

By E. O. Hoppe.



By A. G. Walsh

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange is slowing down perceptibly and the brake has been applied to the speculative movement with a jar that has brought prices down in many directions. As I pointed out last week, the apprehensiveness concerning the immediate outlook is justified.

Shrewd market observers have long held that the prices attained by the shares of some of the new companies, particularly those formed to develop new inventions, processes and cheap gramophone records, can never be justified by the results attained and that sooner or later a crash is bound to come. That is why brokers are advising their clients to get out while the going is good.

Lure of the Shilling Share.

IT is difficult to understand what is the magnetic attraction of a 1s. share. I believe the subject came up for discussion after the pre-war rubber boom when 2s. shares, known as "floriners," became the rage among investors. The explanation was that the small man for a certain sum could obtain more shares of small denomination, and quantity generally appeases the greed of some people.

For an outlay of £100 one can, of course, buy at par 2,000 shares of 1s. each and 1,000 of 2s. each, in contrast with 100 shares of £1.

Again, in a boom the rise in a low-priced share is proportionately greater than that in a £1 share. For example, an advance of 3d. in a 1s. share is equivalent to a rise of 5s. in a £ share. Conversely, of course, 1s. shares depreciate more rapidly than a share of £1.

Will There Be a Crash?

BUT the slump in industrials has not materialised yet. The way things are moving makes one doubt whether there will be a general set-back followed by a crash. What is more likely to happen is that the public will lose interest in doubtful and rubbishy shares. They will concentrate upon the more solid industrials; that is, upon the shares of companies with assured dividend prospects.

I notice a wholesome indication of this in the growing demand for banking and insurance shares and for well-secured preference issues. I do not wish it to be inferred that sound industrials are immune from depreciation.

When it is necessary to raise funds to meet losses on cheap shares, frequently sound shares have to be realised and it is such sales that cause weakness in quotations and give rise to a certain apprehensiveness amongst holders, who do not understand the real cause of the decline in their security.

African and Easterns Fall.

THE moderate decline in Tobacco shares, Dunlops, and two or three other heavy industrials, is due mainly to profit-taking. Electricity supply shares, too, are showing an easier tendency and it is evident that holders are accepting my view that the majority of such shares are over-valued.

The increase in the P. & O. dividend to 12 per cent. free of tax, can be accepted as an indication that conditions in the shipping world are improving. The stock is now quoted in the form of £1 units and at current price of 56/- yields 4½ per cent. free of tax.

The conflicting reports regarding the fusion project of Mond Nickel are having a disturbing effect on the market in the shares and speculators for the time being, are standing clear. No doubt Lord Melchett, upon his return, will make a statement that will clear up the mystery.

The decision of the directors of the African and Eastern Trade Corporation to defer the declaration of an interim dividend seems to confirm the recent fears that the company has struck a bad patch. The shares, on the announcement, fell to 17s. 6d. They should be worth averaging up to 18s. 6d.

The Electrical Combine.

I have good reason to believe that the working alliance entered into between the Metro-Vickers, British Thomson-Houston, Ediswan and Ferguson-Pailin companies is the prelude to still greater things in the electrical engineering industry.

The fusion between these four groups undoubtedly should lead to substantial reductions in establishment charges and working costs generally. No "ring" to force up prices against the consumer is contemplated. That would be fatal in face of the keen competition from Continental firms, particularly from the Swiss group.

It is not yet clear how the shareholders of the Metro-Vickers will be affected. That company has now acquired a majority of the shares of the remaining three companies.

New Colonial Loan.

THE only notable event in the gilt-edged section is an addition to the list in the shape of the new City of Sydney 5½ per cent. loan, offered at 98½. Hitherto the Council has raised the great bulk of its loans by private arrangement, but there is already a public loan of about £1,000,000 quoted on Sydney Stock Exchange.

Home Rails.

HOME Rails continue sensitive to the poor traffic returns. Commenting upon this, a broker said to me the other day, "It's no use suggesting at the moment Home Rails as a promising lock-up; clients invariably point to the steady decline in earnings."

There is a disposition to value Home Railway stocks more in the light of the probable dividends for the year 1928 than on their speculative possibilities. My view is that the wide difference between the top and bottom prices of the year leaves ample room for partial recovery, because I feel that the downward movement has gone too far. It may go further in company with the weekly traffics.

So that you may judge how the top and bottom prices of the year compare I set them out as follows:—L.M.S., 76¼ & 51; Great Western, 103½ & 82¼; North Eastern deferred, 17¾ & 10¾; preferred ord., 44½ & 10¾, and Southern, 40 & 29¾.

In contrast, the position of the Underground group gives rise to the hope that immediate prospects warrant a much higher price for Underground Ordinary shares before the close of the year. There is every likelihood that earnings for 1928 will show a gross increase of £1,000,000.

United Railways of Havana Ordinary stock has weakened to 52 on fears regarding the dividend. No interim was paid on account of 1927-28 and the market is quite prepared for the worst as regards the declaration usually made in November. The traffic returns for the year to June last showed a decline of £242,000 and there has been a further shrinkage since then.

Foreign Bonds.

IT is becoming more generally recognised that foreign bonds still give tempting yields for the security offered. Roumanian loans have been quite a feature this week, and as they still stand at prices which yield the buyers 7¼ to 8 per cent., I expect to see the upward movement continue when the details of the new Loan are published.

The City of Saarbruecken 6 per cent. Loan, offered on Monday under League of Nations auspices at 94, reminds me that the post-war foreign municipal loans are not so well known as they might be. For instance, City of Berlin 6 per cent. Loan can be bought around 96 and Cologne 6 per cent. at 95. Both are sterling loans with interest paid in British currency.

Another little-known security is Association of German Mortgage Banks 7 per cent. registered certificates, now quoted about 92. These certificates are backed by mortgage bonds.

The Anglo-Persian Report.

OIL shares still fail to attract the public, but prices are holding very well. The reduction in the profit of the Anglo-Persian Oil was expected. The decline is £2,626,320 gross, but, owing to the smaller royalty and other outgoings, the net amount is £1,522,915 down. The available surplus would permit a more substantial dividend than 7½ per cent., which will absorb £1,006,875. Appropriations for reserve and extra depreciation, it should be noted, total £1,253,267, an amount equal to another 8 per cent. on the ordinary capital. The sum carried forward amounts to 2¼ millions. Considering the difficult year the company has faced, it has done extremely well in earning almost 20 per cent. gross on its capital of some 24 millions.

Rubber De-controlled.

RUBBER restriction has now been removed, and free selling commenced yesterday. It would be premature to express an opinion on the probable course of the commodity; but the reduction in London stocks of raw rubber to 24,240 tons as against 69,550 tons a year ago must prove a favourable influence.

The fact that a comparatively substantial premium is quoted for rubber for forward delivery indicates a measure of hopefulness concerning the future.

The various sections of the mining market show little life. South Africans still depend upon Johannesburg and Paris for their support.

Messrs. Frederick C. Mathieson and Sons have just published revised editions of their statistical handbooks "Oil Facts and Figures" (1s. 6d.) and "Tea Facts and Figures" (2s.).

IS SAFEGUARDING OBVIOUSLY RIGHT?

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, G.C.B., G.B.E.

IT seems so very obvious. You see some industry which is languishing. Factories are closed, or working short time. There is much unemployment among the work-people. The manufacturers are making small profits or none. And at the same time large quantities of articles, which could be made in those factories, are being imported from abroad. It seems certain that, if they were shut out by a stiff customs tariff, there would be an increase in the demand for the home products; the depression would lift; the factories would work full time; profits would be good and employment plentiful; there would be a chance for wages to rise. Almost every other country takes measures of that kind to preserve the home market for the home manufacturer. Why should not we? It seems so very obvious. And yet . . .

Most of our leading financiers are against it. Very many of our principal manufacturers, and those not the least patriotic or the least far-sighted, are against it. With few exceptions, all our political economists, the men who make it the business of their lives to study these questions, are against it. Almost every leader of the working people is against it. Perhaps the case is not so simple as it seems.

We Must Export to Live.

THE essence of the matter is that this small island cannot possibly produce within its own shores all that it needs for its subsistence; or more than a fraction of what it needs. With the exception of Belgium, it is the most densely populated country in the world. Even if every inch of the soil were cultivated to the utmost of its capacity, we should still have to import vast quantities of food-stuffs and of raw materials.

These have to be paid for. They may be paid for partly by lending some of our capital to other countries and charging interest for it; the interest is used in the long run to buy products of theirs which we need. They may also be partly paid for by lending to other countries the use of our ships; the money which is received for freights can be used in the same way. But in the main the imports which are essential to us must be paid for by our exports. We must sell goods overseas or we must starve. There can be no question of Great Britain being self-contained. How we can promote the success of our export trades is for us a vital issue.

Results of Protective Tariff.

NOW if the only results of a protective policy were those which I have mentioned—the stoppage of foreign competition, the development of home products, the increase of employment in the trades directly affected—then indeed the policy would prove to be in practice as sound as at first sight it seems to be. But those are not the only results. Always and inevitably a protective tariff, if it has any effect at all, raises prices above the level at which they would otherwise stand. It is quite true that if there are no imports of a particular article, then a tariff makes no difference to prices; but neither will it increase employment; and that is not the case we are considering.

It is quite true also that if prices are inclined to fall at the time the tariff was imposed—through improved methods of production, or

through the excess of world supply over world demand—then the tariff may not be followed at the moment by an actual increase in the prices charged. That was the case here in connection with artificial silk. In that new industry rapid improvements in processes were taking place, just at the time when the duties were imposed. Mr. Churchill has frankly admitted the facts. He said in the House of Commons on April 26th, 1926:—

While the cost to the consumer has not indeed been increased by the Artificial Silk Duties, we have probably intercepted to a very large extent a reduction which otherwise would have reached the consumer in this country.

The same thing has happened in another new and rapidly improving industry, the motor industry.

Prices and Production.

WHEN manufacturers complain of foreign competition, their complaint is of under-selling, and of nothing else. If the foreign prices were higher than their own prices they would not trouble; the foreigner could get no hold in our markets. The object of a tariff is to enable the home manufacturers to sell their goods at the prices at which they consider that they can produce at a profit, that is to say at higher prices than those which do in fact prevail in the market because of the influx of cheaper foreign goods.

In other words, the object of the tariff must be to raise the prices paid by the consumer. Unless it does that it will not stop the under-selling.

I am aware that a theory has been advanced that this need not necessarily be so. It is said that cheapness depends largely upon large-scale production. If foreign goods were shut out, and if plants that are now half idle were employed to their full capacity, there need be no rise in prices. A carefully devised tariff could effect this, and nothing beyond this, and so would achieve good results without harmful consequences. But this is not a plan which can be carried out in practice. In a trade like the iron and steel industry, for example, there are scores of different processes carried on in hundreds of different establishments.

The conditions vary from year to year, and even from month to month. In a generation, processes are wholly changed. A plant may be idle because it is out of date; or because the technical management is not good; or because the firm is handicapped by unsound finance, or by inefficiency due to bad relations between employers and employed. And even as regards conditions that affect an industry as a whole—and they are very few—it is wholly impossible for any Tariff Board or Commission to keep count of all the varying factors, and to impose duties and remove them according to the changes of methods and the fluctuations of trade.

Further, tariffs once imposed are hard to remove. The interests that grow up in dependence upon them are active and powerful. It is the universal experience that tariffs endure. Sooner or later prices rise to their level.

Effect Upon British Trade.

THE effect in this country would be to inflict the gravest injury upon our export trade. As prices rise the cost of living rises. As the cost of living rises the cost of production rises as well. Besides, what is the finished article of one trade—steel plates or machinery or whatever it may be—is often the raw material or the instrument of production of another—of ship-building, perhaps, or tin plate manufacture, or the textile industry. Raise the prices of the one and you raise the cost of manufacture of the other. The general effect cannot fail to be a handicap for our exports. Whether in India and the Dominions or in foreign countries, we have to meet the competition of local manufacturers and of our European and American rivals. A policy which would raise our own costs would be destructive to our trade.

It is true that an increased cost of living may not be a handicap if it is the sign of a higher standard of living among the working-classes. A working population which is of a high grade—educated, skilful, comfortable, vigorous, contented—is itself the most valuable productive factor that a country can possess.

Wages have always been higher here than on the Continent, and hours shorter; yet in the trades which are the most profitable we have hitherto been able to compete, with success. But a high cost of living which is due to tariffs, or to unnecessary taxation of any kind, and which has no such corresponding advantages, is simply a shackle on the wrists of the exporting trades.

The American Comparison.

THE position in the United States is not comparable with that of any European country. The United States is self-dependent for its food-stuffs and for most of its raw materials. It is the largest area in the world in which trade is conducted free from tariff barriers. But the effect of the tariff wall that surrounds it is seen in its high cost of living, and this again is reflected in the low level of its exports of manufactures. While Great Britain exports yearly about £13 of manufactured goods per head of the population, the United States exports only about £4, and Germany and France between £6 and £7.

If we make the comparison, which is the fair one, between ourselves and the protectionist countries of Europe, we not only find this striking disproportion of exports, but an equal disproportion in the standard of comfort of the people. Mr. Baldwin recently told the House of Commons that real wages—wages measured not in terms of money but in terms of what the money will buy—are in this country nearly twice what they are in France, Belgium, Italy and Austria, and a third better than in Germany.

The Moral.

NOT an artificial raising of prices by tariff manipulation, but industrial efficiency and financial reform—there is the remedy for the economic difficulties of our country and our time. It may not be a policy so plausible as the other, but it will prove the sounder in the long run.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

Tactics of Defence Against a No-Trump Call.

IT may come as a surprise to some of you to be told that it is more difficult to defend a hand well than to play the combined hands as declarer. I always consider that there is far more scope for the exercise of skill and ingenuity in defending a No-Trump hand than in any other phase of the game, and I am certain that not nearly enough attention is given to it.

Players bring all their skill to bear on playing a hand, but they will not devote the same amount of concentration to the saving of the game when defending. I grant that playing the cards is infinitely more amusing and that defending is comparatively dull work, but you can take it from me that the latter will affect your balance the end of the year much more than the former.

For every game won by good play on the part of the declarer, there are three or four which are saved—or might have been—by good play on the part of the defenders. This is a thing which is extremely difficult to get some people to realise, but it is none the less true, and that is why I am devoting so much space to the subject.

Method of Counter-Attack.

The strongest weapon that the defenders possess is the establishment of a long suit in one or other of their hands. The whole secret, therefore, of defending a No-Trump lies in establishing the suit originally opened. There are those unfortunate occasions on which the defenders can see at once that they have very little prospect of establishing a suit. They must then pick up what tricks they can while they can, but three times out of four when a No-Trump is defeated, it is entirely due to the fact that some suit has been established by the opposition. To quote the words of Cavendish: "The small cards in it thereby become as valuable as Aces and Kings." That was written in the days of Whist, and it shows how the long suit theory has held its ground through all the changes in the game, but even so, it is a principle that the less experienced are often very loath to adopt.

A lady asked me only the other day what she should lead against a No-Trump when holding:—Spades: King, Knave, 3. Hearts: King, Queen, Knave. Diamonds: Ace, 8, 5, Clubs: 8, 6, 4, 3. The 3 of Clubs is of course the correct lead, but she would not hear of it, and insisted that she had done the right thing in leading the King of Hearts—much to the disgust of her partner! I think that in the end I managed to convince her that she was wrong, but it was by no means an easy task.

What Suit to Lead.

The opening lead before dummy is exposed has always been one of the most difficult problems at Bridge; it is, however, much easier against a No-Trump declaration than against the suit call. If your partner has made a bid, you naturally lead his suit, and your only reasonable excuse for not doing so is that you have what you considered to be a stronger or more easily established one in your own hand. That would appear to be obvious enough, but an extraordinary prejudice exists in the minds of some players against leading their partner's suit when a No-Trump has been called over it.

This is the sort of thing that occurs. The dealer bids "One Spade," the next player "One No-Trump," and the other two pass. The dealer then bids "Two Spades," and is

overcalled with "Two No-Trumps." Now, you would imagine that anybody would lead a Spade, but don't you believe it! Many would lead anything rather than that, and when the hand is over and the game has as likely as not sacrificed; their excuse for not having done so will be that the declarer must have had the Spade suit held.

That certainly is so, but what of it? Even if the suit is stopped twice, it is far better to open one in which you know that your partner has something than to lead blindfold up to the strong hand. As I have already pointed out, the thing to aim at is the establishment of some long suit, but it is a fatal mistake to try to establish two, as you will probably then end by clearing neither. When the leader refuses to open his partner's suit, and leads some other instead, he says in the plainest card language that in his opinion his own suit will be more easily established. That being the case his partner will be very ill-advised if he does not loyally fall in with the suggestion.

An Exception.

The only other occasion on which there is some doubt as to the advisability of opening your partner's suit is when you only have one card of it, the reason being that you will never be able to lead it to him again. In that case, if you have a five card suit of your own, and a card of re-entry, I think it more often pays you better to open your own suit, as it will probably be easier to establish. Nevertheless, without a card of entry, I would always lead the singleton of my partner's suit.

TWO PROBLEMS.

BM/ZVXV writes as follows: "Score Nil. My partner was second caller and bid 'One No Trump' after the dealer passed. Third hand also passed. I had no card higher than a ten, having five hearts to the ten, three spades, three diamonds and two clubs. I called 'Two hearts.' Was I correct?"

I consider that "Two hearts" is a bad call. If you take your partner out of a no trump, your reason for doing so should be, in my opinion, that you think your hand offers a better chance of winning the game with that particular suit as trumps. In this case you have practically no choice of doing so in anything, and you are merely increasing the contract on a very bad hand. Also it is very misleading to your partner, as he is bound to credit you with tricks that you do not possess, a fact which may greatly affect the future course of the bidding. It is as well to remember that your "Two heart" declaration is by no means certain to be the final one.

"WALTHAM CROSS" writes: "Spades are trumps. At the tenth trick a heart is led. The king is played from dummy, but B trumps the trick with the knave of spades (the best trump). Z thereupon places his three remaining cards (all trumps) on the table, saying that the rest of the tricks are his. B throws his hand in and it is noticed that it contains a heart. Z claims a revoke, but B insists that he cannot do so as the trick was not turned and quitted. Who is in the right?"

Z is certainly entitled to claim a revoke under Law 2, para. (c), which reads: A revoke becomes established when the offender has exposed his remaining cards.

Mr. Jack Dalton will be very pleased to answer questions as to Bridge or other card games, which should be sent addressed to him c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand.

When do we start?

- Adelphi**: 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15 (Ger. 6622)
- Aldwych**: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 2304)
- Ambassadors**: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)
- Apollo**: 8.30 "The Brass Paperweight" *Drama*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6970)
- Carlton**: 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)
- Comedy**: 8.30 "The Mollusc" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 8978)
- Court**: 8.15 "Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alfaceque"
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Criterion**: 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road"
Comedy
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)
- Daly's**: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)
- Drury Lane**: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)
- Duke of York's**: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous"
Historical Tragedy
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)
- Everyman**: 8.15 "The Master Builder"
Matinee: Sat., 2.30 (Hampstead 7224)
- Fortune**: 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" *Historical Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)
- Gaiety**: 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
- Garrick**: 8.15 "The Constant Nymph" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15 (Ger. 9513)
- Globe**: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8724)
- Haymarket**: 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)
- Hippodrome**: 8.15 "That's A Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)
- His Majesty's**: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
- Kingsway**: 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Phantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 4032)
- Little**: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
- London Pavilion**: 8.15 "This Year of Grace"
Revue
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
- Lyceum**: 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)
- Lyric**: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)
- Lyric, Hammersmith**: 8.30 "The Critic"
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Riverside 3012)
- New**: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)
- Palace**: 8.15 "Virginia"
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6834)
- Playhouse**: 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)
- Prince of Wales**: 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
- Queen's**: 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9437)
- Royalty**: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)
- St. James's**: 8.30 "The Return Journey"
Fantastic Play
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)
- Savoy**: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)
- Shaftesbury**: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
- Vaudeville**: 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat. 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
- Winter Garden**: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)

HOUSES AND PROPERTY.

FETCHAM PARK, LEATHERHEAD. Residence planned by well-known London architect. 4 Bed., 2 Rec., Bath, etc. Garage. All services. Near Station. £2,490 Freehold with grounds of 1 acre. Also similar house, £1,625. Percy Harvey Estates, Ltd., Dept. B. Moorgate Stn. Chambers, E.C.2.

AT THE THEATRE

FRESH AIR *from* SPAIN

By Maitland Davidson

A BREATH of fresh air has blown across our stage, all the way from Spain. Just a simple kind of breeze in its way, though not ordinary or commonplace. And the source of this very human *afflatus* is the limpid but anything but shallow talent of the brothers Quintero, two of whose plays are providing, at the Court Theatre, a very delightful entertainment.

Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero are rather remarkable figures. They have written—so I learn from their admirable translators and adapters, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker—over 150 plays, the first of which was produced when the elder of the two was only seventeen years old (he is now fifty-seven). And they are prophets honoured in their own country.

Actually, though they are still very much alive, there stands already in Seville a monument to them, in the form of a fountain in the public park, with overhanging trees and a bench on which Sevillians can sit and dip into the plays, copies of which are accommodately provided so that he who rests may read. Such a tribute to creative art is, even among the more responsive Latin races, striking and exceptional. How to account for it, especially to an alien English outlook, taste and attitude of mind?

A Clear Pool but Deep.

The resolution of this matter seems to be found once more in the simile of the deep, clear pool of pellucid water that is to be encountered, apparently static but with quiet flow and movement proceeding all the time, in the seaward course of some modest but much-travelled stream. Of such nature is the drama of the Quinteros, to judge at any rate by the four specimens with which it has so far been my fortune to make acquaintance. I met them, first *via* the library not the stage, when they were issued in book form last year by an English publisher, in this most excellent translation I have spoken of.

As a reviewer I ventured instantly to acclaim them in terms of high admiration, and now that I have seen two of the four acted that original conviction of their intrinsic worth is intensified. They are, of their sort, gems—altogether of the cooler kind and *sans* sensational glitter, of the class of the peridot, the aquamarine, the amethyst, but the real stuff. Which in relation to drama means (if I may suddenly burst into a definition) the comparatively rare combination of realism with a full sense of dramatic values and the still rarer separation of realism from any kind of dramatic violence. That is not, of course, a complete definition, but I think it goes a very considerable way for our present purpose.

I have hinted at a service to be performed by these plays to our own drama (and that

must always be a paramount consideration, however internationally we may in the post-war manner try to think). It lies, primarily, in their utter unpretentiousness. Let me say something about their plots or "general ideas" to illustrate this.

One is called "Fortunato." It is about a very, very ordinary little man of no particular account, who was a clerk once in a commercial house in Madrid (it might just as well be London

tender heart overcomes him and he returns the coins. Finally, just at his wit's end, he answers an advertisement and finds himself asked to act as human target to a circus markswoman, who proposes to put him up against a screen and make a pattern on it by plugging bullets all round him. Too self-effacing to beg with any success, too conscientious to accept partnership with a rogue, too sensitively kind-hearted to steal from the blind man, who merely trades on

his infirmity, this self-confessed abject coward of the deepest dye ends by accepting, for the sake of his wife and children, a job that demands from him only one thing, unthinking and insensitive courage of the most difficult because the most passive kind.

"You're a hero!" smilingly says Amaranta the markswoman as he finally braces himself to the ordeal, and we all laugh. It is inevitable that we should laugh, but he is all the same, when you come to think of it, a miserable, undersized, unspectacular hero. And there you have right away, methinks, one of the secrets of the unparalleled success of the Quinteros as makers of plays for the people. Everyone's quite ordinary in this piece and some of them terribly sordid, and it culminates with a piece of divinely selfless courage—passed off with a laugh.

Those Actors

A novelist, by the way, of fair though not first class repute, has lately been stirring up much talk by his remarks to the effect that actors are of little account because they are merely interpreters of other people's thoughts and not too terribly efficient at that. I don't propose at this moment to discuss that point in its general application, but in a particular one I certainly should like to pay a tribute to the value to this play of the acting of Mr. O. B. Clarence in the part of the fecklessly heroic Fortunato.

Concerning this performance I would quote the ancient saying of an epigrammatist of the past regarding the strawberry: "Doubtless God could have made a

better berry, but doubtless God never did." There may be in the vista of the future (or the past) some one who could give a better interpretation of this extraordinarily helpless and lovable character, but for the moment it seems to me that Mr. Clarence's was as nearly perfect as could be. He is always a fine actor; he is particularly fine when his part allows him this quality of pathos, for which the *role* of the Grand Inquisitor in *Saint Joan*, imaginatively as he executed it, did not allow much scope. Before the trembling heroism of this protagonist all else pales; yet the alternatively bouncing and cringing efforts of Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn's Don Victorio and the brave blatancy of Miss Miriam Lewes as the shooting-gallery heroine are also deserving of unstinted praise.



Sir Nigel Playfair

or Manchester) but had been out of regular work for a long while. He was sacked, in spite of twenty years' service, because the head of his department had a nephew who had to be found a job. He has five children and there is no money to buy food for them. Timidly desperate, he hesitatingly applies for help to a former friend of his father's, but finds the well-springs of generosity dried because he has been anticipated by a bold and shameless professional beggar.

Very Cowardly Hero.

Deciding to take to crime, he steals the accumulated coppers of a blind mendicant, on the (fairly logical) grounds that the money was given not to an individual but to charity, and his is much the more deserving case. But a

AT THE THEATRE—continued.

As It Might Be Kensington.

This homely quality—if I have succeeded in giving the impression of it—is even more characteristic of *The Lady from Alfaqueque*, which is the second of the two Quintero plays. Here is a charming woman—she is played by Miss Gillian Scaife, so you can be quite comfortably sure of that—who is married to a prosperous inhabitant of Madrid; it is not indicated what his exact profession may be, but he is evidently independent of mere money troubles, a thoroughly good sort, a gentleman and a philosopher.

His sole cross is that his much-loved and entirely lovable wife has an almost too fanatic attachment to her "home-town" and all that comes therefrom—as it might be, an establishment in the Kensington district (the Quinteros don't touch Mayfair), whose relations and early ties we indissolubly and irreparably connected up with, shall we say, the quiet little country town of Mudcombe in Rutlandshire. For Mudcombe read Alfaqueque.

So the good lady is surrounded by late denizens of Mudcombe, as members of her staff, and anyone from Mudcombe has a forthwith passport to her affections, however exiguous their merely unlocal merits. And out of all this the Quinteros have composed a comedy that is certainly a little long-drawn-out at times but of infinite humanity. It has no climax quite like *Fortunato*, but, with their infallible instinct for "curtains," these amazing brothers have devised one of not less subtlety in which a humbugging young rogue is left at its fall busily bamboozling the feminine victims of his (to a male eye) somewhat too blatant charms with an eloquent reading of his own poetry . . . The costumes, by the way, in both plays are very pleasantly picturesque, complete with Spanish combs for the women and, for the men, the black clothes and flat-topped, wide brimmed felt hats of the country.

An All-Wrong Revival.

Somewhat of a shock, I must admit, to return from this very live stuff in the almost outskirts of London in Sloane Square to the



Fewless Llewellyn as Don Victorio in "Fortunato."

centre thereof, and meet a not too explainable revival of the late Hubert Henry Davies's *The Mollusc* at the Comedy Theatre.

Revivals, let me say, do not seem to me altogether indefensible, though they plainly predicate a certain poverty of invention and resource. They may conceivably be instructive to the young, if the young wish to be instructed; they are certainly often intensely interesting to persons of mature years, if only for purpose of comparison. But if you revive a play, it seems to me that you should, however (perhaps slightly), flouting the past, at least make some definite attempt to reproduce the original intention.

This performance of *The Mollusc*, which dates back to about twenty years ago, is just a rather painful caricature. I don't quite understand in the first place why anyone should ever have dreamed of reviving it, because the play itself is terribly out of date. It is one of those so-called comedies of that past period which were all foam and froth, in which one idea had to serve for three acts and there was no real climax whatsoever. Evidently we were much more patient twenty years ago—and also evidently we had much better actors to hand, at any rate for this particular play.

The Wyndham Tradition.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore took the principal parts then as the "Mollusc," Mrs. Baxter, and her active brother Tom Kemp, the other two, matter comparatively little. To-day, in place of the charming and feminine Miss Moore, the restful "Mollusc" who made everyone else do her work while claiming all the credit, we have Miss Constance Collier, another fine actress but infinitely restless.

Miss Collier invented a mannerism in *Our Betters* which at the time was immensely effective. On the first night of that play I admired her drawling, affected tones tremendously. I went to see the play again after it had run about a couple of months, and found to my consternation that she had overaccentuated everything to an almost unbearable extent; till she had become a positive caricature of her own earlier acting, such as Miss Elizabeth Pollock might well have produced. And, alas! in this revival of *The Mollusc* she adheres throughout to her second manner.

Meanwhile, Sir Charles Wyndham's part is now taken by Mr. "Joe" Coyne. I have the greatest possible admiration for Mr. Coyne as a musical comedy actor, and the way he turned somersaults or did cartwheels in *No, No, Nanette*, at the age of sixty-ish was perfectly wonderful. But in this sort of play and part one could hardly conceive anyone more utterly out of place.

Miss Cicely Byrne, on the other hand, is a quite plausibly attractive governess (though twenty years ago I am sure her



George Gee, Emma Haig, and John Kirby (left to right) in "Virginia" at the Palace Theatre.

first act frock would have been regarded as excessively frank about its contents) and Mr. Edward Brean shows the really fine quality of his apparently mountebank humour by his conquest of some extraordinarily out-of-date words. The fact is, the play is dead, as all but a few of the best, like Ibsen's, do perish after a very few years, and only an inspired cast, which it has not got, could galvanise it to a semblance of new life.

Some Music and Emma Haig.

A far, far better thing from the point of view of entertainment—which is after all the only point of view in regard to theatres—is the new musical comedy at the Palace, *Virginia* by name. Expect nothing frightfully great from this. It has good music and dancing, four pretty scenes, a conventional hero and heroine; also Miss Emma Haig, Mr. George Gee and a song called "Roll away, clouds." Those last three items are, however, not only its excuse but a justification for something approaching enthusiasm.

Miss Haig, a quite personable young woman who chooses as her *metier* to turn her toes in and make herself generally uncomely, has a personality which would scream almost any fairly decent show of this sort to something like success. Mr. Gee is as ungainly acrobatic as ever (though, bless the man, of course we never heard of him before *The Girl Friend*) and Mr. John Kirby is most successfully a most offensive comic American.

A Play About the F.O.

There is a new play coming on next week, by the way, that I think deserves some special mention, as well as the organisation which is to give it birth. It is a satirical comedy about Government officials (especially F.O. men) called *These Foreigners*, by Lieut.-Col. Charles Maude (nephew of Cyril), and is to be the opening production of the Guild Players next Monday at the Welbeck Hotel, where there is a theatre in the ballroom.

This new society is run by Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Sybil Arundale and others, and in the cast of the opening play will be Miss Sari Petrass, the Hungarian actress, Mr. Robert Haslam, Mr. Reginald Dance, and Miss Alice O'Day.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN

"THE TERROR" and the TALK

"The Terror." By Edgar Wallace. (Piccadilly).

IF there is anyone who has been terrified by the possibility that the "talkies" would wipe out of existence the silent screen, the person thus apprehensive may be assured that for the moment, at any rate, he can banish his fears and rest in peace.

Safely and in full security he can go on booking his seats at the movies with the prospect of a quiet afternoon or evening; no raucous sounds will interrupt his contemplation of the picture of his choice; he shall doze in comfort as he will, or undisturbed clasp an amorous hand sympathetically extended, to the soft and soothing strains of a semi-muted orchestra. In other words, the much-vaunted "talkies" are, for the present at least, a complete frost and wash-out.

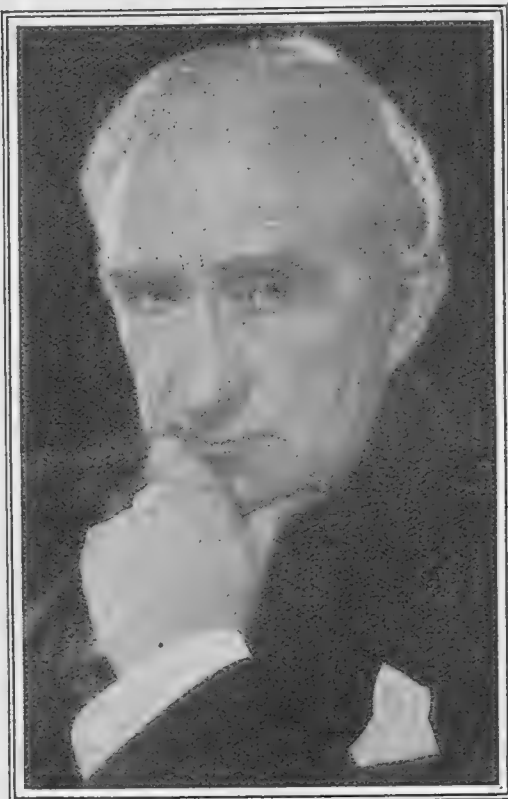
As those who have happened to glance at this page before know, I have never had any very great expectations of the talking picture, even as a "stunt," and even if it could be brought to technical perfection I should still be strongly opposed to it, because I think it would destroy the whole virtue of the picture drama by intruding a new and incongruous dimension. But, frankly, I did not dream that it would so utterly damn itself as it has done in the production of the "talkie" version of Mr. Edgar Wallace's "The Terror" at the Piccadilly.

Kindly Derision

We have heard a great deal in advance about this affair. In fact, the supply of current superlatives had been almost exhausted in the eulogy of its unparalleled marvels. The mountains of publicity underwent a verbal labour that surpassed in strenuousness all previous efforts of the kind. And now at last there has been born a mouse of such cacophonous ridiculousness as to break a record in that direction too.

I want to be scrupulously fair to this ingenious invention and its ingenious inventors. It is without question a surprising achievement, and those who discovered it are entitled to all credit for their enterprise. But to be startling is not necessarily, in this country at any rate, to be successful. And, so far, all the "talkies" have done, as evidenced in the fine flower of this most advanced development, is to give us a none too agreeable shock. Nor is even the shock of sufficient dignity or permanence to produce a real impression, if I may judge by the attitude of the house at the first night of this first all-talkie film play.

First night audiences are notoriously receptive and appreciative of whatever fare is placed before them; they come to their meal with a keen appetite and a strong prejudice in favour of the items on the menu. But after five or ten minutes of "The Terror" there was gener-



Alec Francis in "The Terror."

ated an unmistakable atmosphere of kindly derision. One felt extraordinarily glad, indeed, that these actors before us were not actually present in the flesh; had they been, the consciousness of suppressed feeling would have been too painful to be borne.

That Fatal "Lithp."

There was certainly a prime reason of discontent in the fatuousness of the play as presented on the screen. But this was not the head and front of its offending. Not the greatest screen-play in the world could have survived the enunciation of actors who blared at one metallically such sentences as "I'll put a thtop to thith thort of thing!"

Not one single S came through the ordeal, and the words that penetrated the screen intact were all of a curious canned intonation, as if they had been treated with some patent preservative by Chicago pork-packers before publication.



Emil Jannings as "Tartuffe."

By Maitland

Davidson

Furthermore it was far too noticeable that to get their words through, actors had either to face the screen directly or get very near to it. From the background there came no sound but the mysterious knocks associated with this kind of drama. Nor did it add to the effect of the periodic screams uttered by the heroine, Miss May McAvoy, that each time she adopted this method of livening things up she also gave us a "close-up" of herself.

There were two big hits in the play. One occurred when a character remarked: "This is all very strange," to the accompaniment of much pent-up laughter. The other was the appearance of a toad, which hopped from place to place with laudable agility and had not been given a talking part.

Germanically Speaking.

"Tartuffe." Directed by F. W. Murnau. (Avenue Pavilion).

I must say that seeing a thoroughly bad picture has its uses; it sharpens the edge of appreciation for a good one, even if not quite of the first order.

"Tartuffe" which will be at the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion this coming week, comes under this Alpha Minus category. It has Mr. Emil Jannings as its hero, and that on the face of it should give it an Alpha Plus. But there is rather a poverty of scenery, and the prologue and epilogue are not too skilfully constructed; hence the lower marking.

You have here a rather curious and Germanically laborious idea. An ancient grandfather, under the influence of a scheming housekeeper, disinherits his film-actor grandson and kicks him out of the house. Grandson thereupon returns with false beard and moustache and having gained entrance by addressing the hideous housekeeper as "lovely lady"—gives him a private drawing-room show of the "Tartuffe" picture, which is based on the well-known drama of him whom our American friends would doubtless entitle "old man Moliere." Afterwards he tells the housekeeper that she is one of those Tartuffes and by unearthing a bottle of poison with which she has been dosing the old man (he having altered his will in her favour) induces him to give her the frozen boot, or whatever the correct phrase may be, and put the testamentary matter right. All this extraneous matter is terribly superfluous and out of place.

The Wonderful Jannings.

That said, however, I can now give the picture much and hearty praise. It is restful in its method; it goes for quality rather than quantity. There are no vistas, no crowds; all happens in an intimate domesticity. There are three characters and no more. But what personages—Mr. Jannings as Tartuffe; Mr. Werner Krauss as the husband he hoodwinks, and Miss (or should it be Mme.?) Lil Dagover as the charming but virtuously seductive wife, Elmire.

But this Jannings—what a miracle of new-old individuality he puts into the part of the sanctimonious fellow betrayed by his lusts!

By Rosita Forbes.

LIFE in the No. III. Bulgaria.



Spring water is greatly valued by the peasantry.

BULGARIA is a working democracy. It is also the freest country in the Balkans so far as religion is concerned. Of its population of five million, nearly 700,000 are Moslems, and every town has its squat clay mosque with the slenderest of white minarets capped by what looks like a candle extinguisher.

The modernity of Mustapha Kemal has not affected Bulgaria. Here the Turkish peasant still wears his red skull cap bound in a white turban, which suits his baggy trousers and yards of scarlet sash much better than the bowler of Constantinople.

In the Dobroudja, which used to be Bulgarian, you see him sprawled across the produce in his cart, fast asleep, while his water buffalo plod infinitely slowly towards their goal. Tortoises crawl across the road, their grey, gnarled skin like the hands of the women at work in the fields. The plains are burned to the colour and texture of amber. Gypsy wagons are humped, brown molehills on their desolation. A well is generally surrounded by the ragged tents of shepherds, their beasts huddled in the nearest patch of shade. In fact, it only needs a few palms to transform the Dobroudja, after the four months' summer drought which is becoming habitual, into Arabia Petra!

The new frontier is a wooden bar across the road which, for dusty miles, has slipped between curiously squashed-looking villages and aridity inconceivable to the well-watered West. It continues to do so, and the same Biblical groups, the women with dark, sheet-like draperies over their heads, eat their frugal meals in a handful of noon shade.

The Black Sea, in olden days, "the sea fatal to strangers," is responsible for a crop of straggling villages.

In the Patriarchal Home.

THE houses are painted bright blue, with chrome or orange ceilings and, Turkish fashion, they have a verandah, sometimes widening into a little terrace, surrounded, on three sides, by the coffee drinkers' bench. Sometimes they are two-storied, but the lower rooms are used only as granaries and kitchen.

Up above, everything is meticulously clean. The walls are gaily colour-washed and hung with a frieze of embroidered towels—I counted 24 in one room. There may be a dado of pottery above or below, and the mud floor is covered with home-woven mats and carpets. In the best room, the latter are piled up to the ceiling, so that it looks like a warehouse. This impression is confirmed by rows of chests, gaily painted as are the market carts, containing vast quantities of embroidered clothing,

and the piles of woven woollen cushions stacked on the floor.

In every room and on the verandah is a loom, and all day long the shuttle click-clacks across it, for the Bulgarian family is patriarchal. It generally includes an aged mother or grandmother and several unmarried sisters, as well as innumerable progeny. All this Feminine element spends its time weaving yards and yards of gaily patterned woollens and cottons, which nobody would dream of selling even in the last extremity. It is their one luxury, for the peasant is exceedingly frugal. He never empties his granary till he is sure of re-filling it. He is so determined to avoid debt that, even after the earthquake at Philippopolis left him homeless, he refused to accept the loans proffered by the Government banks. "Let us see what the harvest produces," he temporised. Unfortunately the maize harvest was bad.

A Weekly Chicken.

THE villages live on bread which they make once a week in domed clay ovens dotted about the compound like beehives, and

the vegetables which they grow themselves. Once a week, there is a chicken. When the hens lay there are eggs; but the staple diet consists of haricot beans, onions, tomatoes, and red peppers. Strings of the latter depend from every roof, and sometimes whole curtains of them smother walls and roof, providing a vivid contrast to the clear colourless atmosphere wherein everything, earth, roofs and cows, the dust and the men's clothes, appears to be sun-bleached.

In winter there is lentil soup to augment the meagre diet and perhaps a little raki—a spirit home-made of fruit—but the women cook as seldom as possible. "It is such waste of time," they told me, "and it interferes with our work." So when there is nothing to be done in the fields, the weaving and embroidery goes on apace and, if no people live more simply, none, I imagine, possess more clothes!

Their sole capital is a few sheep which they keep year in, year out for their wool and every woman lives, moves, talks and eats with her distaff twirling in her fingers. Perhaps she even spins while she dreams!

All Dressed Up.

FOR amusement the men go to the village *café*, but they drink sparingly. Coffee is expensive, especially in the South where, though only 25 miles from the Aegean Sea, to which a still unfulfilled clause in the Treaty of Neuilly promised them access, goods have to come 500 miles by rail from the Black Sea ports, so that, in the Rhodope mountains, the eastern price is doubled.

On holidays and festivals, youth dances the Hora, in a solemn and red-faced ring, for full dress is exceedingly heavy. For the women, it consists of a sleeveless, dark stuff robe worn over a white underdress, embroidered, spangled and edged with coarse lace. Over this there is an apron of the brightest scarlet checks, reminiscent of Highland tartans, necklaces and earrings of gold coins are handed down in the family since they were first dug up in the fields, relics of Byzantium. The girls arrange their hair in a multitude of intricate plaits,



The peasant women make their own clothes.

NEW BALKANS

sometimes threaded with coins and often reaching below the knees. This wealth of hair is further adorned with flowers bunched under a tight black handkerchief.

Beside all this display, the men are sombre in darkly embroidered boleros, goatskin or sheepskin caps, and very full trousers swathed into mountainous sashes, within which lurk knives, pipes and cigarettes made from their own pink-flowered tobacco.

The Ratchenitza is a gayer dance, in which each performer holds a handkerchief taut between outstretched hands, and paces or rotates to the tune of bagpipe, flute and hide drum, but the Bulgarians are not a gay nation.

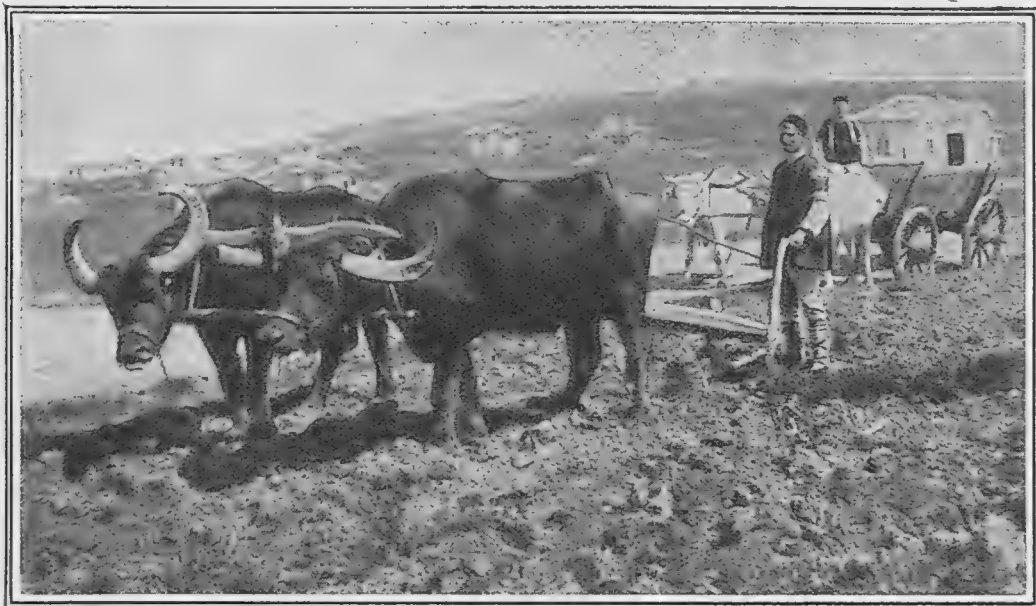
They Never Look Back.

THEY have suffered too much and still a terrible fatality pursues them. In the fifty years of their freedom from the Turkish rule which endured five centuries, they have achieved an organisation superior to their more fortunate neighbours. This has steadily developed in spite of the appalling crimes engineered from Russia, and the occasional Macedonian murders, which have little more connection with, or effect upon, Sofia's political stability, than the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson on Westminster!

But, in that fifty years, Bulgaria has endured four wars, several Bolshevik upheavals culminating in the tragedy which massacred 200 human beings in the cathedral of her capital, and an earthquake which partially destroyed her third largest city, devastated the surrounding country, so that lakes took the place of villages, and left 20,000 families homeless, living at this moment in wooden cabins without heat or light.

It is, therefore, inevitable that this vigorous peasant race, inured to poverty and hardship, reticent, laborious and independent, cautious with the stranger, dignified and above all things democratic, should also be fatalist.

The Bulgarian never looks back. He plods patiently through good seasons and bad, greeting his fellows, whether they be Ministers or ploughmen, with the familiar "thou." He shakes hands with King and Premier, is hospitable to the traveller as to an equal, and tolerant of Moslem, Greek and Jew (the latter being the descendants of the Spanish Israelites



Primitive methods are still universal. Buffalo drawing a wooden plough.

who fled from the persecutions of the Middle Ages in their own country) but he yields to no one.

Too Much Education.

SLOW-WITTED and obstinate, he is yet immensely keen on education as an abstract virtue. He pinches to send his eldest son to school and, when a youth gets engaged, he likes to go abroad to see the world while earning sufficient money to set up house. This is not expensive, for it costs about £15 to build a labourer's cottage, the materials and the labour being to hand in every village.

There is too much education in Bulgaria, for this persistent and determined race is not content with free elementary schooling. Conscious that there are only two careers open to it—agricultural or ministerial!—it forces its way to the university and is willing to starve through the intermediate stage of law, medicine or chemistry in order that, one day, it may join the throng of candidates which, belonging to 12 different parties, present themselves at every Parliamentary election.

Where 12 chemists suffice. Bulgaria is in

danger of having 700, and the same applies to all the professions, for there is no landed upper class. Eighty per cent. of the earth belongs to the peasants, whose farms range from 3 to 300 acres. The remainder is in the hands of the Government, a national reserve to be drawn upon in case of increasing population, or other democratic necessity.

There is a society composed of politicians, bankers, and a handful of big industrialists, but few families can remember more than their fathers or grandfathers. The names are always the same, Ivanoff, the son of Ivan, or Petroff, the son of Peter, affording no link with a known past.

The King Among His People.

THE King goes about the country as simply as any of his subjects. He received us in a little old house, its second storey overhanging and supported on dark wooden beams, smothered in flowers. It was in the Valley of Roses, which in May is a sheet of pink and white, culled at 4 a.m. by flower-crowned women to make the famous Attar exported to Paris and Egypt, and at that season the distilleries are waist deep in petals on which you can sleep as on piled eiderdowns and wake drunk with scent. Here the villages are discreet within high, blind-walled compounds, and the King's refuge after a Ministerial crisis was embowered in flowers. Salvias and dahlias blazed at us as a gendarme opened the doors. Then we might have been in any Bulgarian farm, its dark wooden ceilings elaborately carved into Proserpine's fruits, its verandahs clothed in vine, talking to a charming, sensitive and sympathetic young man about his fellow workers rather than his subjects!

On a subsequent excursion through the Balkan mountains, achingly arid, and beautiful in their austerity, the King drove his own inconspicuous touring car and was saluted in fraternal fashion by every peasant he passed.

Equally, when we lunched with the Prime Minister on his private car, after watching the blessing of a new village on the site of one destroyed by the recent earthquake, peasants in gala embroideries crowded on to the steps of the train and exchanged serious and sensible conversation with their Premier, as he ate the



Dancing the "Horo"—the National Slav dance.

Life in the New Balkans—*continued.**Gahrovo, a typical waterside village.*

country produce, including the best out-of-door grapes in the world!

A Simple Capital.

BUCAREST strives to be a miniature Paris, but Sofia is solidly and with dignity itself a simple Balkan capital, growing so rapidly that a few raw ends are, necessarily, visible. Its population has increased from the Turkish 20,000 to 85,000. Large buildings are springing up round the gigantic orthodox church of Alexander, whose piled domes suggest an airship in full flight, but old Bulgaria is still to be found in the vegetable market. Here, in autumn, there is a kilometre of pumpkins, onions and so forth stacked above men's heads, and every thrifty housewife is busy purchasing her winter store, which she will pickle in huge black clay jars.

There is no night life except in a few clubs striving to attract the stranger and to form a nucleus for young society, for salaries are penuriously small and the townsman is careful with his budget. He apportions it strictly and lives within it, marrying young and sowing no visible wild oats!

Like the peasant, he is almost afraid of good fortune. If you admire a child, its mother, frightened of ill-luck resulting from so much attention, will say hurriedly "Don't harm it!"

On the eve of Pentecost and other anniversaries dinners are given for the dead. Wheat cakes, sweetened with honey, nutmeg and almonds, are blessed by the priest, who sprinkles them with

flowers dipped in holy water. Then they are distributed among friends and eaten soberly in the cemetery. For this occasion special breads, marked with the star of hope, are baked. In fact, there is a bread for every occasion. At Easter, painted eggs are embedded in the flat, round cakes, the size of a small tray. For weddings they are decorated with recumbent feminine figures, or with pigeons, symbolic of innocence, all made of flour. For Christmas there is an X, for funerals a cross and for the feast of St. Theodor a horseshoe. This is the day of horses, and the loaves are blessed in church

ing the losing side! There are no hostile minorities within his unnaturally shrunken borders, but he is surrounded by large stretches of irredenta in which his own nationality predominates and in which it is being foolishly oppressed. He suffers, of course, from the "Balkan spirit," a mediæval turbulence of resentment, as intransigent as it is unpractical, but he has been sufficiently bled and impoverished to wish to be on good terms with his neighbours, providing he can salve his pride.

If better (and more logical) treatment were assured to his countrymen in the Dobroudja and Macedonia, the Bulgarian would undoubtedly be a force in the orderly development of the Balkans, but, so long as Roumania evicts her minorities south of the Danube, and the one and a half million Bulgarian Macedonians under the Jugo-Slav rule are persecuted with senseless restrictions, a boiler may at any moment explode in the face of a startled Europe!

Half-educated professional Bulgaria is of Macedonian origin, and, though these war-sobered people may be sensible enough to accept the existing partition of their somewhat nebulous State, they are too closely linked by blood, training and habit to their fellows in Southern Serbia to regard with equanimity the present repressive policy dictated by the militarist element in Belgrade.

*A Bulgarian funeral. Note the open coffin.*

and then distributed by the villager who owns most livestock to all who hope that their animals will increase during the coming year!

Too Busy to be Superstitious.

ON the borders of Thrace, paganism tinctures the orthodox worship and, on New Year's Eve, the Koukeri go through a performance in which may be traced the old Bacchic rites. They change their clothes and, wearing masks, suggest the movements of digging and dancing, of growth, maturity and sacrifice. But, on the whole, the Bulgarian is too busy and too hard-headed to be superstitious.

He is the solid element of the Balkans, and he has learnt a hard lesson through his invariable habit of back-

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

FARMING is in a pretty bad way. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that agriculture is not the profitable occupation that it was once. Various reasons are assigned for this unsatisfactory state of affairs and numerous remedies suggested.

The publication of the latest bulletin from the Agricultural Department of the Leeds University, "Farm Profits and Farm Losses," comes at an opportune moment. It suggests a cause of failure which up to the present has received little or no notice. The report summarises the lessons derived from the costing of Yorkshire farms during the past six years. Public money has been spent to this end. But the expenditure was fully justified, since it makes the public acquainted with the broad results that emerge and throws light upon the industry as a whole.

The vital parts of the report cannot be summarised. They are illuminating and far-reaching. I can only recommend that it be perused carefully by all those who are interested in the land. It is thought-provoking and will repay careful study. It is published at 6d.

The great value of the details given is that they refer to a large number of different types of farms and holdings. In the first year, 1921-22, 38 farms were on the list. This number increased to a maximum of 88 farms in 1924-25, and fell to 77 for the last year. The farms are situated in all parts of the county, and the systems followed are examples of the broad distinctions which are such a noticeable feature of Yorkshire farming.

The Personal Factor.

It is impossible to dogmatise where farming is concerned, and state definitely that such-and-such a method is the best. Occupiers of farms have their own individual problems to solve, problems which may not be present elsewhere. The farmer must try and win success according to his own idea.

Every farm is in itself a separate proposition. It is controlled by factors concerning situation, soil, accessibility, marketing facilities, but, more important still, the life-history of each individual field. Each holding must be studied apart from all others. A rotation of cropping must be thought out and adopted which will suit the needs of the moods of the land.

Success in farming can only come when personal initiative and incentive are combined with first-class management. The details of management differ, but of paramount importance is to keep a close watch upon costs. Non-productive capital must be eliminated, but there must be a liberal expenditure on the productive side.

It is the personal factor that counts every time. One man can make a living where another will starve—this point is brought out very clearly in the report. Reduce this to ultimate terms and it implies that there are many men in farming to-day who have missed their true vocation in life. Temperamentally they are quite unfit for the life. They may possess ample capital, but farming is beyond them. They extract a bare living wage from the land, and by their amateurish husbandry bring the whole industry into disrepute.

The World's Maize.

The wheat supplies of the world have reached a record figure this year. But the same cannot be said of maize.

More than half of the maize grown in the world is produced by the United States. The output from that country in 1927 was 70 per cent. of the total, and although the European requirements have been gradually increasing year by year, up to the present world production generally has been sufficient to meet the demand without calling on America to an increased extent.

Such, however, is not the case this year. In the season ending in July last European imports of maize totalled 39,400,000 quarters, while the estimated production up to March next from the Argentine is 31,000,000 quarters only. In Europe itself the producing countries in the Balkans, which usually export some 10,000,000 quarters, have barely enough for home consumption, owing to the partial failure of the crop.

America's Squeeze.

If Europe continues to make the same demand as hitherto, it seems that recourse will have to be made to the United States to supply the deficiency, and this will have the effect of sending up prices to a considerable extent. Although her output shows an increase of some 20,000,000 quarters over last year, it is unlikely that the Americans will forego the chance of squeezing the importing countries out of the last dollar which can be got.

We have vast potentialities in the undeveloped lands in our Dominions, notably in Australia, where climate and conditions are entirely favourable to the growing of maize. But it will not be until the immigration problem is tackled in real earnest and an adequate population is settled on the virgin lands, that the British Empire will be independent of foreign supplies so far as cereals are concerned.

Lord Melchett and Research.

No one is so well qualified as Lord Melchett to speak of the future of chemistry, for not only is he a controller of the industry, but he has a life-long knowledge of chemistry in all its more recondite aspects. Anything he says on the subject of applied chemistry and agriculture must command our utmost respect.

In a recent speech before the Society of Chemical Industry he expressed very strongly his belief in the need for continued research, and quoted with approval the liberal expenditure of some German firms on this object.

He is of the opinion that the new synthetic fertiliser industry established by Imperial Chemical Industries at Billingham has very great possibilities ahead of it, and foreshadowed the early appearance on the markets of compound manures similar to ammonphos and nitrophoska, two new fertilisers successfully used abroad.

Co-operation in Southern Ireland.

Both from the political and economic point of view it is always interesting to watch the development of a new State. To Great Britain in general, and her farmers in particular, the forward policy of the Irish Free State as regards agriculture is well worthy of study.

Based on the lines of a movement inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett many years ago, the Government of the I.F.S. has invited the farmers to co-operate with it in every branch of agriculture. The latter have realised that the measures taken by the Government must eventually benefit them, and one finds that in seven years, since the Irish Treaty was signed, despite the destruction wrought in Southern and Western Ireland, the country is paying its way so far as its agricultural products are concerned.

Big Gain in Exports.

The trade returns of Southern Ireland for the past six months show a gain of approximately £2,000,000 on the corresponding period of 1927. This satisfactory result has been brought about by a rise of nearly six per cent. in export trade. This is peculiarly interesting to us, as we are naturally and geographically the best customers of Ireland. We take about 90 per cent. of the exports of Southern Ireland. She requires machinery, stock, electrical equipment and many kindred things, which have, up to the present, been imported from Germany. Why should we not supply them?

It may be said that Southern Ireland is purely an agricultural country, and has no heavy industries, such as Great Britain. This is perfectly true, but considering the difficulties under which the Free State Government has laboured during the past seven years, the mere fact that the export of horses has increased by 12 per cent., of pork and bacon by 33 per cent., and of eggs and butter by 5 per cent., points a moral to the farmers of Great Britain as to what can be done by a good system of co-operation.

The Imperial Fruit Show.

The Imperial Fruit Show was held in Manchester from October 19th-27th. The show has come to be an event of very considerable importance in the fruit world, for at it Empire and home-grown fruits, judged by experts, are shown side by side, and progress in the sciences of growing and marketing can be noted by all comers.

Cash prizes to the value of several hundred pounds are distributed annually, though the honour of obtaining first prize in competition with exhibits from all parts of the British Empire is very great indeed and to be prized higher than any monetary award.

The number of entries and exhibits this year was greater than ever. They came from Australia, Canada, India and South Africa; not only fresh fruit, but canned produce. There was also a section for cold-stored fruit open to growers of fruit grown anywhere in the United Kingdom; there were separate classes for apples, plums and pears, and the fruit must have been cold-stored in a plant of British manufacture.

Generally speaking, the United Kingdom exhibits of fruit this year were strikingly good. The summer has been such as to bring colour, quality and flavour of apples and pears to their highest degree. Probably the only season to come near it in recent times was that of 1921.



By L. C. R. CAMERON

"**H**OW beautiful is the rain!" sang the poet Longfellow, and every sportsman in the British Isles endorsed the sentiment during the last two weeks of October, when the drought finally broke, and the downpour that accompanied the belated equinoctial gales rendered coursing possible, hunting safe, and even gave the salmon-angler, on the later Scottish rivers, the chance of a decent fish to wind up his season. The gales cleared the leaves from the trees, though nowadays scientists tell us that frosts, rain, and winds have little to do with the fall of the leaf, and by the opening of the hunting season the country should prove not very blind and eminently rideable.

Successful Lady Salmon-Anglers.

Two of the most successful anglers for salmon in Scotland during the season just closed on the Tay and drawing to an end everywhere have been Lady Mary Ward and her daughter Lettice. They have fished the Stobhall beats of the Tay where, despite the poor season which was due principally to the marked shortage of spring fish, they both did remarkably well. Miss Lettice Ward had the distinction of landing one of the two 50-lb. salmon that were the heaviest caught during the season, the other falling to Major Frank Pullar. On the last day, October 15th, Miss Ward also got a 38-pounder on Stobhall, wherewith to close and crown her successful season's fishing.

Lady Mary had consistently good sport all the time and landed a number of salmon of different sizes, including many good fish, although none of outstanding proportions. On the Upper Scone beat the most fortunate angler was the Marquess of Zetland, whose two best salmon weighed 42 lb. and 40 lb. respectively. Other "back-end" Tay anglers who had good sport were Sir Stuart Coats on Ballathie, and the Hon. Sir John Ward on the Kinnaird

water, where two days before the finish of the season he killed a fine 44-pounder in the Jetty Pool.

The rains and consequent spates came just in time to give sportsmen in the south of Scotland the chance to grass a few salmon before the close of their season. The fish, which have been waiting in the Solway since the nets were taken off, began to run with the tail-end of the floods, and some nice salmon have been seen heading up the Annan and Nith, as also in some of the smaller rivers in Galloway and Ayrshire; so that those anglers who have waited patiently through a disappointing season should have a fair chance of retrieving their loss of sport before taking down their rods for the winter.

The Recrudescence of Harriers.

One of the most encouraging signs of the fair future of hunting is the post-War increase in the number of packs of harriers now well established throughout the country. When the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire wrote the article on harriers for the first edition of *The Encyclopædia of Sport*, the best-written article in that compendium and one left untouched in the second edition, the hunting of the hare with harriers was in its prime.

As the oldest form of hunting with packs of hounds meant to be ridden-to, it boasted a long and distinguished history; though in some cases ill-advised attempts were even then being made to make the sport approximate more closely to fox-hunting. Packs of 22-inch dwarf foxhounds were employed, and the aim of some harrier huntsmen was to force their hares to run straight and to burst them up incontinently after a twenty-minutes scurry.

This was far from the old idea of leisurely pursuit behind a pack of the staunch blue-mottled or badger-pied harriers, which truly and carefully puzzled out the line of their

original hare, disentangling the maze of scent the cunning quarry had purposely devised for their discomfiture, and handsomely accounting for her at the end of a couple of hours of true and patient hound-work. There are now nearly fifty harrier packs in England again, but only a few of them can boast hounds of the old-fashioned type; like the Cotley, over which Mr. Edward Eames still presides, the Minehead, Quarne and South Pool in the west, and the Holcombe and Rochdale in the north of England.

There are several reasons why hare-hunting with harriers should come again into its kingdom, the chief being, perhaps, the much lower cost of feeding, kennelling and hunting such packs, as compared with keeping foxhounds. Also the price of suitable mounts is not so high, and the question of hunt-uniforms for subscribers does not arise. Where there are not too many hares and the farmers are in favour of a sport that brings grist to their mills in the sale of half-bred hunters and forage, and where the fox for various reasons cannot be hunted or but rarely, the establishment of a pack of harriers is indicated as being both possible and desirable.

"Mark 'Cock!"

The shooting man, especially the man who goes in for that most pleasurable and genuine form of the sport known as rough shooting, can now reasonably look forward to encountering during his day with the gun another bird of game in the woodcock. In fact, this year isolated 'cock were reported as having been shot quite early in October.

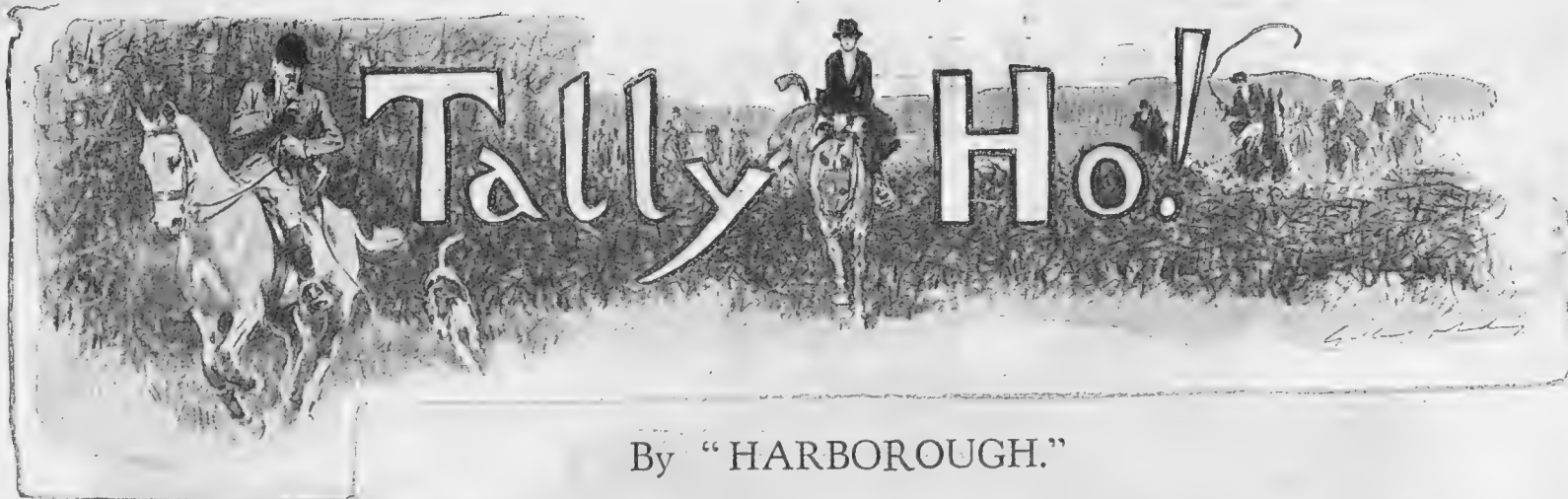
October 19th is the earliest date mentioned in my shooting diaries on which I have shot a 'cock in England; and that was in East Cornwall in the late 'eighties, before it was established that woodcock certainly bred in the South of England. That they do so increasingly, in the New Forest and elsewhere, is now a known fact: I once, in 1906, found two half-fledged birds near Minstead Manor in July, and hiding in a holm-bush watched the parent birds fly off with them, after I had taken a snap-shot of the youngsters on the ground.

In the Highlands of Scotland, of course, they breed quite commonly in the burn-watered; roe-haunted corries that intersect the low-ground shootings; and here I have shot them as early as the end of August, when coming off the hill towards evening. These birds, however, are migrants, and the welcome cry of "Mark 'Cock!" is seldom heard until the month of November in the South, at any rate.

During the day-time woodcock are dormant, and it needs a spaniel—or a strong force of raucous-voiced beaters—to put them out of the dark holly trees, whin bushes, or dense masses of sodden bracken in which they are resting. Even then the unexpected appearance of this "silent pinioned, long-billed bird" frequently so thrills the sportsman that he as often misses the bird as not. An old-fashioned Cocker spaniel is the only dog that can by his bell-like note give adequate warning of the presence of 'cock.



Lady Mary Ward salmon fishing on the Tay.



By "HARBOROUGH."

The Odds against the Fox.

AS we are just about to begin that exciting and sometimes rather hair-raising pastime of Fox Hunting, and as the Editor of this journal has had various letters about the cruelty and wickedness of fox hunting—particularly about the big odds against the fox—he has commanded me to say a word in reply. The generally accepted figure of foxes found and hunted to foxes killed is 10—1, and I think this rather under than overstates the case.

The fox knows a lot more about hunting than any hound or any huntsman. He is a first-class stalker, a first-class forester and stands out quite alone in the animal creation in cunning and knowledge of woodcraft. He knows when there is a serving scent; he equally well knows when hounds will be compelled to puzzle out every yard of his line. He knows which particular surfaces will hold a scent and which will not; and he acts accordingly. He is, furthermore, a superlatively good judge of pace, which most certainly every hound is not, and very few humans are. I think, therefore, that the odds are not quite so great against him as some people think.

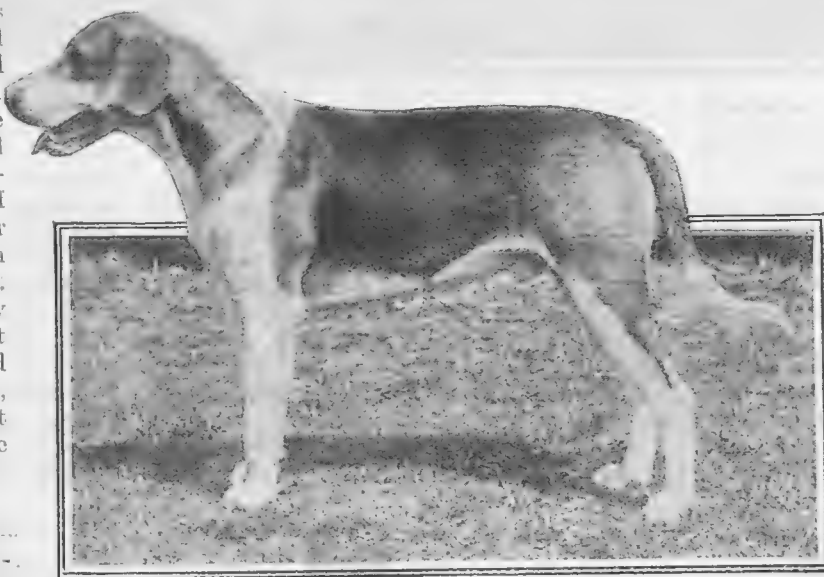
Kirby Gate.

THE hunting season is popularly supposed to receive its official sanction to begin in earnest when the Quorn have their historic fixture at Kirby Gate, which, as most people know, is within more or less a biscuit-throw of Melton. This is not so, however, for the rest of the Shires and Provinces sound the "Boots and Saddles" and start business as and when it may suit their own particular books, that is to say, when weather, foot and mouth or frost, our three principal enemies, permit it to happen.

This is not the same thing as saying that they are not one of the best packs of hounds in all England and possess a country over which it is a joy to ride, provided always your heart is still young, and you prefer things at high speed with plenty of sea-room, no trappy obstacles, and good, sound grass out of which and into which to jump. You can, of course, get this sort of thing in many other countries, in many of the Provinces, for instance, but it is the incontrovertible fact that the Quorn possess a *cachet* which is all their own, and that, if you are known to be able to go close up to the sterns of those hounds, you are supposed to be able to go in any country in the world.

This is another of those polite fictions which take a power of killing. It by no means follows.

There are many other countries which tax the pursuer's ingenuity and courage far more. In Leicestershire it is all a fair stand-up-and-knock-down fight: plenty of room, big but fair fences and all more or less of the sealed patterns. In other places it is not so, and the adventurer has to be a special kind of magician to do the trick. But Leicestershire is the place for real fun, and if I had my pick and had no obligation to go anywhere else, I would say "put me somewhere" close to Melton and I'll cry content.



THE QUORN "CRUISER."

Winner of the Championship at Peterboro' in 1926, and bred by the late Mr. W. E. Paget, Joint-Master of the Quorn. "Cruiser" is of a very famous hound "Safeguard."

The Quorn Hounds.

THANKS, in a very large measure, to what poor Edmund Paget did in this kennel, for he it was who took on the hound side, the Quorn have got about as good a pack of hounds as any in England, particularly where the bitches are concerned. The Peterboro' judges were in no doubt in 1926, and it was Mr. Paget's faith in that ugly old stallion hound Safeguard, the sire of their Cruiser who won the Championship, who made the pack. Safeguard was, to my way of thinking, as plain as the corner of a street, decidedly throaty, and he looked to be badly sprung till you stood over him, because, looking at him sideways, he seemed as long as a ship and shy of a rib. But he was there all right, and the necks and shoulders he put on to all his whelps were surprising.

Cruiser, his son, is still, I hear, carrying on the good work. Cruiser is a bit wide over the top of the shoulders, but otherwise you could not fault him. I have a letter from Mr. Edmund

Paget, written just after Peterboro', 1926, in which he told me that they had then twenty-one couples in kennel by Safeguard. The bitches Safeguard got, I thought, were even better than his dogs.

WHEN Mr. Edmund Paget, the late joint master of the Quorn, died from heart disease last March, while actually with his hounds at Groby Pool, speculation was rife as to who would come in as Major Burnaby's partner. All sorts of rumours were afloat, and all sorts of names, probable and otherwise, were mentioned, but the problem was solved by Major Burnaby carrying on alone—a heavy task in all sorts of ways. The Burnaby-Paget alliance was an ideal one and lasted eight seasons, Mr. Paget, as I have said, doing the hound side of it and Major Burnaby the horses, aided by poor Brannigan, his Master of the Horse, who also came to his death, as may be said, in action. His loose horse galloped back to stables, and Brannigan's body was found on the tarmac not far from the kennels whence he had set out to back to a fixture.

Wilson still carries on as huntsman, and is a specialist for a galloping country, and this in spite of his voice being rather of the Tallulah Bankhead order.

The Bicester.

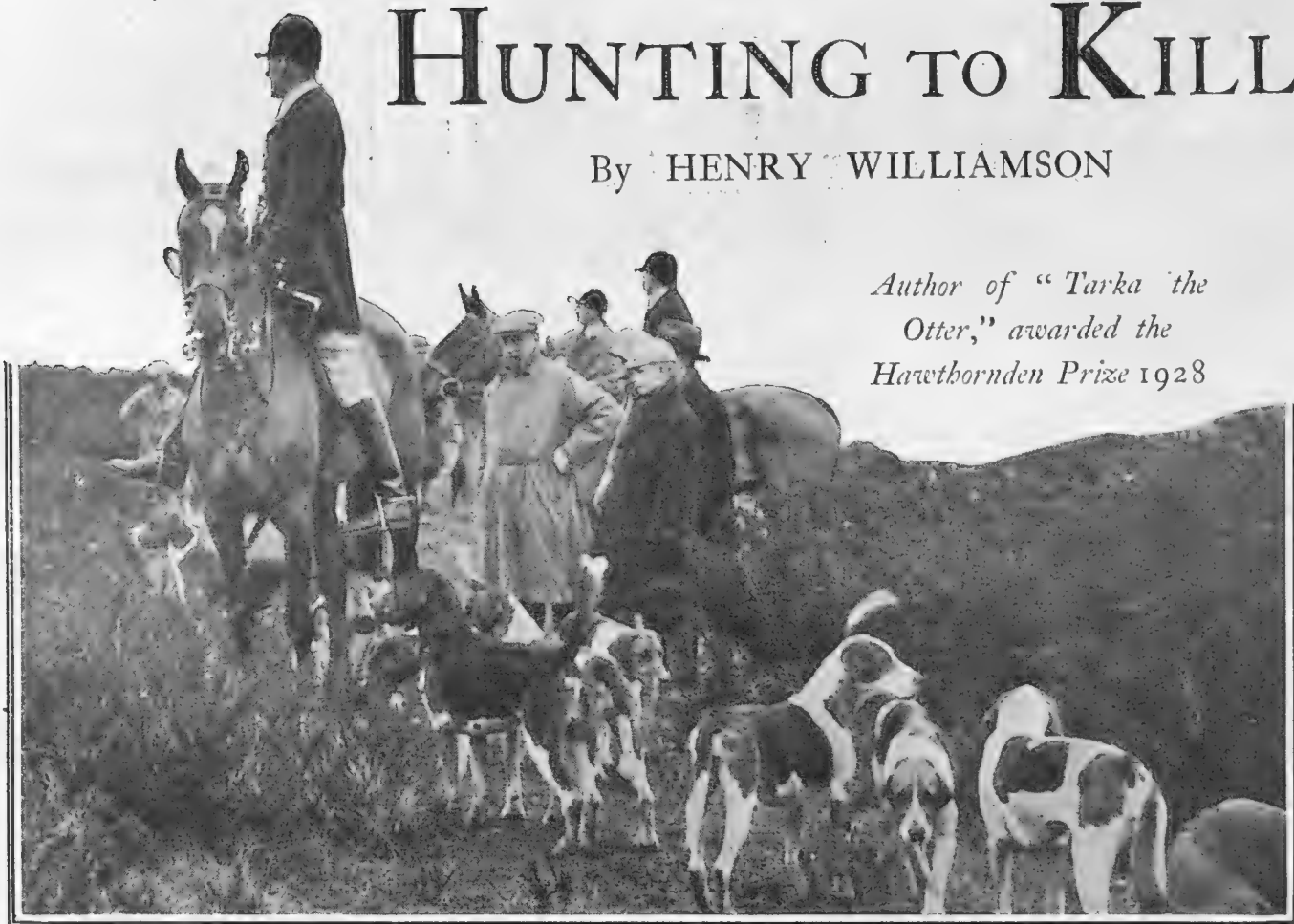
THE Bicester bitch pack have long been renowned as one of the fastest in England; but I hear now that Mr. H. M. Budgett, the M.F.H., and Clarence Johnson his huntsman, have got the dog pack just about as good and pretty nearly as fast. Johnson is a son-in-law of Arthur Thatcher, and a first-rate man for a galloping country, and also, which is better, a man who can hunt his fox on a scent that is not serving too well. He was with the Fernie under Thatcher for some time, and he made the most of his chances to learn from a real artist—which Arthur Thatcher was.

THE Bicester is a country in which you can most certainly enjoy yourself if you are fond of it. The fences are not too alarming, though there is plenty to jump without going out looking for it, and it is a country in which you can usually see hounds all the time—a great country for sport and a hard-thrusting field, which quite often includes a sprinkling of what a well-known authority called "dragon officers" from the Equitation School at Weedon. I hope to go back to this pleasant region more or less, soon.

HUNTING TO KILL

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

*Author of "Tarka the
Otter," awarded the
Hawthornden Prize 1928*



THE reforming spirit of man usually has its origin in the reactions to the deeds of others. Among those who concern themselves actively with hunting in England are the two types known as sportsman and humanitarian. The sportsman wants to continue his sport, the humanitarian wants to stop it.

Having both sets of feelings within myself. I believe that I understand both types. Also, I have my personal reactions to both of them. When I hear the word "humanitarian" used as a term of contempt and derision, I feel the same slight distress and desire to create a fairer understanding that I feel when I hear the sportsman spoken of in similar terms. Both have told me that I am "sitting on the fence." Among sportsmen I am a "half-baked humanitarian"; among humanitarians, a "half-baked sportsman." In fact, the sentimentalists of the pavements—remote from the natural life—have towards me an attitude identical with that of the sportsmen on the moors. Transfer the bag of ideas of the one to the other, and they are indistinguishable.

Hunting the Stag.

ONCE, in a humanitarian journal, I read an article about stag-hunting on Exmoor, full of facts that were all wrong. I wrote to the editor, suggesting that the article, which he had written himself, was too biased to carry much weight, and suggested supplying him with facts concerning the economics of stag-hunting. My offer was disregarded, knowledge and experience being apparently a definite handicap! Among other things, that editor suggested that, when in the course of progress stag-hunting was stopped, sportsmen could have

"their blood-lust satisfied by periodical visits to the local slaughter-houses."

Having revealed that I have my reforming reactions to both parties, let us come to facts about the sportsman. He is, first of all, out to enjoy himself, and he does not care very much how this affects the feelings of others. Perhaps his way of life from early childhood has settled him in a rather rigid way of thinking. He will not seek to justify his actions; he assumes that they are correct. They are "the right thing." He rides to hunt, i.e., to kill, but he is tolerant of those, the

majority of the field, who hunt merely to ride. Occasionally, and with impatient reluctance, he will say that "he cannot, of course, argue with those who condemn every form of what they term 'blood-sports,' including hunting, shooting, fishing, or anything that involves the death of a living creature. All he can say is that Nature lives by the blood law, that man is akin to Nature, and so he finds delight in field sports, where the skill and craft of the human is pitted against the skill and craft of the animal, with at least an even chance that the latter will outwit the former."

Can Animals Fear?

SOMETIMES he talks in a curious semi-scientific jargon about animals, as though they really were structurally and biologically different from their human relations. He will tell you that the hunted animal has no fear, since it does not know what death is: that its haste when hunted is due only to a desire to "resume its normal occupation." You can answer that fear is fear, whatever thing feels it; and if this is objected to, you can reply that should you meet a boa-constrictor, you too would want to "resume your normal occupation." The more tolerant sportsman will, perhaps, with a quiet smile (perceiving that you are listening to him) refer to the ancientness of Venery, and to the thrill, colour and health of the chase, which has its roots in immemorial life and custom. He will point out that wild animals in most parts of England to-day exist and have their being *only* because the various Hunts protect them out of season, guarding the young, paying for damage done to crops, henroosts, etc., in their depredations.

He will tell you about the wild red deer on Exmoor—of how the



Being "Uncled" after a kill.

Devon and Somerset Hunt brings money and trade to the people of the moor—how the farmers, with the exception of a diminishing sporting minority, hate the deer for the damage they do to roots and corn (a herd can ruin a whole field in a night), how some farmers, who bought their farms during the Great War when they made big profits (he tells you this scornfully) watch regularly in May for the hinds dropping their calves, then go to the places and break with their iron-shod boots, the small, wondering heads in the rising brake-fern.

Common Reactions.

SEEING such a thing, both sportsman and humanitarian would have an equal and similar furious reaction. Yet that sportsman, being a fox-hunter as well as a stag-hunter, would feel no anger if, on passing the next coombe, he watched a family of badgers being dug out of their deep earth. He would say that badgers and cubs must be exterminated, and their earths stopped, if a fox is to show good sport in the winter, and not shelter in the tunnels of "brock"; and that the humanitarian would have no qualms about destroying mice or rats in his house or garden. Let us leave these animal-lovers (for they are such) with their points of view that would be interchangeable with their environment, and state a newer, post-War point of view.

Killing in War-time.

BEFORE I had the least consciousness of the world, water was dabbled on my brow as a symbol (as far as my mother was concerned) of certain religious ideals; and when I was a few years older, the blood of a fox was dabbled on the same place, and I was told not to wash off the marks until after sunset. It was a proud moment for me. Had I not been blooded? In my boyhood and early youth I enjoyed immensely all kinds of sport—hunting, fishing, trapping, shooting. Then came the War, which made no difference to



"Badgers and Cubs must be exterminated."

When I hear the word "humanitarian" used as a term of contempt and derision, I feel the same slight distress and desire to create a fairer understanding that I feel when I hear the sportsman spoken of in similar terms. Both have told me that I am "sitting on the fence." Among sportsmen I am a "half-baked humanitarian"; among humanitarians, a "half-baked sportsman."

my outlook on these things. Like most young officers who were not broken by it, I enjoyed the War; or rather let me hasten to say, that part of it that was hectically lived out of gunshot. I was entirely thoughtless and prejudiced; accepting everything that came; reviling those whom the majority reviled; hating those I had never seen simply because everyone else did so; doing towards those I did not hate acts which were considered glorious and noble. Later I came to see that this same attitude of mind which endowed glory and nobility to that appalling world war was the very mental attitude that had made such a thing possible.

Bullied and Broken.

THIS may appear mere sophistry, and a far jump from the logic of hunting to kill. Personally, I feel that the animals we hunt to kill are so near us in sense-feeling and joy of life, that it distresses me to see, for instance, an otter swimming slower and slower in shallow water between two lines of sportsmen barring the way up or down river—one against so many.

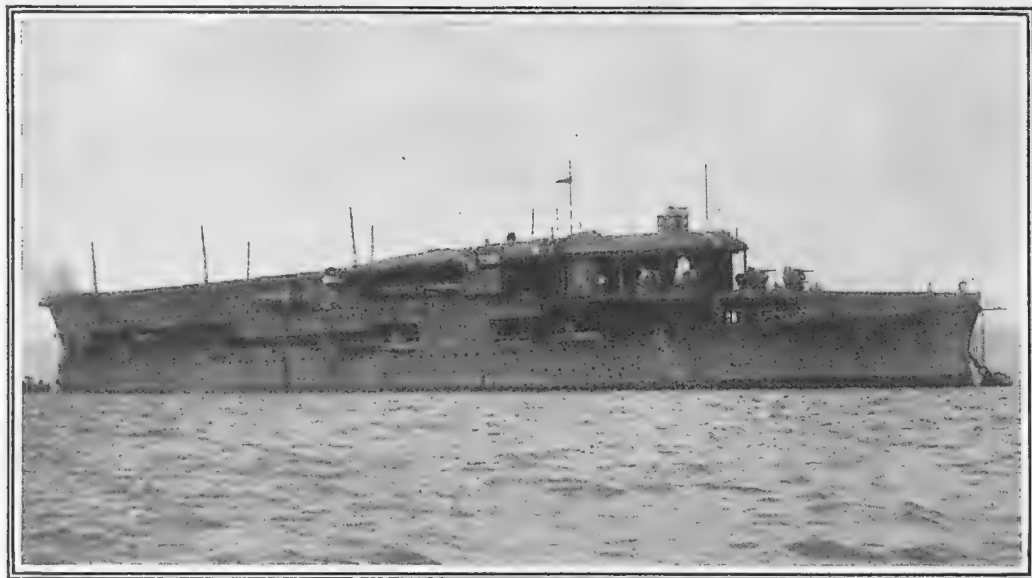
Then I feel that a little brother is being bullied and broken before my eyes, and, silent with cowardice, I do nothing to help him.

I confess it does not make me hate those who can hunt him without any feeling except that of satisfaction that a kill will end off a "good day's sport"; but there have been moments when I have turned away from my friends thinking that all the misery in the human world has been caused by a lack of imaginative understanding; and I have thought, "They bring up their children to be blooded on the face: has not enough blood flowed on the face of the earth already?"



Gone to earth under a tree. Digging out the Fox.

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES



H. M. S. Furious, Britain's most up-to-date aircraft carrier.

POLICING THE EMPIRE

By Major Lloyd Jones

THE mechanisation or the industrialisation of war has widened the gulf between up-to-date European warfare and operations overseas. To all intents and purposes, soldiering abroad has become "policing the Empire," and is entirely different from the highly evolved mechanical methods of to-day. As a rule, punitive expeditions are undertaken to preserve order and to enforce peace rather than to conquer, and the success of such operations depends rather on how few than on how many casualties are inflicted upon the refractory tribesmen.

Without doubt, it is the certainty of several years' exile in the tropics which is the real difficulty in obtaining unlimited recruits. However, many young soldiers settle down and would be prepared to make the Army a profession if opportunity offered. If special conditions were offered, it might be possible to form "a foreign-service army" of trained men for the special work of policing the Empire and finding the necessary garrisons overseas. Such an arrangement would certainly facilitate the raising of large reserves at home, and probably effect considerable saving in the long run.

Leadership.

It used to be said that "the N.C.O. was the backbone of the British Army." No one has greater admiration for the non-commissioned ranks than myself, but, with all due respect, it is the officer who leads and inspires troops in action. Of course, it is impossible to judge from special cases, but, as a rule, the rank and file do not take kindly to ranker officers, and infinitely prefer even very young inexperienced officers of the class which has provided the leaders of the British Army for generations.

The unadorned truth is that leadership is not easily acquired, and is generally the inherited legacy of generations past. In these hard post-war times, the ranker is often the son of an officer who cannot afford to put down the considerable sum required to send a boy to a public school and then to Sandhurst.

"Whiskerandos."

A recently published book, which unmercifully satires a late very august Commander-

in-Chief of the British Army, reminds us that it is not so very long ago that the post of Commander-in-Chief was vested in the Army Council. It is doubtful if the Army at large has greatly appreciated the change. Government by a committee is never very satisfactory, especially with regard to military matters. I do not suppose that one per cent. of the general public, or of the rank and file of the Army, knows the names of the members of the Army Council, or that even 5 per cent. of the commissioned ranks could describe the functions of that rather vague and nebulous body. Most of the far-reaching decisions signed by the Secretary of State for War are in fact, the work of the financial secretary, who is really the most important member of the Council in any matter except those of strategy and training.

The old Commander-in-Chief, however, made all decisions, and one even wrote a long dispatch on the importance of whiskers, "an asset to the soldier both in war and love." Henceforth he was known to the Prime Minister of the day as "Whiskerandos." Later on, this same illustrious soldier distinguished himself by taking the salute at the Trooping of the Colours on the Horse Guards' Parade with one hand at the salute, while the other held a large umbrella over his cocked hat. Henceforth he was known as the "Brolly Duke."

Unprofitable Recriminations.

Still the tide of war books flows. Ludendorff has accused Hindenberg of taking from him the glory of winning the battle of Tannenberg. The Russians were bound to lose the battle, which had been worked out years ago by the whole of the German General Staff but, by squabbling amongst themselves before and during the battle, the Russian leaders turned a defeat into a massacre, put Imperial Russia out of the war, and indirectly brought about the Russian revolution. Tannenberg was one of the most decisive battles in the history of the world.

A French army commander has been raking up old stories of quarrels between British and French generals during the early days of the

war. The British and French attitudes towards war, and points of view on life generally, are utterly divergent, and it is useless to compare them. The English troops excel in defence, and are the most dogged sticklers in the world. The French, however, are at their best in the attack, and it is written that few armies have ever been able to withstand the *elan* and *furie* of victorious French troops.

The following story, perhaps, illustrates best the differences in temperament. A position held jointly by British and French troops was being heavily and accurately shelled. The French troops were preparing to move back, when the British Colonel protested. After a moment's thought, the French commander replied, "Bien, my Colonel, if you like we will attack; it is merely stupid to remain here to be blown to pieces!" The English Colonel remained in the trench. The Frenchmen attacked.

The "Covered Wagon."

H.M.S. *Furious*, the latest air-craft carrier, familiarly known to flying folk as the "Covered Wagon," has undoubtedly attracted most of the attention of the experts at the Naval exercises being held in northern waters. She carries no less than thirty machines, has a deck space of some 200 yards, and is capable of high speed. Attacks by aerial torpedo have been practised with terrifying effect on the spectators, but one illusion has been dispelled: the feasibility of using "gas" as a weapon at sea. So seldom are the necessary conditions found—absolute stillness—that the likelihood of putting a ship out of action by means of poisonous gas fumes is more than remote. Indeed, a good deal of alarmist hot air has been written about gassing whole districts and towns. Ask anyone who has been in a gas attack, and you will learn how very seldom gas can be relied upon to do what it is meant to do, and how seldom does it effect its purpose even then.

The Naval-mounted "Orse."

It is not only the Army and the Air Force which train their men for civil life at the expiration of their colour service. The Naval vocational training centres teach nearly every trade likely to be useful after leaving the service. The "handymen" course in particular, is most useful, and has proved very successful indeed; but the Senior Service is not to be outdone, and is prepared to provide grooms and stable hands as good as any ex-cavalry trooper. When they get a chance, sailors prove remarkably good horsemen. At Malta the Navy usually manages to defeat the Army at polo. In nearly every hunting field there is a sprinkling of naval officers on leave. In July, 1897, a team of Bluejackets beat a team of Lancers in a wrestling match on horseback at the Royal Military Tournament, as it was then called.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Royal Scots (London Branch). A Social and Dance will be held on Saturday, November 6th, at 7 p.m. at the Rifle Brigade H.Q., Bunnhill Row, Moorgate Street, E.C.

November 9th. 53rd Divisional Club, Trocadero, 8 p.m., Tenth Annual Dinner. Apply, the Secretary, Mr. R. D. Bacon, c/o Lloyds Bank, Cox's Branch, G.I. Section, Pall Mall.

Services Canteen Dinner (E.F.C. Dinner Club), Connaught Rooms, Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2. Apply Sec. E.F.C. Dinner Club, Imperial Court, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.11.

November 16th.—Third Army H.Q. Claridge's. Apply Lt.-Col. Gray, 25, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

November 17th.—London Rifle Brigade (2nd Batt.), First Avenue Hotel. Apply Mr. B. Ives, 22a, Golder's Way, N.W.11.

How I Found JACKIE COOGAN

By *Charlie Chaplin* (In an interview)



Charlie Chaplin with Jackie Coogan.
A scene from "The Kid."

ONE evening in 1918 I happened to drop in at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles. Annette Kellerman—the famous Australian swimmer and trick diver—was closing her West Coast tour in a spectacular act, and, to celebrate the ending of a long engagement, she brought on to the stage a four-year-old boy, the son of her manager, who had been amusing the scene-shifters with some dance steps he had picked up from his father.

That boy was Jackie Coogan. He delighted the jazz-fed patrons of the Orpheum to such a degree that when he had finished his performance with a tenderly naïve imitation of David Warfield in "The Music Master," they could hardly be persuaded to leave the theatre.

For me, the incident was even more significant. For years I had wanted to film the story that was eventually called "The Kid," but I had postponed the production time after time because I could not find the right child for the name part. A mere chance had shown me the very boy I needed. Two weeks later, I called on the Coogans, and was introduced to Jackie by Sid Grauman, California's master-showman, who had known Mrs. Coogan as a stage comedienne in San Francisco.

Jackie's First Appearance.

JACKIE'S father had begun his theatrical career while still in his teens, and had climbed up the ladder until he became a leading juvenile in musical comedies and vaudeville.

and introduced his son to the audience. So natural were the actions of the child that the incident was thought to be a pre-arranged part of the programme.

Unconscious of His Fame.

THIS complete lack of self-consciousness is one of Jackie's most charming qualities. Even after the wonderful reception accorded to "The Kid" and subsequent films in which he appeared under his father's management, he didn't realise in the least that he had become quite a famous person. I hear that it has been kept from him always—the enormity of his wealth, the fact that he, a lad barely fourteen, earns half a million dollars a year.

I think Jackie would much rather play games than act in pictures. To him, "The Kid" was just a glorious game of make-believe. I am sure that he looked upon me as a grown-up who entered properly into the spirit of the thing, and played games with him just as absorbedly as a small boy might have done.

For Jackie is, above all, a real boy, possessing even more than the average schoolboy's affinity with dirt. One day a friend of mine dropped in to the studio to see Jackie at work. It was during the production of "Oliver Twist," and the set was monopolised by some of the older members of the company. For a time, Jackie, attired in blue overalls, listened patiently to

the director's voice and watched the shooting. Then, going over to his father, he caught the other's hands and looked up appealingly into his face.

"Oh, Daddy," he pleaded, "I'm not getting any kick out of this. Mayn't I go outside and play?"

When this permission was granted, Jackie was off like a shot to his favourite playground—an empty allotment outside the studio, where for half an hour the juvenile actor—on whom the most costly toys of every description have been showered by people from all over the world—hammered away happily at stray pieces of studio "props" and a treasured assortment of old nails.

While he was thus occupied, the friend I have mentioned happened to refer to the gold chain she was wearing as looking like a royal decoration. "The Order of the Golden Fleece," she added laughingly to the group of older people watching with her over Jackie's recreation.

He stopped his hammering for an instant, and lifted his eyes eagerly to her face—

"The Golden Fleece!" he repeated. "Oh, yes, I know all about that. It's what Jason sailed after."

I quote this to show that Jackie has other than histrionic interests. His father tells me that he reads omnivorously.

His Emotional Power.

IT is obvious to anyone who has read as far as this that Jackie occupies a very warm place in my regard. During the filming of "The Kid" he crept into my heart, and he has never crept out. While I was directing him in a particularly affecting scene in that picture, I was compelled at one point to hand the megaphone over to his father. I simply couldn't stand the emotional strain of watching him act. The child's tears were too much for me. They seemed so real.

Others have been similarly overcome by Jackie's sincerity. "There is something about that boy," a lady once said to me, "that always makes me feel like crying. I don't know why, for he has such a happy disposition." In those wide childish eyes, there is that trustful innocence which the Frenchman Greuze knew so well how to paint upon canvas, and which the camera has truthfully caught for lovers of children the world over.

In Jackie's friendship for myself, there is a fine flavour of professional loyalty that is altogether disarming.

A few years ago, before he had cut his hair and his wisdom-teeth, somebody asked him who was the greatest living actor. "Charlie Chaplin," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "And who is the second greatest?" persisted his interviewer.

"Why, Jackie Coogan, of course!"

"A QUESTION OF JUSTICE"

Re-Open the Douglas-Pennant Case

By "WOOLSACK"

A petition to re-open the findings of the Select Committee in the famous Douglas-Pennant Case is shortly to be presented to Parliament. The circumstances of Miss Douglas-Pennant's removal from the command of the Women's Royal Air Force in 1918 are recalled in this article.

A COMMISSION is now in process of examining the rights and wrongs of Police administration in this country. At the outset its Chairman stated that in no way shall its functions be directed to the "whitewashing" of any officials responsible for any of the wrongs.

A Committee appointed for such a purpose and acting in such a spirit will do much to maintain, or restore, public confidence in the long-vaunted pre-eminence of British justice. What with that and the recently granted special appeal in the case of Oscar Slater, with its commendable results, the citizens of this country might have reason to be happy in their faith that right ever will be done—if it were not that there is still presented to the world a set of circumstances whose aspect scarcely justifies that faith. The circumstances, that is to say, which surround the well-known "Douglas-Pennant Case."

IN August, 1918, a lady of unquestioned attainments and noteworthy achievements in the sphere of social welfare, then holding a high and responsible position in a public service, was summarily dismissed from that position. Dismissed without warning, and by a Superior Official who ten days previously had refused, because of the value of her services, to accept her resignation. Dismissed, indeed, in a manner reserved only for cases of disgraceful conduct!

The lady in question demanded an inquiry into what she asserted was an unwarranted action. In due course Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, acceded to her request.

An Inquiry, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, was ordered. It was held, for some good reason, no doubt, in private.

The Chairman, however, promised that his Report at least should be made public. When the time came, though, his Report was *not* made public. Furthermore, at a later investigation into this unfortunate matter, no reference to the proceedings of this first Inquiry was allowed.

It is a pity such secrecy was resorted to. Publicity would have confirmed or refuted two claims made by Miss Douglas-Pennant (the lady in the case). First, that the Report was absolutely in her favour; and secondly, that at this hearing the actual reason for her dismissal as eventually put forward was not formulated.

Nor would there have been the rumour that has been spread, with all its attendant innuendo, that suppression was brought about by certain of the people concerned in the case. A rumour that was only heightened when a full judicial Committee-hearing, as recommended by Mr. Harmsworth (and alleged to have been promised by Mr. Lloyd George) was by some means frustrated.

OBVIOUSLY the affair could not remain in that unsatisfactory state. Questions were asked in Parliament again. But the fog which had arisen around this matter was merely made more dense by the statements given by those called upon to elucidate it.

Four different and somewhat contrary reasons for the dismissal were advanced by just as many officials. Lord Londonderry said that

it was for "inefficiency"; General Seely, however, declared that Miss Douglas-Pennant was most efficient and offered a vague explanation, obtained from Lord Weir, on the general lines of the "best interests" of the particular service involved; Lord Peel apparently attributed it to Miss Douglas-Pennant's high-handed treatment of certain officers under her; while Mr. Winston Churchill gave out that it was due to inter-departmental friction. A variety of causes—but not one of any definiteness or, what is more, of sufficient gravity to justify so severe an action as was taken.

Obviously, again, the matter could not be left in so ambiguous a condition. Wherefore, at last, a Select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to deal with it.

LORD WRENBURY, the Law Lord who presided over this Inquiry, held, quite rightly, that the case before the Committee was comparable to one of "wrongful dismissal" in the ordinary courts. That is to say, once the plaintiff (Miss Douglas-Pennant) had established her service and the requisite term of notice to terminate it, then the burden of proof that her behaviour had been such as to excuse them from giving such notice was upon the defendants (here the Air Council).

The charge laid against Miss Douglas-Pennant in the first instance by the Air Council (in their formal Statement of Case) was one of "incompetence and tactlessness." As to whether such a charge, if proved, would have constituted good enough justification is a matter that need not be considered, since the weight of evidence seems to have been strongly against the imputation. Lord Weir himself, in fact, for his part practically repudiated this side of the Air Ministry's case.

The ground on which the Ministry, therefore, ultimately took their stand—and, indeed, on which the decision of the Committee rested—was a certain "Statement" in regard to Miss Douglas-Pennant which had come, fourth-hand, to the knowledge of Lord Weir.

NOW the manner in which this crux of the "Dismissers' case" came to light is, to say the least, very regrettable. As already been stated, no mention of it, apparently, was made at the first (secret) Inquiry. Nothing was suggested of it to Miss Douglas-Pennant in cross-examination. And when, at the conclusion of the Ministry's evidence, she asked that she might be allowed to call witnesses in her behalf on this point now newly raised after the close of her own case the Tribunal would only grant permission to her on the understanding that she bore all the costs of the Inquiry from that moment—a stipulation that, naturally, was prohibitive!

But all this, much as it is to be deplored, is surpassed by the fact that the exact nature of the "Statement" which the Committee accepted as establishing the Air Council's case was not revealed! Precise details of the charges comprised in this vague report carried fourth-hand to Lord Weir were never disclosed, let alone investigated. To this day it is not known



The Hon. Violet Douglas-Pennant.

definitely what that so damaging "statement" actually stated!

There are several other incidents arising out of the conduct of this second Inquiry which might call for comment—the loss of a certain letter referring to the vital statement, the unsatisfactoriness or inconsistency of various items of Air Ministry evidence, the undeserved censuring of Miss Douglas-Pennant in regard to various minor matters.

It is not intended, here, however, to present this unfortunate case in an aspect that could be called at all trivial, or biased, or hysterically exaggerated. There is no need. The circumstances of the case, viewed in the essentials and in the light of calm, level-minded examination, should be sufficient to excite interest and command consideration.

For one thing it is a matter of public interest that is involved. Here is a servant of the public peremptorily and arbitrarily dismissed by a department of the public services. The general public, therefore, have a right to know whether one of their number has been cruelly wronged, or their service department was justified in its action. Both as citizens and as tax-payers they are entitled to that enlightenment.

In addition, though, the matter as it stands at present cannot be said to reflect credit on the high standards of justice as we know it in this country. That a person can, so to speak, stand convicted of disgraceful conduct when that conduct has not been openly declared nor adequately investigated is not what one can call "right and proper."

THERE is to be presented to Parliament shortly a petition to re-open the findings of the Select Committee. Undoubtedly the course for Parliament to take is to grant that Petition. Let the whole affair be explored openly and thoroughly. Sweep all the vagueness and indefiniteness away, and put a stop to the rumours that have gained currency as to both sides of the case.

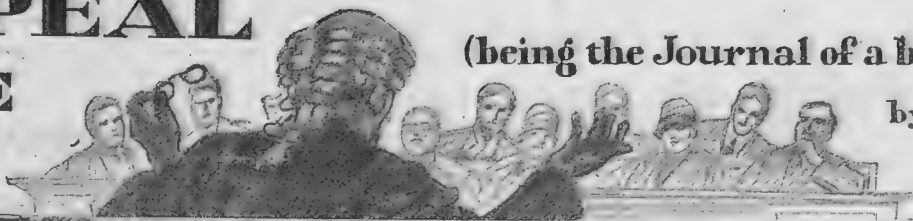
Let there be yet another hearing—but this time with everything clear-cut and straightforward and in order. Let it be known fairly and squarely what it is that Miss Douglas-Pennant was accused of, and let the accusation be proved up to the hilt. Then, if it be shown that her dismissal were justified, all well and good; if not, it is only just that such a fact be firmly established.

Until that is done it is hardly meet for us to scoff superiorly at the ways of American "justice," or to frown disapprovingly on the French and their lamentable Dreyfus case.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding K.C.)

by Woolsack.



A GAIN news in the crime columns of the papers makes one wonder if morality is becoming Americanised. A week or two ago it was the prevalence of bribery cases that prompted the thought. The influence—through the medium of stage and cinema—of American life, in which bribery seems to be an established principle, must surely account for the unwonted profuseness of that offence in our courts.

Now comes this outbreak of "motor-bandits"; these affairs with desperate "gun-men." Not only in England, but all over Europe. In London, Manchester, Birmingham, Cologne, Vienna. From all sides case upon case of highly-organised, well-equipped, swooping raids on property, accompanied when necessary by reckless, wholesale "shootings"!

Shades of Chicago! For where else than from God's own country could come this pretty example of supreme mechanical skill put to base and vicious purpose? Motor-cars and "guns" have been known to and within the reach of criminals in this country for many many years—yet it is only recently that such effective machinery has been employed by our burglars and housebreakers.

No, this departure can only be a leaf taken out of Far-Western civilisation. Soon, no doubt, we must be expecting the whole-hoggers at the game—with machine-gunned armoured cars dashing up to banks in Piccadilly, and all the other concomitants of crime as familiarised on stage and screen.

Not only the deeds, but the words, too! The very terminology of crime here now has a definite transatlantic flavour. Words and phrases culled from cinema captions abound in every newspaper, and in the mouths of average citizens, too. Only the other day a witness in a case is alleged to have said, "This man doped my son." "Doped"! Would that have been an expression used by such a witness ten or twenty years ago?

And the description "dope-fiend"—seen these days in all the best newspaper reports. What's the matter with the good old-fashioned term "drug taker"? Why "dope" when "drug" hitherto has been the word always used! And why, in Heaven's name, "fiend"! Why this importation of melodrama into common parlance?

Alas! that the U.S.A., which so loves melodrama, should be "doping" us with this fiendish stuff! Since they've taken in hand the publishing of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* obviously they'll be laying their clutches next on the English dictionaries and school grammars. But it's such a pity that the Bill Sykes's of the future will be exclaiming, "Not on your life, pard!" There was something so much more human and natural and lovable in "Swelp me bob, mate!"

Progressive Law.

Law-actions do not always exactly sparkle and scintillate with action like a chorus-lady's legs. All the same, the Law isn't static; it does move with the times. Lumberingly and out of breath, perhaps—but that's because it is so old, and has been rather brutally knocked about in the last few decades. And the modern times set a pretty rapid pace for it! Every day, however, there are cases in the courts which demonstrate its progression.

Naturally, these days its favourite form of progression is vehicular traffic. And a case in point is one recently where a nice question regarding upkeep of the roads was raised. Certain highway authorities sued certain employers of heavy traffic in respect of damage to roads by that traffic. The traffickers retaliated by saying (among other things) that authorities nowadays should know the sort of vehicles they have to deal with and should make their highways accordingly. In other words, should road users bear the burden of modern commerce's heavy burdens, or should the road-makers stand the racket of the racket they ought to know by now they've got to stand?

An interesting little problem. "Normality," we are told, is not a constant quantity, and

having the right to the charge of his son, while that son, later, might have the duty of the charge of his father. But stranger things have happened in the history of law and order.

The Letter of the Law.

From Vienna, too, we find the Law puffing and blowing in the wake of the New Morality. A wife—so it has been decided there—has supreme control of her correspondence. No husband can intercept her letters—whatever they may be. Such are the fruits of emancipation.

But one of the bases of the judgment—"that a wife might receive letters which did not remotely concern her husband"—sounds a trifle thin. Clandestine correspondence might suggest a clandestine relationship; which is something that more than remotely concerns a poor husband. A wife who is divorced on evidence found in letters her spouse has purloined will get her own back by "juggling" him for "pinching" them!

"Rules" of the Road.

Talking about progression in vehicular matters, there is the matter of vehicular progression in general. Time and again there are demands for definite "rules" of the road. But written "laws" are wanted, not unwritten rules. For instance, we know one rule—that we're supposed to keep to our left; but there's no "law" about it. If you drive a car contrary to popular custom you may be negligent or cause an obstruction, but "legally" you have a right to go where you like.

Wouldn't it be simpler if an Act was passed that said definitely that a person must drive on the left? To pass a car sometimes or to avoid an accident one might technically have to break the law. But when a house is on fire one doesn't hesitate about breaking the law as to entering another's house to save that person or their goods.

The Act, too, would contain provisions as to the much debated "rights of way": setting out which class of vehicle had precedence in various circumstances, and further scheduling of the roads, laying down a settled order of importance. (With regard to the latter, signposts would be distinctively marked as to their categories, so that motorists approaching cross-roads would know when to be prepared to slow down; and there'd be no arguments about it in the courts afterwards!)

One regrets suggesting further additions to our already overloaded Statute book, but another little law won't do us any harm. And in this case it really could be little—and simple.

Magisterial Examiners.

It's early yet to guess about the recommendations of the Tribunal sitting in consideration of our police system.

The idea of giving magistrates the function of taking statements from persons in connection with a crime is one that seems very admirable. So long as the "functions" are fully defined—and strictly limited.

Why not some permanently appointed solicitor, say from the Public Trustee's Office? If that department can be trusted to take care of statements of account, why not of accounts of statements?



Americanglish as she is spoke
"Say, you gink! Just give the once-over to this here lingo-bome stuff—and no double-crossing! d'ye get me?"
(Old-English: "look here, you young idiot, glance at this 'latin verse'—no cheating—understand!")

changes with the ages. What, then, is a normal burden to put upon a road to-day, and what is a normal road to provide for it?

A Legitimated Person.

Passing from "material" to "moral" progression we come across a problem arising out of the new Legitimacy Act.

In a divorce suit the successful party asked for custody of a child (born before wedlock) that had been registered under the new Act as "a legitimated person." It all looks so simple; if an individual becomes "legitimated," surely he is "legitimate" for any and every purpose? But in law nothing is so simple.

For very many years now there has been procedure and tribunals for the obtaining of a "declaration of legitimacy." Is it intended by the new Act that the Registrar-General is another such tribunal? Is his word to be equivalent to that of the judges under the old procedure? Or, is his authority to be limited to some narrower scope? In which latter case it will be possible for a person to be legitimate for one purpose and not for another. And there might be the strange position of a man not



We have our "live" registers of unemployed still standing at over one and a quarter million—a quarter of a million more than a year ago. We have spent at least £600,000,000 during the past seven years on unemployment benefit, and relief to able-bodied men and women, and this has produced nothing but discontent and demoralisation.

THE PROBLEM *of* IMPERIAL MIGRATION

By Commissioner D. C. LAMB,

Director of Salvation Army Migration and Settlement Work.

LAUGHTER greeted General Smuts when he made reference, in a recent speech he delivered near Bloemfontein, to a petition dated 1750, in which the whites in South Africa, who then numbered about 5,000, were asking the East India Company not to send out more people as the country was over populated.

"Yes," said General Smuts, "we laugh at our forbears, but posterity will laugh at us in the same way because we are afraid of immigration."

Would that we had a few Empire men with such vision! But for the tragedy of it, we would laugh to-day at some of the Overseas Dominions and their attitude towards immigration.

An Important Suggestion.

WHEN the U.S.A. determined, after the war, upon a restrictive immigration policy based on the percentage of Nationals within her borders on a given date, the whole world was affected, since prior to 1914, America had been absorbing yearly well over one million of Europe's overflowing population. The empty spaces of the British Empire then took on a new aspect in the eyes of those countries seeking an outlet for their populations, and we have the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, recently pointing out "Europe's right to the use and development of these empty but fertile and healthy regions of the British Empire."

"What right," it asked, "has Great Britain to keep her Dominions empty?" and the proposal is made that there should be "some arrangement by which the League of Nations would take charge of settling the vacant spaces of the Dominions."

Yet it was the Motherland of the British Commonwealth of Nations which, at enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure, won, held, and banded on these great British overseas heritages to our kith and kin in trust for us, our children,

and our children's children. It is still the British Navy which secures the peaceful possession of these vast areas.

Effects of the Dole.

AND what of conditions in the Motherland to-day? We have our "live" registers of unemployed still standing at over one and a quarter million—a quarter of a million more than a year ago. We have spent at least £600,000,000 during the past seven years on unemployment benefit, and relief to able-bodied men and women, and this has produced nothing but discontent and demoralisation.

Partly in consequence of this heavy and unproductive expenditure on the perpetuation of poverty and misery, we have industry writhing and groaning under the burden of taxation, and now we have the Report of the Industrial Transference Board, which tells us in clear, cold, blunt, and unmistakable language that settlement overseas is the big way out.

A better distribution of the white population of the Empire thus becomes an urgent, economic, political and human necessity, and obviously it must be undertaken on a large scale. Oversea settlement has been too long neglected. I wonder how far it has realised that by reason of the cessation and falling off of normal emigration, the war and post-war conditions left these islands with two million more people than we would otherwise have had.

Great Britain probably has over one million more people employed than in pre-war days, yet it is now apparent that unemployment is being stabilised at a high level. Canada, much in need of a larger population, has hitherto regarded immigration as a domestic problem. Yet it is only one phase of a world problem, since Europe has fully 20 million more people

and less work proportionately for its total population than in 1913. Australia and New Zealand, which proudly boast their preference for British folk, are also in need of larger populations to develop their immense natural resources; while South Africa, South of the Zambesi, might well absorb some of our overflowing population with great advantage to all concerned.

A Group Age.

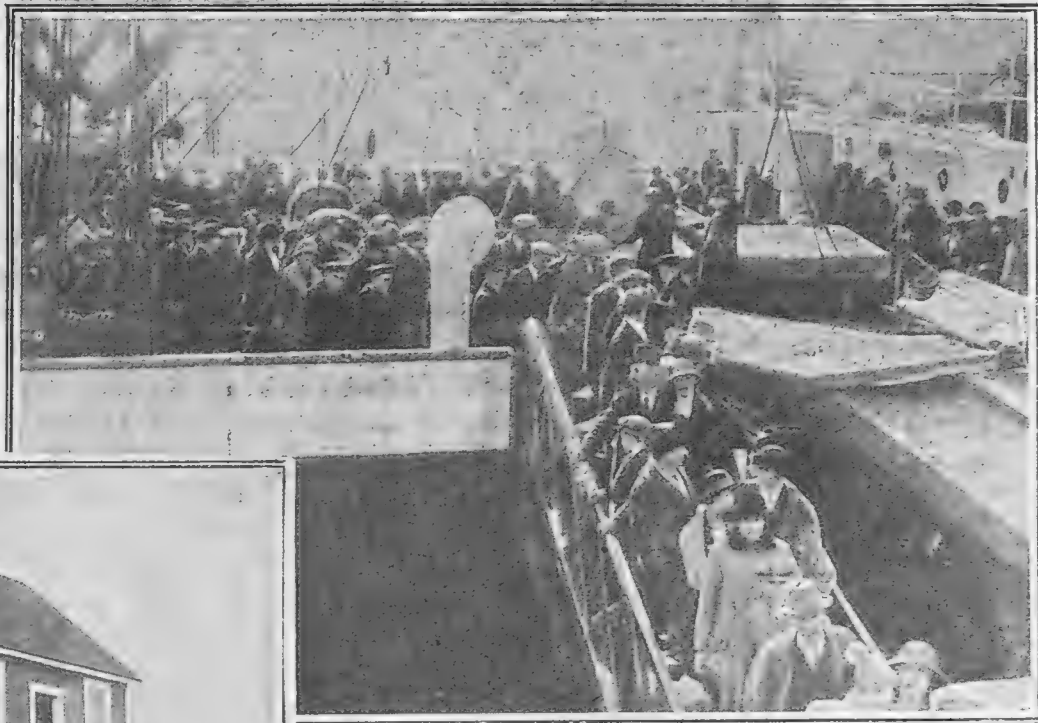
THE Empire Settlement Act, 1922, providing for an annual expenditure of £3,000,000 for 15 years, was a fine conception—but what a failure! When we might have spent £18,000,000 upon Empire migration and settlement, less than £4,000,000 have been spent. We need not stay to apportion the blame, nor need we waste time in excusing it or try to explain that it is not so bad as it looks. Results surely speak loudly enough.

Since 1922 there have been two great endeavours of which we have heard a good deal. The 3,000 Families Scheme in Canada and the Group Settlements of Western Australia.

There was nothing heroic or adventurous in the Canadian effort. It aimed chiefly at securing British settlers with agricultural experience for the occupation of improved and abandoned farms in Canada, and it has taken the two Governments concerned much time and labour to transfer the 2,631 families (14,500 souls) sailing for Canada up to December last. Of course, this has made little difference to Britain's unemployed problem, for it sought to attract only that class of labour which many thoughtful people in the Homeland think can be ill spared—because it is so closely associated with an increase in the number of acres laid down to grass.

The Canadian effort has not been very costly, and if it was in the nature of an experimental demonstration, we may now reasonably expect some bold, comprehensive schemes built up on the experience gained. If the Governments concerned have come to the conclusion that the scheme cannot be regarded as a success, then surely the time is opportune for an experiment of another kind.

The Western Australian undertaking was of an entirely different character. At a time of need it was not only, on a part of that great young State, a fine gesture to the Mother Country, but the scheme itself was conceived in a spirit worthy of the Empire's best traditions and quite in keeping with the advanced spirit of the age.



Settlers disembarking at Quebec.



J. T. Williams and family at Port Harvey. A British Settler under the Family Settlement Scheme.

This is a group age, and men and women are more likely to move and settle in groups than in any other way. Even the magic of individual ownership does not quite eliminate the depression of isolation and loneliness which disappears in Group Settlement with its tangible value and benefits derived from roads, schools, hospitals and other social amenities.

The present State Government (a Labour Government, and not responsible for establishing this Group Settlement Scheme, nor for its early administrations) has just completed a thorough overhauling of the scheme and effected a somewhat drastic writing down of values readjusting and regrouping many of the holdings.

After a debate in Parliament when reference to "wasteful expenditure and mal-administration in the past" had been dealt with, the responsible Minister declared that "the scheme will prove successful" and that "in a few years' we shall have established a successful community," and that "industry and the prosperity of Western Australia will be enhanced in consequence."

The cost! Dare I say "Oh! forget the cost!" Surely in comparison with the legacy of misery, vice, crime, poverty and demoralisation, produced by endowed idleness at home, it is something to have "rescued" nearly 10,000 British men, women and children—mostly inexperienced in agricultural work—and placed them in a sound economic position where with reasonable hard work, they are well on the way to independence and comfort.

Dole or Migration?

WE are told that Empire Settlement on a really adequate scale would be too

costly: that we cannot afford to spend the money necessary. Surely the true question which arises is whether the large amounts (£100,000,000 per annum) expended by the State for the maintenance of workless people or for subsidising struggling industries, would not be more wisely and humanely spent in establishing the surplus population in the pioneering settlement belts that remain available.

The Empire need not at least be hampered in this question by lack of money, nor should it be forced to wait upon the selfish considerations of any particular class. Anyhow, I submit that it is morally wrong to maintain in idleness men and women who are able and willing to work, and that what is morally wrong cannot be economically right! The cost of Empire Settlement, absolute, relative, and comparative, might well be the subject of a special article in *BRITANNIA* or in some financial or statistical review.

No matter at what cost, I think it is better

to have a family at work producing much of its own food and daily requirements than have them depending for all the necessities of life on others. Still, I quite see there may be ground for an argument that it might be "cheaper" to keep a man either in the workhouse or in prison; but I would hesitate to try and build an Empire on such a basis!

The Salvation Army, easily the largest and probably the best equipped of the Voluntary Societies, has demonstrated what can be done in the way of transplanting men, women and children. Less than one per cent. of the 200,000 emigrants transferred overseas during the past quarter of a century have failed. The Army system, of course, imparts a human touch which accounts for much and it presents also a unity of control almost essential to success.

A Crisis Pending.

OUR experiences led General Booth some time ago to propose the appointing of an Empire Settlement Commission of business men uninfluenced by politics and furnished with adequate financial appropriation for a ten years' programme in Empire Migration and Settlement. Had Lord Rosebery's suggested Imperial Parliament been in being it would naturally have taken in hand a matter of this kind.

During the past few years we have denounced the worship of economic gods and we have pleaded on moral grounds for a humane consideration of this most baffling problem. We have seen thousands of men and women ready at short notice to go anywhere overseas where work is assured to them; we have seen unemployment going up and emigration going down. What is the plain inference to be drawn from these facts? That a crisis is due on the whole question and no matter how explosive or politically disconcerting, the sooner it comes the better!



The fruit of their labours. Stooking Wheat on a Canadian Farm.



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YOUR HEALTH

Vaccines and Sera.

THE value of vaccines and sera in the prevention and treatment of infectious disease has so often been mentioned on this page that it seems desirable to give a brief account of the nature of these agents, the differences between them, and the rationale of their use.

The body in the course of its evolution has developed a number of mechanisms enabling it to repel the assaults of hostile germs and their products. The skin and mucous membranes, for example, afford a powerful barrier against the invasion of tissues by germs; the cells, known as phagocytes, capable of ingesting and destroying germs, are available should the first line of defence fail.

BUT one of the most important defence mechanisms of the body is that which responds to invasion by generating within the blood and tissues fluid substances known as antibodies specifically hostile to the invader. No one, it must be emphasised, has ever seen or isolated an antibody. Neither has anyone seen a vitamin or an atom, or an electron, yet there are valid scientific reasons for postulating the reality of such entities. Their presence is deduced not from their tangibility, or their visibility, but from the effects they produce.

Similarly, scientists have found it necessary to assume the existence of antibodies to account for an extraordinary change that occurs in the blood of persons suffering from infectious disease. Their blood develops the power of neutralising the very germs or poisons responsible for the disease from which they are suffering; and this power is assumed to belong to special antibodies generated in response to the noxious influences in question. These antibodies are of two main varieties—antibacteria and antitoxins. The former are generated in response to invasion by actual germs; the latter in response to invasion by the poisonous products of germ activity.

Antibody formation of the first type occurs in typhoid fever; the blood of typhoid patients and convalescents is found to possess the peculiar property of clumping together typhoid germs and rendering them inert; it contains, in other words, antibodies which, by paralysing the germs, help the body in its fight against the disease.

Antibody formation of the second type occurs in diphtheria. The diphtheria germ, unlike that of typhoid, can produce its characteristic disease without actually invading the body; it does so by attaching itself to a body surface, commonly the throat or nose, and pouring diphtheria toxins into the bloodstream. These toxins stimulate the blood and tissue fluids to generate specific antibodies known as diphtheria antitoxin, which are able to neutralise the toxin quantitatively and render it innocuous.

Two Kinds of Immunity.

IT will be realised that resistance of the human organism to infectious disease, in other words, its immunity, depends largely on its antibody content. The power of the physician to prevent or overcome infectious disease is, therefore, conditioned largely by his ability, at the appropriate moment, to stimulate the antibody forming mechanism—or when it is not functioning quickly enough, to supply a sufficient quantity of the right kind of antibody from some extraneous source. The immunity conferred when the tissues are thus stimulated to manufacture their own antibody, is said to be “active”; when antibody is supplied to

the tissues from without it is said to be “passive.” The differences between vaccines and sera will be made clear by considering these two kinds of immunity.

ACTIVE immunity is observed in such diseases as small-pox, mumps, typhoid fever, etc., which rarely occur more than once in the same person, or occur a second time only after a very long interval. The body, reacting to the germ specific to the disease in question, manufactures antibodies in such great quantities that, even after recovering from the disease, it retains enough to overcome any further

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association.

It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

attack. Immunity thus acquired helps to explain the action of vaccines.

Vaccines are substances prepared from the virus of the disease against which they are designed to protect; but the virus is so modified in the laboratory—usually it is killed completely—that although it retains the power of educating the tissues and blood to manufacture antibody, it is quite incapable of producing the actual disease. Vaccines, in other words, are products used for developing in the body a condition of active immunity to disease.

An Auxiliary Force.

SERA, on the other hand, are products used to confer passive immunity. When the body is overwhelmed with toxins, when it is already manufacturing antitoxins to the limit of its capacity, though not quickly enough to save itself, there is nothing to gain from speeding up still further the machinery for producing active immunity. The body needs more antitoxin terribly urgently; it cannot make its own, so one must give it a serum containing ready-made antitoxin instead.

Such a serum consists of the fluid part of the blood of an animal, usually a horse, that has been actively immunised by means of vaccines against the disease from which the patient is suffering. It differs from the serum of a non-immunised animal in one respect only; it contains a large supply of protective antitoxin. It is taken from an animal in the finest condition, a healthy, vigorous animal, subject to the closest veterinary inspection. It supplies to the patient at the moment of his greatest need the antibodies necessary to overcome the toxins poisoning his body.

These, stated very briefly, are some of the basic facts about vaccines and sera. Vaccines have an important place in the prevention and treatment of typhoid fever, dysentery, plague, small-pox, cholera, and hydrophobia; sera in the prevention and treatment of lockjaw, diphtheria, spotted fever, and one type of pneumonia. Some people, however, do not approve of saving human life in this way. They describe inoculation with vaccines and sera as “squirting filth into the body,” and have refined feelings on the subject.

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.



Liver and Sweetbreads.

TWO of the most valuable discoveries of modern medicine concern liver and sweetbreads. Historically, sweetbreads came first, when Banting and Best isolated insulin from the pancreas, which is how sweetbreads are known in technical language, and discovered thereby a treatment that has saved the lives and built up the health and efficiency of countless people suffering from diabetes.

Liver followed shortly after. About ten years ago Whipple and Robbins investigated different methods of treating animals suffering from anæmia following hæmorrhage. They tried the effect of iron containing medicines and of various diets, and were able to show that the quickest regeneration of blood occurred in animals that had been fed on liver. This suggested to Minot and Murphy the possibility of using such a liver diet in the treatment of a rare but generally fatal blood disease known as pernicious anæmia.

PERNICIOUS anæmia was first clearly described in 1855 by the great English physician, Thomas Addison; but, in the seventy years that elapsed till Minot and Murphy did their work, no cure for it was discovered. Much palliative work had been done; several investigators, notably William Hunter, had observed a relationship between pernicious anæmia and chronic infections within the body, especially infections from bad teeth. But though treatment based on the removal of the sources of infection sometimes produced a remission of symptoms, it did not cure the disease.

A statistical investigation by Cabot, the American physician, may give some idea of the seriousness of the disease. In a series of 1,200 cases he found that only seven survived for seven years or longer, and only six recovered completely. The average duration of a case was about a year. The discoveries of Whipple, and their successful application by Minot and Murphy, encourage the belief that such statistics of mortality from pernicious anæmia may never occur again.

The New Treatment of Anæmia.

IN July, 1927, Minot and Murphy read a paper before the British Medical Association meeting in Edinburgh describing the liver diet—which, briefly, is an ordinary mixed diet of fruit, vegetables and red meat to which 6–8 oz. of liver a day are added—and its effect in 125 cases of pernicious anæmia. Practically every patient had benefited, markedly and promptly. Since then, many other workers have followed their lead and obtained similar successes. But patients have remained well only so long as they have continued to take this diet. In other words, the liver appears to act, not as a cure, but, like insulin in diabetes, as a most efficient control.

Savages Know!

THE total weight of the red blood corpuscles in a normal man is 5 lbs.; in a patient suffering from pernicious anæmia, it may be no more than 1 lb. Yet, on liver treatment, regeneration of these corpuscles has been observed to occur at the astonishing rate of three-quarters of a pound a week. Kidney acts as efficiently as liver, but it is more expensive.

In primitive society it is customary to reserve for the chief the liver and kidneys of all animals killed in hunting; twentieth century science has discovered that these very substances regenerate the life-blood of man. These facts are offered freely to anyone who feels that no doubt there is more in them than meets the eye.



QUO VADIS? The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, P.C.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

"EVE'S LEGEND"

By R. H. WILENSKI

I REPRODUCE this week one of Miss Hester Sainsbury's woodcuts illustrating a Haslewood reprint of "Eve's Legend" that has just appeared. "Eve's Legend" is a literary curiosity, originally published by Lord Holland in the "Keepsake." It is written entirely in words containing no vowel but "e." It begins: "Men were never perfect; yet the three brethren Veres were ever esteemed, respected, revered when the rest . . . were left neglected!"

The hero is thus described: "Stephen ere he met the gentle Eve never felt tenderness; he kept kennels, bred steeds, rested where the deer fed, went where green trees, where fresh breezes greeted sleep." When he met Eve (you see I am falling into the trick myself), he "felt the sweet effect—he felt he erred when he fled the sex, yet felt he defenceless when Eve seemed tender"; and it ends with the three words "Stephen weds Eve."

Coloured Wood Blocks.

The original text of "Eve's Legend" in the "Keepsake" of 1824 was not illustrated, and Miss Sainsbury has therefore had to rely on her own invention for her decorations in the new version. She has captured the spirit of the period and expressed it in modern terms with much skill. The woodcut here shown in black and white is hand coloured in the book.

Free Advertisement.

Some days ago I read the following: "Artists, like doctors, do not advertise," and I reflected that as things stand at present it is quite untrue, and that the sentence should have read: "Artists, like other tradesmen, advertise continually, but, unlike other tradesmen, they get their advertisements for nothing."

It costs an artist nothing, for example, to have a picture in the Royal Academy, and thus say to the public "Portraits in this style—one hundred guineas," or "Landscapes with sunsets of this kind, any size, at prices ranging from fifty to three hundred guineas." Moreover if an artist shows at the R.A., or the R.O.I., or any similar institution he is virtually taking part in a free lottery for a free advertisement in the Press. Only a few people, it is true, can win in this lottery, because the space in the papers is so limited that the art critic must select a few names from several hundred; but there are few winners in any lottery, and in most others the tickets cost money.

Scurrilous Attacks.

Attacking the artistic aims and standards of a younger generation is another form of advertisement in which many artists nowadays indulge. As opportunities occur the artist, opening an art show or speaking at a dinner, can attack his colleagues in the same trade with virulence and often with scurrility, and he is always, of course, most careful to omit the names of the rivals castigated in order not to advertise them.

The artist who, at a function attended by the press, says, "The art of the younger generation

is nothing but the cult of the ugly and the obscene," is certain to get reported with a headline "Obscenity in Modern Art," and the only name mentioned will be his own.

The same kind of artist often makes communications to the papers. "Sir," he writes, "As an artist of forty years' standing, an exhibitor at the Royal Academy (on the line) in 1899, I must protest against the inclusion in your admirable journal of continual references to the frenzied productions of half-baked art-revolutionaries, who, etc., etc.," and here again the only name mentioned, if the letter is published, is his own.

Artists and the Modern Girl.

Another way of achieving the same result is to write articles in the papers about the modern girl's beauty or ungainliness contrasted with the girls and women of the past. The artist who can do this well enough to get his articles printed must follow it up by a willingness to talk to young lady reporters whenever shingling and shortness of skirts are "in the news"; and as this happens frequently his name and photograph will continually appear.

In this form of advertising it is well always to say the same thing so that the editor can tell the reporter what artists to go to in order to achieve a balanced number of "pros" and "cons" in each symposium.

Naval Paintings and Prints.

About a hundred oil paintings and some two hundred and fifty prints and drawings of naval and maritime subjects from the great Macpherson Collection are now on view in the Guildhall Art Gallery. The collection, it will be remembered, consists of no less than eleven thousand prints, pictures, atlases and so forth, constituting an amazing record of Britain's naval history in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and, thanks to Sir James Caird, it is now the property of the nation, and will be housed eventually in Queen's House, Greenwich. The present exhibition, which will remain open till the end of November, and possibly longer, is designed to reveal the intensely interesting character of the nation's latest artistic and historical museum, and also to remind the public that no official provision has yet been made for insuring these treasures, or for the creation of a post of Curator with the staff necessary for cataloguing, arranging and looking after them.

Mr. Midshipman Not "Middy."

I was struck by a drawing by Rowlandson of a Midshipman which is one of a series of naval figures by this artist of Nelson's day which are shown at the Guildhall. The Midshipman is in exactly the costume that Nelson himself was wearing at the time; he carries the navigating instrument known as a quadrant and a large



A woodcut illustration to "Eve's Legend" by Miss Hester Sainsbury.

journal in which he had to enter each day's experience for perusal by the Captain.

A Midshipman, by the way, has never been called a "middy" by anyone except a land lubber. At sea he is and always has been "Midshipman" or "Mr. Midshipman," or "Snotty."

Sailor Artists.

One of the many interesting marine artists represented in the oil painting section in this exhibition is Adam Silo, who was first a sailor and then took to designing ships and modelling them in wax. Peter the Great, when he was living in Holland, bought many of his pictures and took the artist to Russia to give instruction there in the art of ship-building. The Hermitage Museum has one of Silo's pictures, and there is another representing a storm at sea in the Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna. The Macpherson picture is called "A Dutch Whaler in the Ice" and the crew are playing hockey.

Another sailor artist of the seventeenth century was Willem Van der Velde the Elder who used to be supplied with a vessel from which he made drawings of the sea fights between Robert Blake and Martin Tromp. Van der Velde is represented at the Guildhall by several remarkable "grisailles" of Dutch men of war. In the "grisaille" process the picture was drawn with pen and Indian ink on a painted grey background and the whole was subsequently varnished. Van der Velde's son, known as Van der Velde the Younger, also excelled at this process.

The Soviet Sale.

The Soviet sale of "nationalised" works of art in Berlin is an event not so much of artistic as of political importance.

The things offered include, it is true, some first-rate French eighteenth century furniture, bronzes, snuff boxes and so forth, and some pleasant pictures by French eighteenth century artists like Hubert Robert and Boucher. But the vital point is that some of them come from the Gatchina, a personal palace of the Czar, which was occupied till the Revolution by the Empress-Mother, and this origin is definitely stated in announcements of the sale, which is an official sale by the Soviet Government.



LEND ME YOUR EARS



By A. Kalisch

THE Lener Quartet has begun its series of six concerts. One of

the most striking things in the musical history of London since the war is the position which this quartet has achieved. It came here without any great preliminary booming, although people in the inner ring told us that we were going to hear something quite remarkable. Such preliminary praise generally creates a little prejudice, but in this case it was justified—they went on from success to success. When somewhat later it was found that the smaller halls in London were not large enough for the audiences they were drawing and they migrated to Queen's Hall, all the wisecracks shook their heads. They said that even the Joachim Quartet could not have filled Queen's Hall. To everyone's surprise, however, Queen's Hall was crowded at their first series of concerts there, and their popularity shows no sign of waning.

At the time when they first came to London the interest in chamber music seemed to be languishing. Various excellent native quartets had enjoyed only luke-warm support; many of the best known foreign quartets which came over made only a slight impression. The whole history of the Lener Quartet in England tempts one to think that the old adage "demand creates supply," does not apply to music, but that we should rather say that "supply creates demand."

The Lener Quartet happened to be at that time exactly what the British public was wanting. The public, finding that it could get it, flocked to hear them. It was rather the same with orchestral music some thirty years ago, when the star of Sir Henry Wood first rose. When people began to realise that they could hear at Queen's Hall fine orchestral performances of the kind usually thought possible only when a famous foreign conductor came over, Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra grew more and more popular, and a force in musical life.

The Bayreuth Tradition.

It is perhaps superfluous to analyse exactly what the qualities of the Lener Quartet are that have made them such favourites in England. The British public still maintains its peculiar affection for smooth performance and perfect beauty of tone in all branches of music—in spite of the growing appreciation in this country of other merits in musical performance, namely, enthusiasm and artistic insight—they still remain the things that the British people always look for first and last in any music which they are asked to listen to.

Those of us who are old enough to remember will recall how, many years ago, the all that was asked for in a singer was beauty of voice and smooth vocalisation. Then, gradually under the influence of the Bayreuth tradition, the

pendulum swung too far in the opposite direction, and the rage was all for style, interpretation and diction; in fact, people almost came to the conclusion that the last thing that was wanted in a singer was a beautiful voice. Curiously enough it was only a few days ago that, in an adjudication at Blackpool, Mr. Plunket Greene emphatically expressed this view, and said that the first thing he looks for in a singer is the "immortal soul behind the tone." It sounds very magnificent, but if we examine it closely it really does not mean so very much. It is almost the same as saying that the last thing a pianist requires is ten fingers and a wrist.

Two Young Conductors.

In the last week or so we have had two concerts of a kind that is very rare in this country. Two young conductors have boldly engaged orchestras and conducted them themselves. One

Operatic Gramophone Records.

The gramophone companies are now devoting their attention to recording whole operas, and before very long we shall be in possession of complete records of no less a work than "Tristan and Isolde," and I believe "Carmen" is likely to follow shortly. In the meantime the number of Schubert records which is being produced is tremendous. The record of the great Quintet in C by the London String Quartet and Mr. Britt on six double-sided discs is one of the best that these English players have made.

Two Excellent Records.

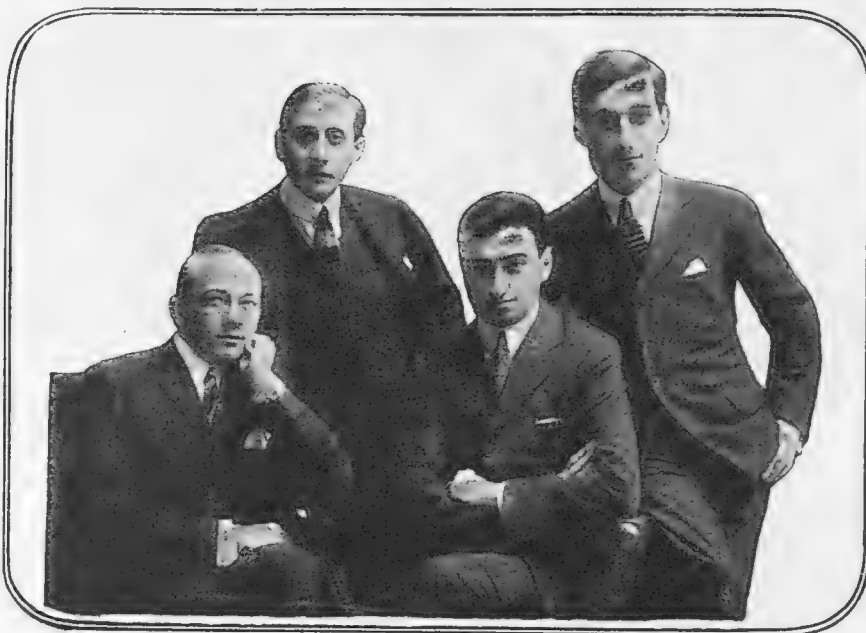
The Musical Art Quartet, which is a very fine combination of players, has produced two excellent records of the Quartet Op. 29 and the Quartet Op. 125; and Ethel Legniska has played in a very healthy straightforward way all the Impromptus and "Moments Musicaux" which are among the favourite battle-horses of schoolboys and school-girls. The well-known operatic bass, Alexander Kipnis, has produced some records of songs in which it is hard to say whether one admires most the beauty of his voice or the sincerity of his expression. These few Columbia records are so far the best of the Schubert records to which I have listened, but His Master's Voice has not been behindhand, and I will mention their contributions next week.

Debussy's Quartet.

One of the finest Quartet records I have heard for a long time is that of Debussy's Quartet played by the Leners, who have succeeded in combin-

ing consistent beauty of tone with a sense of style in a way which is rare among performers of all kinds. I have only space to mention very briefly two admirable symphonic recordings. One is that of Brahms's Second Symphony by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. Mr. Damrosch, as we all know, is a very sound but not inspired and poetical conductor, but his interpretations are always remarkably lucid and sound. These qualities appear in this record and especially in the second movement, which is really one of the hardest movements to understand that Brahms ever wrote, so much so that it used to be called the *pons asinorum* of a Brahmsian. The way in which it is played and recorded robs it of half its terrors. At the same time it must be confessed that one misses a little of the tempestuous energy of the Finale.

The performance of Brahms's First Symphony by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner would deserve milder criticism than it is possible to give here. I only have space to say that it will make a notable addition to any library of records.



The Lener Quartet.

was Mr. Julian Clifford, who has had a good deal of experience already, and has studied conducting at the Royal College of Music, and made a very favourable impression.

The other was Mr. Michele Sentini, whose real name is Michael Scott, who is still an undergraduate at Oxford and is practically self-taught. It is strange that in spite of the new-birth of British music, he should choose an Italian name, just as sixty years ago Mr. Campbell was transformed into Signor Campobello. In spite of obvious inexperience and a certain crudity in his methods, it was obvious that he has the root of the matter in him. It is sad to think that in spite of the progress we are making it should still be necessary for a young conductor who wishes to make his mark and to gain the necessary experience to embark on the elaborate and costly process of engaging his own orchestra. At the same time it is rather an encouraging sign that two apparently sensible and not impractical young men should think it worth while to run such financial risks. From all of which it would appear that the decision of the Philharmonic Society to engage British conductors only is not going to remain an isolated phenomenon.

RADIO REFLECTIONS



RADIO enters every day more intimately into the life of the nation, and the suggested establishment of a chain of police radio stations around Great Britain brings the fact home with some force. It is to be hoped that no reader of *BRITANNIA* will be caused any uneasiness by this proposal, which is down for early consideration by the police authorities! A part of the scheme is the installation of picture receiving and transmitting apparatus, to be used in connection with the distribution of such matters as portraits and finger-prints.

I do not know exactly how long ago radio first made its appearance in fiction of the detective story variety, though there must have been many "intelligent anticipations" of that which is shortly to become actual fact in the science of crime detection. Listeners using picture receiving sets, by the way, may find some incomprehensible transmissions coming through; instead of the distorted image of some unknown object it will probably be but the hoof mark of the latest cat burglar!

The "Moving Talkies."

But, speaking of picture transmission, however elementary may be the stage reached at present, this is a certain development of the future. What system will be used it is impossible to guess, but those who scoff at the utility of sending "stills" apparently do not realise the almost infinite use to which such a service might be put.

Take, for instance, the case of a musical critic delivering his weekly talk. With the aid of picture transmission, even in its present stage of development, he could supplement the spoken word with a picture of the various musical phrases which he is criticising or explaining. This is only an isolated instance, but is sufficiently illustrative of the possibilities of wirelessing transmitter "stills," to show that the necessary apparatus for their reception is even now something very much more serious than a toy.

The radio-gramophone has naturally suggested further possibilities—the employment, for instance, of "talking-movies" for home amusement. I have heard it seriously suggested that the time is not far distant when the necessary records and films will be obtainable from local libraries; and though at the moment the use of separate projection mechanism would be necessary, I see no reason why a combined

MOVING TALKIE

"POSSIBILITIES"

By *ROBERT W. BEARE*

instrument should not shortly be put on the market capable of receiving "straight" broadcast, of giving electrical gramophone reproduction, still and moving pictures, and "talking movies." This may appear to be an unduly optimistic glance into an unnamed future, but personally I fancy that such a comprehensive development is a great deal nearer than most people realise.

The Home Receiver.

I have had remarkable results from many different makes of portable sets, but I think that greater efficiency is obtainable from an outdoor aerial and earth than from a frame aerial contained in the radio cabinet.

So good a performance is obtainable with modern valves and circuits that sometimes one wonders whether they will ever become a merely theoretical point, not noticeably borne out in practice; but, at the moment, at any rate, there is a great deal to be said for a set which employs an external aerial, earth and loud speaker in cases where the radio will never need to be taken away from the house. It may still be easily transportable from room to room, for something very sketchy in the way of an aerial—an insulated wire strung round the room on picture hooks—will suffice, and I have made use on more than one occasion of an earth consisting only of a rough connection to a fire grate.

When it is desired to take the radio set motoring on occasion, the true portable scores heavily, of course; and often a compromise for home reception is provided by the existence of terminals on the set to which external aerial, earth, and speaker may be connected. If further provision is made for the use when required of a mains supply unit to save its small internal batteries, so much the better.

A Typical Modern Set.

I have recently examined a typical modern home receiving set—the Philips all-electric receiver—which just fills the need I have in mind, for a readily transportable set that is yet not a portable. The circuit of this receiver employs a screen grid valve and passes on the enormously amplified signals through a special steep-slope detector to the final pentode stage. Sufficient energy is obtainable with this combination to operate a moving coil loud speaker, if required, while essential simplicity of operation is a notable feature. High tension, L.T. and grid bias are all taken from the mains, and a wavelength switch gives a range of transmissions from 200-400, 400-600 and 1,000-2,000 metres.

The Philips set represents, in fact, the essence of modernity in

both design and operation, and, considering its great capabilities, is moderately priced at £23, especially as the cost of current and maintenance should not exceed two or three shillings a year.

While on the subject of Philips products, I might mention another of some interest—the gramophone amplifier and pick up. This is a particularly neat arrangement, and is so designed that the trouble of changing over from radio to gramophone is reduced to a minimum. Used in conjunction with the same firm's loud speaker, for which it is especially designed, and which, by the way, incorporates a useful volume control, considerable volume and praiseworthy quality are obtainable. The pick up is built on a modified balanced armature system, with a tone arm attachment suitable for all the gramophones in general use in this country. Half tone needles should be used, the method of holding the needles being an eccentric circular clamping device.

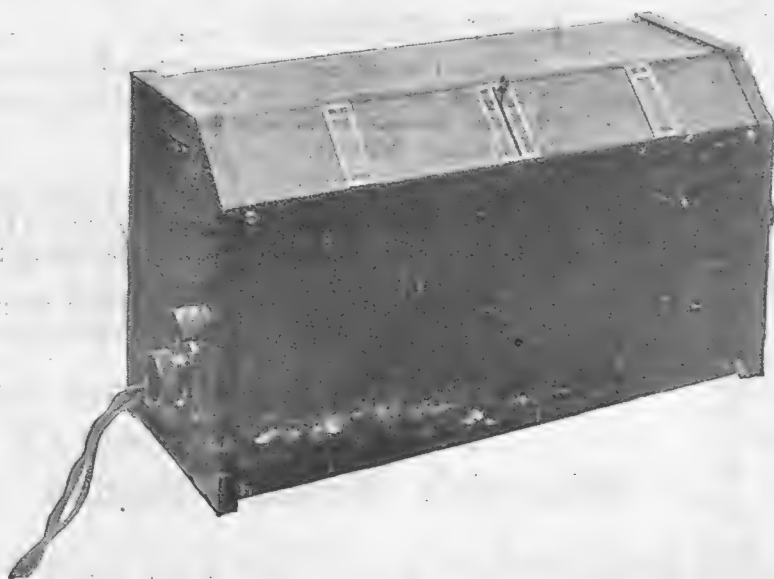
Radio and Fashions.

Another illustration of the wide diversity of uses to which radio is now put, especially in regard to its picture side, lies in the extensive use of the trans-Atlantic wireless photogram service for the reproduction of latest London fashions. I do not know when we became the arbiters of fashion; in fact, I thought Paris still held the palm. But at Newmarket recently a representative of a great American shoe firm spent his time in examining the footgear of male racegoers. When he found a pair that struck him as suitable for his own market he obtained the name of the maker, secured a photograph, and transmitted the picture to America. Need I add that within a few hours exact replicas were in course of mass production in the factories on the other side.

Home Construction Flourishing.

In spite of improvement and price reduction of factory built sets, I suppose there will always remain many people who prefer to have their

(Continued overleaf.)



The Philips three valve all-electric receiver—a typical modern radio set.

Radio Reflections—*continued.*

own receivers, quite apart from any question of economy.

When such excellent sets of components as the Mullard home constructor's kit, or the Ediswan Threesome units are cheaply obtainable and easily and quickly assembled, this is not to be wondered at, and home construction is a factor which the radio industry will always have to regard seriously. The latest development in this connection is the collapsible cabinet, which entirely obviates the necessity for difficult and lengthy cabinet-making operations. The various parts are held together by pins and snap fasteners, and when erected such a cabinet is indistinguishable from a well made, permanent article. Whether the fact of its detachability is of any service is an open question, but the fact remains that by its aid a complete and creditable three valve receiver can be assembled, from start to finish, in a little more than an hour. Schoolboy constructors will be delighted with the idea, I am sure, and I recommend it to parents who will shortly be in the toils of Christmas present selection.

Wiring up the House.

I am frequently asked by correspondents who are anxious to wire up the whole of their houses, so that loud speakers may be used in any or all of several rooms, whether the wiring should be in series or in parallel.

Other considerations apart, it is usually better to wire the multiple loud speaker system in series throughout, since it is unlikely that all the instruments will be of exactly the same resistance, and if one has a lower resistance

than the others, this will afford so easy a path for the electrical energy that it will be unduly loud, and the others as unduly quiet if they are wired in parallel.

With series wiring the energy has to go right round the whole chain, and each speaker obtains its fair share of energy in spite of differences in resistance, while the arrangement of a short-circuiting switch to cut out any particular speaker that it is desired to keep silent is very simple. An economy of wire can be gained if a choke-filter output arrangement is installed close to the set, and if one terminal of each loud speaker can be independently earthed.

A single wire from the set is, then, all that is necessary; this may be brought to a central point on each floor of the house to be wired, and branch leads taken off to each room. But, when an elaborate system such as this is desired, it is undoubtedly better to arrange that each room has its own remote control. The occupant without going all the way to the wireless room, and the last loud speaker to be switched off also switches off the set itself.

Some complication ensues when the electrical energy is taken from the mains instead of from accumulators and dry batteries, but I believe that the Lotus remote control system provides even for all the combinations possible of eliminators and batteries. R. W. B.

The Radio Critic's Difficulties.

I see that Mr. Filson Young has been taking the Press to task for not giving the world serious criticism of broadcast music. It sounds a delightfully simple thing to do, but how is it to be done? Is the writer to confine himself

to one place, or to take a comprehensive view of all the world? The writer on a London Daily is torn between conflicting duties often enough as it is. His life would be less endurable than ever if another thing were to tear at him.

If it is to be done properly at all every paper would have to have a special critic to listen to wireless music. If there were a body of able critics, even if they were abler than the actual ones, where would space be found for their writings? Even the provision of a luxurious listening-in place for critics in Fleet Street would not solve the difficulty. Finally, the assumption that every concert, which would hardly be worth a line if held in an ordinary concert hall, immediately becomes valuable news when broadcast is more than bold.

I have no doubt many London critics would have liked to listen in last night to the performance of "Les Troyens" of Berlioz by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty in Manchester; but there was a Philharmonic concert in London with an important new work—or at least a work which it was hoped would prove important—in the programme. The critics might have thought the Manchester performance the more interesting of the two; but what does a London Editor say?

These considerations do not apply to London only; it is the same with the Manchester, the Liverpool, or the Glasgow critic. He might want to listen in to something elsewhere, but duty would call him to a local concert hall. Even if he had a colleague to listen in for him, the Editor would say that music outside his own area was of little interest to his readers.

A. K.

BRITANNIA'S ARMISTICE NUMBER

Published on November 9th

Articles by:

IAN HAY

"Why should we be so apologetic about the War to-day? Why are we trying so hard to forget it? Is it because we are allowing ourselves to be unduly influenced by the rather grandiloquent schemes to establish a perpetual world peace, which are flying about in all directions."

HENRY WILLIAMSON

"When I awoke next morning the wraiths were gone; but the grey Somme rain still drifted across the grey downs. What was to be found in the Valley then? Nothing."

R. H. MOTTRAM

"That we shall never see again the thin, red line and the four deep square is lamentable. What is worse is that we shall never see again that long, winding column of fours, the Field Officers riding, the band ahead, the wagons behind, the colours in the middle."

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD

"We must realize in the peaceful daily life of Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions the full potentiality of ties, the firmness of which was so dramatically made manifest in the years 1914 to 1918."

A POEM BY ALFRED NOYES

"They have no pact to sign—our happy dead—
But if, O God, if we should sign in vain,
With dreadful eyes, out of each narrow bed,
Our dead will rise again."

Gilbert Frankau will write on "The Real Lesson of the War."

ALL BRITANNIA'S REGULAR FEATURES.

Britannia's Woman's Section.

Britannia's Sports Section.

Books of the Week

Some Modern Novels: By Douglas Jerrold

A Little Less Than Gods. By F. M. Ford. Duckworth.
The Silver Thorn. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan.
Death in Venice. By Thomas Mann. Secker.

AS my business here is to write about literature and not about life, I have an excellent reason, as will be seen at once by the perspicacious, for selecting these three books as my subject.

Mr. Ford writes of Napoleon, of Marshal Ney, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Louis XVIII as they impinge on the unimportant adventures of a young man who has the misfortune (a) to be trapped more or less into accompanying Napoleon from Elba; (b) to fall in love with his father's illegitimate daughter, who (c) is the wife of a banker of dubious ancestry whose resemblance to Marshal Ney enables him to be executed by mistake for "the bravest of the brave."

The confused sidelights resulting from the casual perceptions of a hero almost entirely devoid of intelligence, mainly interested in his own very peculiar affairs and more often than not in a state of acute neurasthenia, have an uncanny verisimilitude.

Napoleon, drowsy and middle-aged, indolently great at the bidding of a still imperious but already fitful will; Ney, boorishly indifferent to the complicated issues of an untimely peace for the second time damaging his self-respect; the Duke of Wellington, also indolently great, but a good deal more fit physically and secure in that disinterestedness which is the prerogative of mere Dukes, live unforgettably. But these portraits lack significance because they all seem related to obscure occasions.

There is something, though precious little, to be said for undressing public men in public, but why assemble them like the principals in a musical comedy in full uniform in front of the curtain to join in the chorus of an irrelevant recitative? Why blur the outlines of a distinction which time has at last drawn for us? We know now the decisive moments, and what others are significant? The answer to this is that they were decisive to George Feilding or to his Helene. But the answer to that is that we don't care two hoots for George Feilding and neither does Mr. Ford. So we are left with a series of vignettes, brilliant but unsatisfying.

In "The Silver Thorn" we have another series of vignettes. No one could call Mr. Walpole brilliant, but he is usually satisfying because his technique is never overloaded. The fifteen short stories here collected are all oppressively satisfying. They deal with humble little people who go mad on the slightest provocation but who when they are lucky remain humble and obscure.

Mr. Walpole feels they are better so, and he makes out his case with a pen more than usually practised. His characters exist. But when you have got to the end you wonder why. They are sub-human. They go under not because they are too large for life—Mr. Walpole has no Ibsenite illusions of that kind—but because they are too little. That, one feels, is why he has written such very short stories about them, such very very short little stories.

But for all that he has written fourteen too many of them. For it is not the common clay of humanity of which he writes. Fine craftsmen though he is, he cannot persuade us even for a moment that this unity in diversity is anything but a binder's achievement. It is not an element in humanity of which he has given us fifteen examples but an exceptional case of which, with an infernal diligence, he has accumulated fifteen instances.

MR. THOMAS MANN also deals with the sub-human: the literary man with the inferiority complex disreputably respectable against a very second-rate judgment. There are three stories in the present volume: one story is disgusting and two are insignificant.

From the characteristic amplitude of his detail and the massive earnestness of his distinguished prose the famous German novelist appears to attach immense importance to his theme. But he should explain why. The private lives of the lesser intelligentsia can no doubt be explained, but are they in need of explanation?

In his "Magic Mountain," also recently introduced to Bloomsbury, Mann dealt, in 800 odd pages, with the reflections of an inmate in a sanatorium on matters of which, as the author was at pains to show, he had nothing important to say. In this case as in that I should have been quite content to take Mr. Mann's word for it.

This Week's Library List.

Novels: Highbrow.

- Jehovah's Day.* By MARY BORDEN. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
Departure. By ROLAND DORGELES. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net. This translation of "Partir," a French best-seller, has elements which appeal to all tastes; it combines an exciting story with travel vignettes and satirical character drawing in the manner associated with Aldous Huxley and Paul Morand.
The New Temple. By JOHAN BOJER. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.
The House. By EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.
The Greater Freedom. By HELEN M. FAIRLEY. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

Novels: Middle-brow.

- Underneath.* By C. E. LAWRENCE, author of "Mrs. Bente," "The Old Man's Wife." Murray. 7s. 6d. net.
What is Love? By E. M. DELAFIELD. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
The Watcher in the Wood. By MAURICE G. KIDDY. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net. An exciting story of the Regency period.
Blue Eyes and Grey. By BARONESS ORCZY. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net. A dramatic love story centred round the adventures of a young man charged with murder who has to change his identity and start life afresh in Canada.

Novels: Thrillers.

- Lord Peter Views the Body.* By DOROTHY SAYERS. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
Tiger Claws. By FRANK L. PACKARD. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net. A thriller cast in the South Seas and in the underworld of New York.
Haywire. By B. M. BOWER. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net. An exciting and amusing Western yarn.

History: Biography and Reminiscences.

- Letters of the Empress Frederick.* Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, G.C.B. Macmillan. 25s. net.
The Reign of the Rothschilds. By COUNT CORTI. A continuation of the story told in "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," from 1830 down to the present day. Illustrated. Gollancz. 25s. net.
Versailles. By KARL FRIEDRICH NOVAK. Gollancz. Will be reviewed later.
The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Vols. 3 and 4. Benn. £2 2s. the set. To be reviewed next week.
Ten Years Ago. Armistice and other memories. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. To be reviewed.
The Early Life of Thomas Hardy. By FLORENCE EMILY HARDY. Macmillan. 18s. net.
Heine: The Strange Guest. By HENRY BAERLEIN. Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.

The Story of The Spectator, 1828-1928.

- By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, K.B.E. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.
Memories of Dickens. By Sir HENRY FIELDING DICKENS. Gollancz. 6s. net.
Memories of Three Reigns. By ETHEL RAGLAN. Nash. 21s. net. Lively reminiscences by Lady Raglan, of no historical importance but of some social interest.
The Turkish Ordeal. Further Memories of Halide Edib. In this second volume of her reminiscences Halide Edib recounts the story of the rise of Turkish Nationalism. John Murray. 21s. net.

Travel Books.

- Twelve Days.* By VIOLET SACKVILLE WEST. A sequel to "Passenger to Teheran." Secker. 10s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
World Within Worlds. By STELLA BENSON. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
The Holy Cities of Arabia. By ELDON RUTTER. Putnams. 2 vols. £2 2s. net.

Poetry and Drama.

- Second Plays.* By LORD LATHOM. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Essays and Criticisms.

- Dreaming.* By GERALD BULLETT. Jarrolds. 5s. net. To be reviewed.
Ancient Mariners. A Book of Sea Yesterdays. By C. FOX SMITH, illustrated by Phil W. Smith. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

Military History.

- The Empire and the Army.* By the Hon. Sir JOHN FORTESCUE, K.C.V.O. With an introduction by Field Marshal Sir George Milne, G.C.B. Cassell. 10s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.
The British Campaigns in Europe, 1914-1918. By Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d. net.

Gift Books.

- The Golden Octopus.* By Viscount HASTINGS. Nash. 21s. net. See review.
Mumbudget. By HELEN SIMPSON. Heinemann. 6s. net. Delightful fairy stories with an Irish setting. Original and very attractive, told with the plain directness that children prefer. With eight coloured plates by Molly McArthur.
The Complete History of the Bastable Family. By E. NESBIT. Benn. 10s. net.
Architecture, etc.
Old Cottages and Farm Houses in Norfolk. By CLAUDE J. MESSENT. A.R.I.B.A. H. W. Hunt. Norwich. To be reviewed.
Changing London. Drawings by HANSLIP FLETCHER, with an introduction by Professor A. E. Richardson, F.R.I.B.A. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

Shorter Reviews.

The Tragical Empress. Intimate Conversations with the Empress Eugénie, 1901-1911. By Maurice Paléologue. Thornton Butterworth.

"From her whole person in fact there springs a curious impression. . . of something hieratic and of ruin." So Monsieur Paléologue when for the first time in 1901, when she was seventy-five, he is presented to the Empress Eugénie. At that meeting and on many occasions down to 1911 the diplomat and ex-empress talked fully and freely, not perhaps without an eye on posterity, of the rise and fall of the Second Empire, of Napoleon's *coup d'état*, of Solferino, Sadowa and Sedan.

But the book has the charm of its subject, authentic even if a little (Continued overleaf.)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK—continued.

meretricious. With Eugénie and Napoleon passed out that legendary France of great palaces and mirrored salons that has been the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of Europe since Francis I. "Our gondola," says Eugénie of a visit to Savoy in 1860, "festooned with purple and rowed by twenty oarsmen, was followed by a whole flotilla of light craft hung with multi-coloured lanterns. . . . Now and then the whole landscape would be lit up by showers of fire." Forty years later it is pictures like this that come most readily to the mind of the ruined Empress, the Princess Cophetua who was accused of so much and actually did so little, either for good or ill—except to be beautiful and to suffer with dignity.

The book is ably translated by Mr. Hamish Miles, who has preserved the Gallic florescence agreeably.

Midsummer Night and other Tales in Verse. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Masefield's new book is a collection of tales in verse based on legends of the Arthurian cycle. The inevitable and odious comparison with earlier versions cannot be shirked: no one is going to pretend that Mr. Masefield improves on Mallory; does he improve on Tennyson? Of course he wants to take off the Wardour Street armour and Guenevere's too bright hair, and we are grateful. But what is left? The telling of heroic legends requires either the grand manner or the didactic impulse. Mr. Masefield does not attempt the first, as he did with rich memorable success in his description of the departure for Gallipoli, and

he has no inclination for the second. Arthur and Camelot remain too far off.

No one now cares for the bones and blood of Lancelot and Guenevere, and we can ill miss the stately cadences, the lines and stanzas of pure poetry that illumine Tennyson's Victorian moralising. To set Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" against Mr. Masefield's version is, perhaps, a little unfair—as the "Passing" is the "high spot" of the "Idylls"—but the comparison in a lesser degree holds throughout. Mr. Masefield is vigorous and direct; he is simple; but he does not avoid the pit of bathos which lies yawning for all who practise the "simple" method in narrative verse. How should he, when Wordsworth, Longfellow (a much better poet than it is fashionable to admit), Tennyson (when he essayed simplicity), Cowper, Burns, and even some of the ballad writers did not?

But for all that the book is good Masefield, easy to read, telling a story plainly and vigorously, delighting in fighting and hard knocks, and here and there breaking into poetry.

Dewdrops. By Margaret Kennedy. (Heinemann. 1s. net.)

A cynical reflection is prompted by a note inside the cover of this booklet, "First published in *Nash's Magazine*." How did it get there, one wonders, this slender, plotless sketch of two silly schoolgirls' "passion" for an attractive lecturer in poetry at a provincial high school? How odd it must have seemed among the frail and orchidaceous ladies, the immaculate men, the crooks, dusky vamps and

smug planters, and the general air of super-cinema that pervades the magazine that "pays the highest rates in current journalism!"

It got there because the author wrote "The Constant Nymph," a goodish work that made one of the two or three literary records in our lifetime by making several thousand honest Britons actually buy it. So if you have got, as we nearly all have, any pleasantly satirical little sketches of this type among your odd papers, do not rush them off to *Nash's Magazine*. They won't be accepted.

It is nice, it shows either considerable insight or a remarkably accurate memory of one's moonish youth—I don't know which, and don't much mind. I think you'll like it, and it only costs 1s. But so does *Nash's Magazine*.

The Golden Octopus. Legends of the South Seas. By Viscount Hastings. Illustrated by Blamire Young. (Eveleigh Nash. 21s.)

The author, who lives in Moorea, an island some twelve miles from Tahiti, has here collected eight of the local legends. They are primitive stories in which men, animals and plants live on equal terms, and they are concerned with tabu, metamorphosis, feats of strength and the usual themes of such legends. Without being remarkable either for beauty or profundity, they do reflect the frankly animal care-free charm of these fortunate islands. Mr. Blamire Young provides twelve gorgeously coloured plates, which fairly represent everybody's ideas of Tahiti and Tahitian charmers; the book is printed on extremely good paper and most attractively bound.

THE EARLIER THOMAS HARDY

By JAMES MILNE

ONE recalls various meetings with Thomas Hardy as one turns the pages of his *Early Life*, which the Macmillans publish to-day. They have much of his own sobriety of narrative, framed in human colour, suggested rather than presented. This is natural, for the book is compiled by his wife, Mrs. Florence Emily Hardy, from his contemporary notes, letters, diaries and other memoranda. It is also based on "conversations extending over many years," and finally a great part of the material was read and revised by Hardy.

We get, then, a chronicle which has a good element of autobiography, and that was the natural way to tell the life story of Thomas Hardy.

He might himself describe Higher Bockhampton, the Dorset hamlet where he was born on a June day in 1840, as "a lonely and silent spot between woodland and heathland."

His early training as an architect-taught him to be accurate, as well as picturesque, when he wrote of houses, and he himself might have said that the one in which he was born was seven-roomed, rambling and standing "Easternmost" of its neighbours in the hamlet.

A Delicate Child.

Nobody who knew Hardy can forget the wonderful intimacy with which he handled places, making them live like people, and that,

indeed, is a great streak in the genius of the Wessex novels.

We learn now how much his native soil was in the growth of his mind; always, it seems, precocious, as well as in the development of his physique, which in boyhood was rather delicate. Nay, when he came into the world the doctor thought he had no chance of living, and if the nurse had not rescued him it probably would have been so.

The Hardys of Dorset had been Le Hardys of Jersey, over the Channel, and the novelist, we are told, once coquetted with the idea of going back to the original form of the name. Anyhow, the Le Hardys all "had the characteristics of an old family of spent social energies."

Thomas Hardy was never afraid of digging with the severest logic into the human inheritances of his character, and one wonders if the Le Hardys bequeathed him the reserve from communal life, even the dislike for much society, which was his characteristic.

A Born Bookworm.

"The boy what will be become?" He was father to the man; in the case of the boy who drew the very breadth of Wessex into him and then gave it forth in literature.

He was, as Mrs. Hardy says, a "born bookworm," but he was also musical and learned to play the fiddle at gatherings of his Dorset neighbours. Then came architecture, in Dorchester and in London, where now a plaque,

put up by Sir James Barrie, proclaims the Adelphi Terrace room in which he worked under Blomfield.

But his pen called him and we hear that the first thing he got printed was an anonymous skit in a Dorchester paper, on the disappearance of the Alms House clock, which had been taken down for cleaning and forgotten.

What would not that "scrap of paper" be worth to-day, when Hardy manuscripts are gilt-edged? Or the sheets to which he committed his start as a novelist, *The Poor Man and the Lady*. Or the MS. of *Desperate Remedies* which, looking backward, we may regard as his launching into authorship.

The Last Novel.

The *Early Life* tells, modestly, often plainly, but always clearly and even precisely, the tale of Thomas Hardy, as boy and man, as writer and thinker, up to the year 1891, when *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* took England by storm and some Victorian conventions by the throat.

That novel marked a milestone in the tolerance, broad-mindedness and sympathy of English fiction generally, and with *Jude the Obscure* which followed, it closed the novel writing of Hardy.

Next, we shall have him as the poet of *The Dynasts*—a "return of the native" to the verse with which he began—but we need not quite yet expect *The Later Life of Thomas Hardy* from his admirable biographer.

The Britannia Short Stories.

No. 2.



On his appearance there was a murmur scarcely friendly.

Family Papers

By A. M. Burridge

ON that last morning when Captain Roger Bligh sat in his cell, an open Bible across his knees, awaiting the final ministrations of the Rev. Samuel Smith, Ordinary of Newgate, one of the warders called to him through the door, announcing that the sledge was come, and that he might expect at any moment the summons of the Gentleman Gaoler.

Captain Roger Bligh was not greatly distressed. He had confessed his guilt to Mr. Ordinary, proclaimed his repentance, and was sincere in his belief that he was about to be received into a Better World. The crossing was likely to be unpleasant, and the waiting was tedious; and for Mr. Ordinary he had little further use. There was not much comfort in Mr. Ordinary's ministrations, and the chaplain was not given to wasting over-much time on confessed and repentant criminals. His function was to extract confessions from the condemned by threatening them with fire and brimstone if they remained adamant. These confessions were difficult to obtain, since while life lasted there was hope of a reprieve; for which reason many a guilty wretch had been pushed off the cart at Tyburn with a lie upon his lips.

But Captain Bligh was not of these. He was a true penitent, or believed that he was one, which for present purposes amounted to much the same. In his cell the piety of his youth returned to him, and he had traced his downfall through a widening vista of sins and follies. He had sinned grievously against God and man. For God's sake he had repented

and confessed; for man's sake he was prepared to make an edifying end.

THE condemned man rose and shut up the Bible, preparatory to adding the final touches to a careful toilet. While he fitted on his bands and cuffs and brushed his cloak all kinds of muddled thoughts besieged his brain, jostling, struggling, casting one another out. He wondered where his head would be impaled, and which of the City gates would receive this parboiled quarter or that. He wondered who would be the first to meet him at the Gates of Heaven—his mother, or a lost friend with whom he had hunted for birds' nests in the green distance of his youth, when an unforgotten valley echoed to clean laughter and the hurrying Kennet sang a May-day song. He wondered if that Dutch woman would be there—that girl who had known no better than to call him husband—and if she would still be angry with him. He wondered what would become of his true wife and legally begotten boy. He wondered what it would feel like when the cart began to move away.

While he was putting on his cloak there was a noise at the door, a rattling of heavy metals, and a great key turned in the lock. The door opened to admit the Gentleman Gaoler, Mr. Ordinary, the wife of the condemned man, and Roger Bligh's keeper, from whose wrist dangled a bunch of mighty keys.

"The Sheriffs now await you," the Gentleman Gaoler announced apathetically.

The Ordinary approached him.

"There need be no more words between us

now," he said. "I shall be with you at the place."

Captain Bligh bowed.

"It seems," he said, "that I am about to ride the last stage. I pray you let me take the farewell of my dear wife."

"So long as you be brief," said the Gentleman Gaoler. "'Tis a raw morning, and we must not have the Sheriffs taking chill."

Bligh turned and faced his wife, that peaked and faded woman with the pock-marked face, who ten years since had been a toast in half the taverns north of the river. Like him she was dry-eyed and pale; not for nothing was she wife to a soldier. He caught her to him in a long embrace, wondering why she who had been stale and tasteless to him these several years was now become so desperately dear.

"Forgive," he whispered to her.

"I have forgiven," she answered in a flat but not emotionless undertone. They had met since his conviction and the storm of grief had spent itself. They were calm now, each for the other's sake.

"I have brought you a comforter," she said, and pressed into his hand a flask of eau-de-vie.

"He hath a better Comforter here," said Mr. Ordinary sternly, pointing to the Bible.

"The Captain promised that it should be sent back to me, when he hath done with it," said the keeper quickly. "Said you not so, Captain?"

"Ay," said the condemned man, "take it and make as good a use of it as I have made in these last days."

(Continued overleaf.)

Family Papers—Continued.

The keeper threw a glance of triumph at Mr. Ordinary. The Bible of a man whose head and limbs were decorating London gates was always worth great quantities of malt liquor. Captain Roger Bligh turned once more to his wife.

"God keep you and the boy," he said. "He knows nought of this yet?"

"Not yet. He thinks you are gone on a long journey."

"He thinks well. I shall pass the sun this morning, and the uttermost stars to-night. But the ballad-mongers will have his father's name ere long, and other boys will scarce spare him. I remember as a lad having small pity for boys who lost their fathers as he will presently lose his—may God forgive me for it. Well, 'tis better that he be brought up in the fear of the Lord than in the pride of parentage. And when he comes to man's estate he shall have the paper? You have done everything, wife?"

"Everything. The shorthand-writers will be waiting at the place. I pray God give you eloquence and clear voice. You have prepared what you shall say?"

"I have it here," he answered, smiling, and tapped his brow with the tips of his fingers. "And you will swear to give it to the boy so soon as he becomes a man—in order that he may land it on to his children and his children's children, so that he and his may renounce the broad paths of sin and walk only in the narrow way of the Lord? So may good befall through my evil-doing, according to the mysterious ways of Him who has forgiven me."

"It shall be done," said Mistress Bligh, "I swear it."

"Come, Bligh," said the Gentleman Gaoler, betraying signs of impatience, "the Sheriffs are a-waiting."

Roger Bligh inclined his head.

"I would not have any man take cold because of me," he said; "nay, not even a sheriff. Farewell, wife; go quietly home and forget. Sleep if you can, and try to dream that you are maid once more, and that no poor soldier laughed into your eyes on the night when we had Monmouth safe."

HE kissed her once more and she clung to him. He withdrew himself after a while, his eyes dim for the moment and his throat swelling. The Ordinary laid a hand upon his arm.

"Come, then," he said, not unkindly. "This difficulty will very soon be past."

"I don't doubt it," Bligh made answer, squaring his shoulders. "I am very sure that ere long I shall have passed through a black cloud and see a bright sun shining."

So, for the last time in this world, he passed out of the sight of Mistress Bligh, and out into the yard where the sledge was waiting. It was a weeping January morning with the low-hung hurrying clouds indistinguishable from the smoke of London chimneys. He was sorry that the sun was not shining, and that never again would he see it shine on this world. He tried to picture how it would have gilded the outside walls of his late prison, while, with his Bible clasped tightly under his left arm he submitted his legs to be bound.

A short file of soldiers was lined up on either side the sledge. An order was given and the gates opened. The crack of a whip fell like an echo on a sharp word of command given to the musketeers. The sledge began to bump over the cobbles, shaking him in his seat like a chestnut on a roaster. The horses slowed almost instantly to a step set by the troops, but jolted him little the less. He had hoped to be able to read his Bible, but the printed words danced before his eyes like a cloud of midges on a summer evening.

Outside the gates a crowd of idlers, and a few honest citizens who were not too busy to watch pass by another customer of that terrible barber Jehan Ketch, were grouped on either side the street. On his appearance there was a murmur which was scarcely hostile, scarcely friendly, and wholly curious. They were connoisseurs of the deportment of those who were about to die, and the measure of a felon's popularity or reprobation often depended upon his bearing. They had not yet ceased to discuss that hardened assassin who, not many days since, had sucked oranges all the way to the gallows cart.

Bligh knew not how to face them. He could have held his head high, he could have laughed and waved, winked at the women, made all the gestures of the braggart who was callous of his fate. But that would have sorted ill with his repentance, and he was striving just then to keep at a distance all worldly thoughts and the most innocent-seeming temptations of the evil one. How to strike some mien and show the crowd a man who was neither braggart nor craven? But as if anything really mattered now!

SO he held up his head, but looked neither to left nor right, and there were deep creases between his brows. A ragged and sluttish woman, some poor drab whose only hope of winning a glance was to raise a guffaw, sprang out in front of the horses, and pulled a ridiculous, bestial grimace at him. He did not realise until some minutes later that she had intended the distortion of her features for a mimicry of his own expression. As the foremost of the soldiers sent the raddled old hag reeling into the gutter she uttered a yell of laughter, echoes of which were caught up by others and tossed forth and back across the street like thistledown.

He knew the road to Tyburn, and he knew what to expect along that road. He had seen many others make the same unwilling pilgrimage. As a boy, he had seen the Regicides, Corbet, Oakey and Barkstead set forth upon the same *via dolorosa*. How little had he dreamed then that he was to ride even as they had ridden!

Later there were no crowds upon the way, only here and there, in the more populous places, the curious lined the route one or two deep for a stretch to see the procession pass. Cuffed apprentices slunk back into their booths while their smug, pot-bellied masters lingered to catch sight of the man who was to die. Now and again a handkerchief fluttered or a familiar voice called him by name, and he looked around to see in the face of an acquaintance the heartening eyes of a friend.

He found that the people's feelings toward him veered and eddied, blowing this way and that for no discernible cause, like a fish-tailed wind. At the bottom of Holborn he was greeted with curses and a shower of stones, which was sternly discouraged by the Guard, who received most of them. The shabby citizens might have wished God-speed to a highwayman who held up the rich that drove in their fine carriages behind their own fine cattle. But he who cut purses was the enemy of any man who owned a purse, no matter how thin.

YET in the middle of Holborn again there were murmurs of pity, and a foreign woman fell on her knees on the stones and crossed her brow and breasts as the preliminary to a Papist prayer. Again, at the top of Holborn, somebody threw a rotten orange which splashed on the rump of the near-side horse, causing it to plunge and jar his spine excruciatingly.

He tried to pray, only to find that he was still of the earth earthly, and that memories clamoured for all the floor-room of his consciousness. Every stone along the road seemed to know his name, every tavern and coffee-

house had its associations. When he passed the Three Bears he knew exactly who would be drinking there at noon, and what they would drink, and of whom they would talk. Only a month since he had played in that same house at Selling the Horse for a supper of game pie. It pleased him to remember that he had not cheated on that occasion.

An old fellow, in the uniform of the King's Watermen, who had run all the way from Blackfriars stairs, kept pace with him a little way, bidding him be of good heart, and still addressing him as Captain. He had not thought that old John Trybe had a heart or brain beyond a pint of swipes. John Trybe was an amusing, and therefore licensed, ruffian, who got drunk at the expense of any bully-captain willing to tolerate him, and gave in exchange his diverting but extremely improper monologue on the Widow of Islington. Bligh was grateful, but he did not want to be reminded of that apocryphal lady. There was no place for that tale in the memory of any man about to die, who wished to show his Maker a clean heart. Yet John Trybe meant better than the virtuous, with their rotten oranges and their showers of stones.

Along the way the painted women of the Town left their couches to see the last of Captain Bligh. Some, remembering that his last guinea was spent and his last bottle of wine drunk to the lees, mocked and jeered at him, while others, who were still women, wept. The man looked and listened half stupidly. Humanity had ever been a mystery to him, but never had the mystery seemed so insoluble to him as in that hour prior to the time—so he firmly believed—when all secrets would be revealed to him. So, at last, he reached the place.

THE sledge drew up behind the cart which stood under the gallows. A rope hung, cutting the grey sky with a gash which curved towards the horizon, caused by a silhouetted figure that stood upright upon the cart and was busy with the loose end, making a noose with deft professional fingers. A short ladder rested against the cart. On the far side a great crowd was assembled. There was a babble of voices which, for the moment, took the condemned man back a long way across the years, and set him down, a little inky-fingered boy, in the Hall of Westminster School.

They loosened his legs and, guided by the arms, he climbed the ladder, forgetful of his doom for the moment, and feeling like a young actor about to face his first audience. In front of the cart a semi-circle had been cleared, where soldiers still pressed back that kind of crowd which still gloats over an accident in London streets. Street vendors had been doing well. The bare space, occupied by the Sheriff and Under-Sheriff on placid horses, was littered with orange peel, and jaws were busy munching sweetmeats, and white ballad-sheets fluttered here and there. As Bligh ascended the ladder a thin cold rain fell on a slant from the southwest.

This gust of rain caused a hissing and spluttering from the fire which burned brightly in a brazier a little in front of the cart and to his right hand. This brazier had to do with certain rites which were to be performed when he was dead, or nearly dead, and to which decency forbids any further reference. He looked at it and tried not to wince. Then he scanned the people and saw those whom he had hoped to see. Two fellows in rusty clothes stood on the outskirts of the crowd, and one carried a pen poised over an open book, while the other held towards him a horn of ink. The least breath of relief blew from between his lips. His posterity, it seemed, was sure of his last words.

The hangman slipped the noose around his

Family Papers—Continued.

neck, muttering in his ears a pleasantry, which served him on most week-days, about his ability to make a collar which suited most and fitted all. It was rough and harsh to his skin, and, through the horses moving and jolting the cart, he had a foretaste of what was still to come. Seeing that the rope had pinched him the executioner loosened it a little.

The Sheriff of Middlesex addressed the doomed man, and the chattering of the crowd died away into silence.

"Captain Bligh, you have a few minutes before you which I recommend you to devote in preparation for the world you are about to enter. Pray if you will, and we will pray with you. If you so desire you may address those who have come to witness the penalty you must pay for the fell misdeeds which have been amply proved against you. And if you speak, see that you say nothing to justify your foul offence, else we cannot hear you; nor say nothing against the conduct of your trial. And when you are ready, see that you do not leap from the cart, else you become your own executioner, but make a signal with your hand or with your foot when you would be turned off. Say, will you speak?"

Captain Bligh answered him with dignity.

"I thank you, sir. A few words."

Mr. Ordinary groaned aloud, for he did not like the rain.

"Take care that you do not seek to justify yourself."

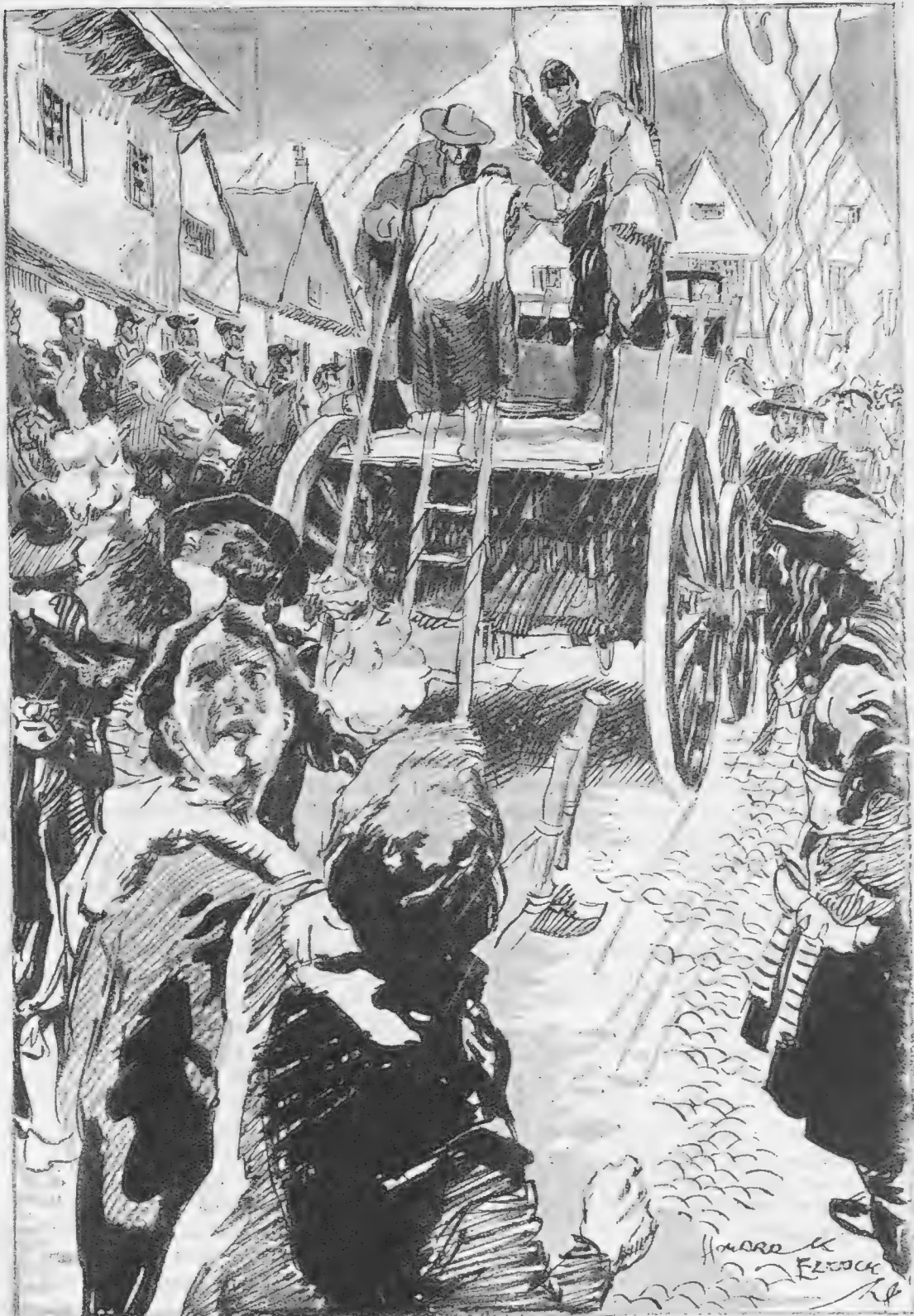
"Sir," answered Captain Bligh, with a greater dignity, "I am a great sinner, and I am here to confess my sins in the hope that my son and my son's children's children may profit by my ill example. I am a guilty wretch who would confess his guilt, and exhort those who hear me to examine their own hearts. Yet I know that a great salvation awaits the greatest sinner."

THERE was a buzz among the crowd.

Some preferred the criminal who protested his innocence until his last choked breath, until the Sheriffs, even in dry weather, grew tired of hearing him, and, having turned him off, the hangman made humorous gestures as if he were about to swoon from too much listening. There were others who liked to listen to a good sermon, especially when they could be sure that it was preached with a proper sense of responsibility. Captain Bligh promised well as a rhetorician of a certain school, with a comfortable creed to expound, and on the whole the attitude of the crowd was favourable to him. The shorthand writer who was about to record his last words for the sake of his posterity took an anticipatory dip in the ink-horn.

You may find in one of a series of old calf-bound volumes dealing with state trials, the last speeches of malefactors, and the like, the last speech of Roger Bligh word for word as he uttered it, punctuated by some words of discouragement from Mr. Ordinary and the Sheriff, who were not minded to linger overlong in the wet. You may read how he accused himself of being the greatest sinner and applauded the justice of his fate, how he traced his downfall step by step from carelessness in the practice of his religion to cursing and swearing, thence to gambling and loose living, and thence to the crime which had put the rope about his neck.

When at last he stood silent and with bowed



He climbed the ladder, forgetful of his doom.

head, the most of his listeners were half convinced that a new-made saint, sanctified by a true and lasting repentance, was about to enter the Kingdom of Heaven by the rough road of martyrdom. When at last he stretched out his hand, and the Sheriff of Middlesex uttered a sigh of relief, a smothered groan went up. The cart moved, and the crowd pressed forward against the cordon of troops to peer at the living thing which dangled, kicking and twitching, a testimony of the guerdon of sin.

Sir Marcus Blaye, seventh descendant of Captain Roger Bligh, laid aside the well-thumbed pamphlet. The shorthand writers had done their work well, and somebody else had added here and there an edifying touch. It was rather amusing to be able to boast that one had an ancestor who had been hanged, and the record made good entertainment, although to be sure the long S's were troublesome to a gentleman whose

reading was generally confined to the market reports and a skimming of the day's news.

"He wanted me to read that," thought Sir Marcus. "Funny! My word, they did put 'em through it in the good old days!"

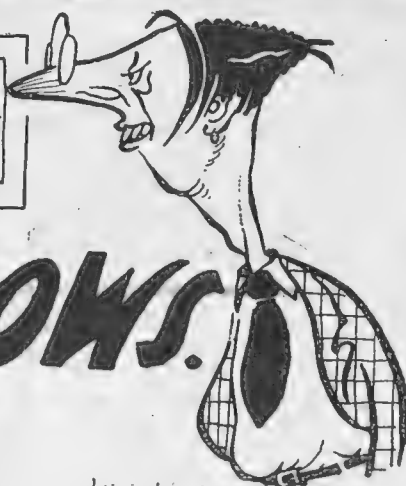
Sir Marcus had never stolen anything in his life, but on the other hand he had promoted certain companies which had brought much grief and disappointment to his fellow man, and through him many a maiden aunt and country parson had now lost faith in human nature. Besides which he had triumphed in two glorious liquidations. Sir Marcus stood up, stretched, and thought of his undistinguished ancestor with a half contemptuous pity.

"And he only stole a little purse of silver!" Sir Marcus reflected.

All the characters in this story are imaginary and no reference to any actual person or persons is intended.

AMONGST THE HIGHBROWS.

BY EDGAR WALLACE



Illustrated by
D'Eavine.

I AM one of those old-fashioned people who believe in God, vaccination and the supreme genius of Rudyard Kipling. I believe in the decencies of family life, in normal vices, in horse-racing, women, good champagne, Charles Dickens, winter sports and fresh air.

I like the pictures that Tintoretto painted and the glorious music that Beethoven composed. I am partial to shower-baths, luxury travel, P. G. Wodehouse and the down-trodden bookmaking class. In other words, I am a lowbrow; so much so that you might say that the back of my literary neck begins at my literary eyebrows.

The Incomprehensibles.

I DO not like the clever people who constitute the highbrow world, but it is because I do not understand them. I will be perfectly frank about it: I do not understand their painting, their poetry, their moral code, their queer predilections, their strange languages. I hate their clothes, their feet and their domestic animals. But it is only because I do not understand them. Did not Theodore Hook say—I am not quite sure it was Theodore Hook, so I had better not tell the story, but you have probably heard it.

So that this brief appreciation of our superior friends cannot be described as authoritative. One can tackle one's social superiors, and learn from their footmen, who are called James, that their bedrooms are very cold, their jewellery old-fashioned, that they refer to Lord Derby as "Eddie" and Lord Dalmeny as "Harry," and that when they are compelled to talk about the Prince of Wales they say "His Royal Highness" and never by any chance "David," as you or I might speak about him.

A Language of their Own.

OUR mental and intellectual superiors never talk about lords at all—at least, not in the same breath as they talk about themselves. They have a language which is distinctly their own. They seldom wear hats; they have been known to wear sandals. They eat nuts, and so loathe the flesh-pots of Smithfield that they serve up their messes of soya beans and grapenuts in the shape of mutton chops.

All those who have come within the orbit of my observation live in the country in cottages. Usually they live in two cottages that have been knocked into one. And if they can find two cottages with an oak beam that catches you an awful whack on the nut as you press your way through the front door, they have England's ideal home.

The two cottages being made into one, with the oak beam scraped and furbished, and the walls whitewashed, and the floor neatly laid, if it is not already laid, with cold, red tiles, there is very little need in the way of



An awful whack on the Nut.

furniture. A couple of beds, designed if possible by the ladylike gentleman who prepares the decor for the Russian Ballet; two brass candlesticks with deep yellow candles; a Medici print of the Virgin Mary; possibly a warming-pan; a couple of queer, odd chairs; a deep blue vase, and a strip of matting, and you have a home fit for highbrows to live in.

A bookcase, filled with slim volumes of misunderstood poetry written by misunderstood people, decorates the bedroom or the bathroom or the guest room or the common room. At the end of a long, damp garden is the Outside Sanitation.

What They Look Like at Home.

IN this decor live my friends. The men, who are invariably hatless, wear plus fours all day long, probably all night long. The ladies wear straight green dresses and sandals. They are usually very plain, even without any clothes or sandals. They have hilarious Sunday parties, when other ladies with straight green dresses and other gentlemen in plus fours cycle down to pass an intellectual



I hate their clothes, their feet and their domestic animals.



How perfectly marvellous, Harold!

Sabbath with kindred souls. They read perfectly divine books of poetry which, to an illiterate like myself, are not poetry at all and not sense at all. The men paint. Some of them started at art schools, but most of them picked it up.

My sympathies are entirely with these fellows, because I paint like they do. That is to say, I never know what a thing is going to be till it is. There is this difference, that they never know what it is till they are told. Somebody comes in, looks from the palette to the easel, not quite sure which is the goods, and says:

"How perfectly marvellous, Harold! (or Eric). What feeling! What tone! You have spurged your very soul."

They are terribly discreet; they never say Is "that a cow?" they simply keep on the safe side and describe almost anything as the painter's soul, which really may look like that.

They are no great lovers of Epstein, because quite a lot of people understand Epstein. They regard Miss Sitwell as being rather on the obvious side. When you get to the point where you regard Miss Sitwell as being obvious, you are in a fair way to being Captain of the School.

If you talk about the masters whom we regard as masters, they smile a little pityingly, but they are always polite.

"Mozart?" A quiet, sad little smile "Oh, yes . . . he's of his period. But nowadays, my dear Wallace . . . Mozart!"

"Browning? Do you like him really? Amazing! . . . No, no, no, I'm not suggesting . . . of course . . . an extraordinary fellow, quite amusing. But have you read 'Blurbs' by Stinkinfisch? I'll send you a copy."

"Leonardo da Vinci . . . let me see, who was he? Oh, yes, you mean the painter. A little photographic, don't you think? Yes, I've seen Beatrice d'Este; a little—um—don't you think?"

If you say "No," they change the subject. If you say "Yes," they enlarge. I always say "No."

A Leader Who Lived on Acorns.

THEIR literary tastes are remarkable, and have a slightly Russian flavour. Meredith they dropped as soon as they found him comprehensible; Thackeray makes them yawn; Trollope is damned by his style. Pater . . . ? Yes; you may see long lines of Pater on the bookshelves in less advanced households. And my books, naturally . . . dozens of them. They are awful examples exhibiting the depths to which literature can sink.

All these friends of mine are associated with A Movement. I have only the dimmest idea as to whither that movement trends. One of them has

told me it is Towards Freedom.

"I see," I said; "you want to do as you damned well please? I am all for it."

No, they didn't want that. So far as I could gather, they wanted other people to be like them. They had a standard and they had a leader. He was an awfully interesting man, who walked barefooted and slept in the garden, on a bed which was stretched across the



Slept in a garden, on a bed which was stretched across the one path.



If you ate acorns, you'd live to be ninety

Ninety years of eating acorns! I'd sooner do a stretch for robbing a bank. But that's because I am constitutionally lowbrow.

He was all against vaccination. He had never been vaccinated and had never been sick of the smallpox. He did not believe in doctors, and at the same time he was not a Christian Scientist. He was a sun worshipper.

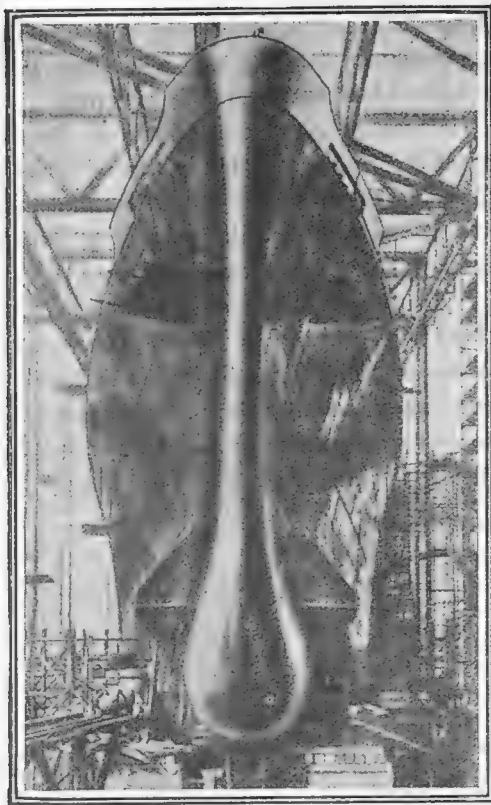
They told me he was a remarkable man, and that birds flocked round him when he went out. As he invariably carried handfuls of bread and corn, very naturally these sycophantic opportunists were always on hand to say "How divine!" I imagine, though I did not learn

this at first hand, that he never attempted to feed them on acorns. There is a limit to a sparrow's sycophancy.

He was against the pettifoggery and restrictive laws which hold great minds in thrall. He was against the income tax, because he had no income worth mentioning. He was against vaccination, vivisection, surgery, registration of births, prisons, the laws of property, towns, policemen, capital punishment, the bastardy laws, and *pâté de foie gras*. Whenever he was really terribly bitter against high society he used to sneer at people who ate *pâté de foie gras*.

He was, as I say, a leader of The Movement.

The trouble with the high-brow movement is that it is moving in all directions, very much like a violently agitated blancmange, and, like that article of lowbrow diet, it moves all the time yet remains always in the same place.



The bulbous bow on the new German liners.

THE SPEED STRUGGLE ON THE ATLANTIC

By Ernest J. Chaloner

greyhounds in the spring of 1929, and, with pressure and violent work in the stokehold, she can do 27½ knots. She may even kill herself by trying to hold the Blue Riband of the Atlantic in British hands until the new White Star liner, of 60,000 tons, is ready to rule the waves, or the contemplated Cunarder of equal dimensions and greater speed is ready for service.

Germany's Ambition.

Talking to the head of a great shipping company in Germany in 1921, I was told that Germany had no ambition for speed or big liners on the ocean. She was going to be content with the smaller, comfortable ships, carrying passengers leisurely between Europe and New York. A number of these smaller *de luxe* liners are to be seen every week at Southampton. But this pious belief was only

the part of the Hamburg America Line to build some 60,000 ton ships, of very great speed.

The Real Struggle.

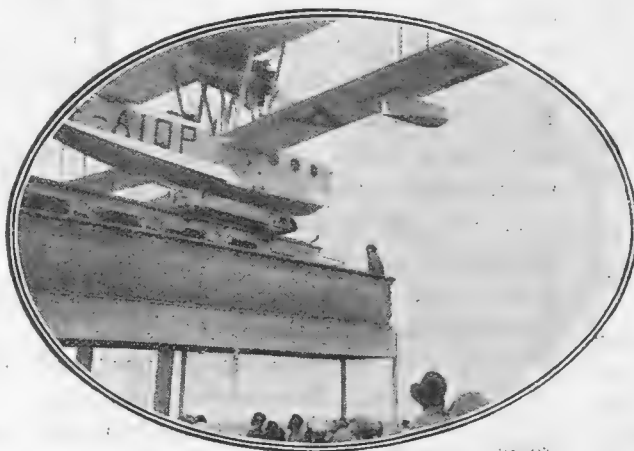
France does too many other things too beautifully ever to become a great seafaring nation. There is a permanent church on her giant liner, the *Île de France*, and there is even an aeroplane that jumps off the ship in a hurry to reach shore before the liner gets into dock. A catapulting machine throws the aeroplane off the deck when the ship is 500 miles from land—so that mails, and passengers in a great hurry, may gain an extra day on the Atlantic voyage.

But whatever France, Italy and America may do on the Atlantic, the real serious struggle rests with Germany and Britain.

The fierce determination of Germany to get back to a leading position on the seven seas was grimly evident at the launching of her two new giant liners, last August. The whole German nation looked upon them as symbols of Germany's return to sea power.

Von Hindenburg launched the *Bremen* amidst a blaze of national enthusiasm. But every detail concerning this liner was kept a complete secret. Over 200 newspaper men from all parts of the world were invited to the ceremony, but every effort they made to gather detailed data of the new ship was met with a bland Teutonic smile, a wave of the hand, a promise that something might be forthcoming to-morrow.

It is now assumed (and without contradiction) that the new liners are each to be of 46,000 tons, with high-pressure turbines of 96,000 horse-power, and a length of 338 ft., a breadth of 108 ft., and a draught of 32 ft.



"Île de France" catapulting the seaplane mail carrier at seventy miles an hour.

cherished for a short phase. Germany soon came back into the speed struggle on the Atlantic. Republican rule has not diminished German sea ambitions one degree.

Her shipowners are now considering programmes for the largest and fastest ships in the world. To counter the new 46,000 ton liners of the North German Lloyd there are schemes on

The Blunt-Nosed Ship.

There was one secret the Germans could not hide at the launch, and that was the new bulbous bow of the hull, never before built on a giant liner. It is by no means a new form of ship design. Forty years ago British battle-ships had a bulbous bow. Modern submarines are built on the same theory. The blunt nose, tapered tail of the new German liners is copied from the form of the fastest fish in the water—the salmon and the cod. The swan and the wild duck get through the water with great speed with the same form of "hull."

Several British experts question the speed value of the "blunt-nosed ship." Germany is pinning her faith to its theoretical promise. Her theory with a freak ship against British practice with the fastest liner in the world will provide one of the greatest thrills on the Atlantic next spring, when the *Europa* and *Bremen* set out to race the *Mauretania* to New York.

A VIVID chapter in sea history will open next spring when the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, of Bremen, will try, with her two new secret liners, the *Europa* and the *Bremen*, to win back the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, for speed, which she lost to the Cunard Line in 1907. Germany, Great Britain, Italy and France will all take part in the great Atlantic speed struggle of 1929. But the German liners promise to do 28 knots! The other fast ships of the world are:—

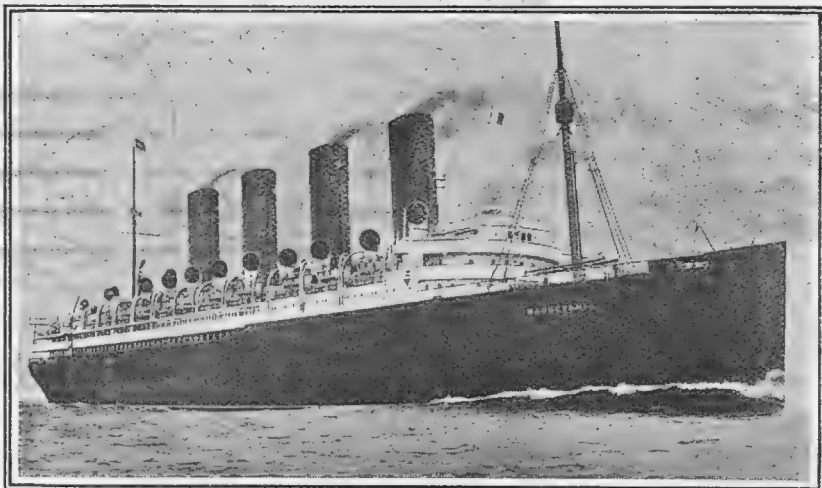
<i>Majestic</i> (White Star) ..	25 knots
<i>France</i> (French) ..	25 "
<i>Leviathan</i> (United States) ..	24 "
<i>Berengaria</i> (Cunard) ..	23½ "
<i>Aquilonia</i> (Cunard) ..	23 "
<i>Olympic</i> (White Star) ..	22½ "

In 1907, it was the Cunard greyhound, *Lusitania*, a sister ship to the *Mauretania*, which vanquished the Germans with a speed of 25½ knots an hour. No wonder they heralded her submarine doom with glee in the War and struck a special medal in memory of her destruction.

Mauretania's Feat.

During the present year the *Mauretania* has added to her distinctions by breaking her own world record on no less than four occasions. Last July she made a new record when she reached New York from Cherbourg in 5 days 3 hours 17 minutes—a record which she beat by 43 minutes on the same run on September 21st. Earlier in July she established another record by doing the round trip from Southampton to New York and back to Plymouth in 12 days 15 hours. And on September 11th she completed her fastest voyage from New York to Plymouth in 5 days 6 minutes.

I remember, too, that on her trial trip she did 27.4 knots for over 300 miles. And yet the *Mauretania* is an old ship now—twenty-one years old—the age at which most liners go on the pension list. But the veteran will strain every nerve and every piston to out-do the German



The "Mauretania"—the fastest liner in the world.

"There's a Man...."

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

HERE'S a Man—you must have met him if you
ever ride a horse,
Silent he sits to view our fox a-stealing from
the gorse.
To give him law, and holloa him—and adequately shows
He's good enough to follow him, however far he goes.

He looks at you with puckered lids that never shift or blink,
And round his mouth all humour plays, and in his eye a
wink;
You've ridden after him before—if not this very man,
'Twas his wandering world-wide brother, grinning underneath his tan.

When the sullen herd is ringing in a cloud of flies and dust,
'Tis he that marks the leaders—and rides off the leaders' thrust.
And he's always there before you when the young bulls break away—
"Thank God," the Stockman mutters, "for that long chap on the Grev!"

Long-crumpled Empires knew him once—he groomed an
Emir's Stud;
He urged a Nero's chariot when the Circus reeked with
blood;
And with flying robe and abba he was cutting out the work,
When the squealing Arab stallions charged the swordsmen
of the Turk.

With turbaned Mamelukes he rode: he sat in sun-burnt grace
To swim his hog-maned favourite in the surf of
Samothrace:
But he pricked in all the panoply of armour, plume, and spear,
When the heavy hoofs went thundering down the lists of
Guinevere.

If he spurred on the Ehippus through its blind pinnal
swamp,
'Twas a milk-white palfrey carried him when Kings rode
out in pomp—
And at Crack of Doom, I warrant, he'll turn out to see the fun,
And lash the panic-lathered Team that hauls the
blackening Sun!

"Rancher."



THE TRAVELLER

CONDUCTED BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

What's Wrong With Our Hotels?

ONE of the leading principles of business, indeed of life, is that if you want to attract people, you must be attractive, so that if you are a hotel keeper you must have an attractive hotel, and it may be laid down as quite definite that many thousands of Britons holiday abroad because the majority (not all, I say the majority) of British hotel keepers will not realise that they are offering no competition at all to their foreign rivals, or that any effort is required to attract.

They seem to say, "Well, the people have got to stay here sooner or later, so why spend a penny more than we need to make them do it?" On the other hand, a great deal of unjustifiable criticism has been levelled at them and quite absurd demands made on them.

Driven Abroad.

The first thing that holiday makers should try to realise is that, when they go abroad, they nearly always go to a better class of hotel than they would dream of choosing at home, first because they are going on the "bust," and second, because, not speaking the language as a rule, and being a little unused to the customs of the particular country they are visiting, they do not like to take any risk, but prefer to spend a little more and make a job of it. The better the hotel, the more like every other hotel it becomes, and the more, therefore, the visitor is at his ease.

But in England, for instance, the peppery and nerry motorist, who spent last year at the Hotel Grandiose at No-Bon-les-Vins, where the exchange is all in his favour, enjoyed the finest cooking in Europe and paid for it with a visitors' tax and a luxury tax without any effective murmur, explodes in several places and writes to all the papers because he has drawn up at a four-roomed inn in the middle of Exmoor and can only get roast beef and two vegs., or ham and eggs and cheese.

But isn't it a little unfair of him to imagine that small hotels can keep a store of pâté de foie gras and oysters on the off chance of getting rid of them to some motorist, who on seeing them probably calls out: "Give me some good old English fare!" the moment he sees them?

Reasonable Requirements.

Let us be reasonable. Small hotels cannot afford big menus.

But very much on the other hand they can see to it that the roast is not all raw like a lion's breakfast; nor cremated; that they do not serve the eternal boiled potato looking like a railway accident, Brussels sprouts immersed in water like a set of channel swimmers, followed by the time-honoured stewed fruit and custard that came over with the Conqueror and should have gone away with the Mayflower.

Have we not the finest fish in the world? Then, my good man, learn how to cook it, and do not present us with a diminutive and everlasting plaice called "sole" on the menu. Soups are quite easy to make at any hour if you go about it properly, and surely you can learn how to cook the finest meat in the whole world?

Do not show signs of apoplexy if people want to be fed at odd hours. That's what you exist for. You must go out of your way to please them and not answer them with that

irritating remark, "We don't serve after nine." If people want a meal at two in the morning, either give it them with a good grace and win their custom for the future, or be content to make half the income you could make and drive us abroad. Hot meals may not be reasonably possible at all hours, but cold meals are.

Take a lesson from the Germans and Austrians and the Scandinavians, the kings of cold food. But do not think that you have produced something delightfully novel and alluring if you give us cold beef and pickles. We distinctly remember having seen this somewhere else before. We had it at the last village and the one before, and we are going to get it at the next three. So much for food.

Expensive Discomfort.

Now in the matter of heating and beds and hot water.

You have only to sleep in any Swiss or Austrian village in the mountains, where things have to be carried up under the most enormous difficulties, to find out that comfortable beds can be bought cheaply if you try, and that, therefore, we have a right to expect



SPECIAL WINTER SPORT SECTION.

Look out for it in

BRITANNIA, NOVEMBER 9.

Where to Go. The Cost of Clothes.
Switzerland - Austria - Germany
Norway and Sweden.

them in all hotels in Great Britain instead of some of the things which make permanent dents in the spinal column which we have encountered in establishments charging 10s. a day.

Running water in the bedrooms cannot be expected in really small hotels, but it is a positive scandal that the bedrooms should not be so provided in all hotels that call themselves up-to-date or modern. The term "modern comfort," which we notice in the advertisements of so many hotels, is taken by the intending visitor to mean exactly what it says.

And then the heating. No one likes the

AT YOUR SERVICE

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him.

c/o BRITANNIA.

Inveresk House,
Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped
:: addressed envelope ::

English fire more than I do, physically and visually. But in a hotel it cannot be more than a decoration, if the hotel is made to hold more than 10 people. After that we demand central heating, otherwise the colonel and his wife and the three spinsters in high lace collars will continue to hurry out of dinner in order to get near the fire and first warm their backs and then turn round and warm their knees and get frost-bite on the shoulders.

We must get better at these things if we want to succeed.

Can anyone deny these statements? Naturally there are some people who will go abroad in any case. We are here dealing only with those who go abroad because our own hotels do not attempt to compete with those on the Continent. This is not fair on our railways, who do their utmost. "Of course... the trains (on the Continent) cannot compare with ours," says Mrs. C. B. M. And that is perfectly true.

A. H. D'E.

A Week-end in Thanet.

A recent week-end spent down in Thanet persuaded me that a successful effort is afoot to make our south-east coast fit for Englishmen to winter in. True, there were no spreading cactus or waving palms, and we did not spend the day languidly crawling from café to café, to wind up (possibly bankrupt) in the fetid atmosphere of a gambling hall.

Instead, there was clear, bright sunshine, a crisp, invigorating breeze, and a course of wonderful golf which edged me into the tonic-laden waters of the North Sea. Time was, I suppose, when that was all, when the stay-at-homes had to be content with plain nature and just grumble at the inconvenience and discomfort which seemed inevitable to the pursuit of health.

Fortunately, however, the good thing need no longer be swallowed like a dose of physic. Nor need it be paid for at exorbitant rates. The Southern Railway took me down, first class, punctually and in comfort, for 21s. 9d. (return). Life in the picturesque, old Kingsgate Castle, modernised into an excellent hotel, cost me 21s. per day, with central heating, dancing, and a cuisine that compared very favourably with anything I have experienced on the Continent. And golf at the very gates thereof, which residence at the hotel permitted me to enjoy for a humble half-a-crown per round.

Incidentally, I learned of an excellent scheme in preparation to save us all time, trouble and expense. Soon we shall be able to purchase an all-in-all ticket at Victoria (a sort of Cook's travel coupon) which will cover first-class rail and accommodation at any of the leading hotels. We shall be fancy free, able to sleep at Margate, lunch at Broadstairs, dine at Ramsgate, and so on, with the privilege of playing golf on any Thanet course at 2s. 6d. per round. I understand that the inclusive cost for the week-end will be three guineas, thus effecting a saving of twenty to thirty shillings on existing charges.

C. P.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT.

Father Bede Jarrett, O.P.

ON WHAT'S RIGHT WITH ENGLAND?



ALMOST everything—except its leaders. As the Lord President of the Council daily whispers to the Lord Privy Seal (the two offices in England most venerable and most Venetian): "The heart of this great people is sound."

The heart of the people is indubitably sound. The critic has only to attend the local cinema, preferably in the country, but Savoy-Hill will do, to be profoundly convinced of that. There he will find villainy hissed and virtue applauded, the widow and the orphan the object of a sympathetic demonstration, proud wealth very properly greeted with derision, and the sanctities of the home (either marble palace or creeper-covered cottage) recognised as the bulwarks of that great empire on which the sun and the Prince of Wales never set.

To be present at such a display is to experience an emotional *Katharsis* such as Aristotle would have heartily approved. We emerge into the rain determined to meet life bravely and more than ever convinced, not only that virtue is its own reward but also that it has its own reward, a rather better one than the other thing gets. Or to put it concretely: "Blessed is the good young man, for he shall get a rich aunt."

A Stage-World.

But to pass from this atmosphere in which goodness is extolled to the atmosphere which our leaders or "our betters" radiate (I have the authority of Mr. Lloyd George and Marie Stopes for saying that atmosphere is 'radiated') is to find ourselves in a wholly different world. The world of our leaders has never yet been seen on land or sea. But it soon will be. Our leaders are joyously and expensively bringing it about. At present it is a stage-world and a world "through the looking-glass" of noveldom. But this land of the theatre and the novel (where our leaders preach their doctrines by showing them to us in human embodiment) is beginning to appear like Blake's hoped-for Jerusalem, "in England's green and pleasant land."

This world of playwright and novelist where audience and reader have been wicked vicariously has at last begun to extend its borders and touch our earth. What they have shown people how to do, people are now busily engaged in doing. A nation whose native and secret temptations have been exploited to fill seats or increase sales are naturally less averse than before to let themselves think about, discuss or do, what previously they had been taught were neither to be thought about nor discussed.

"Unveiled Nudities."

Perhaps the Victorians were wrong in supposing that if sex were not mentioned it would be forgotten; but are the Georgians any nearer

right when they maintain that by discussing it, acting it, and painting it, men will cease to be obsessed with it? Experimental psychology does not bear them out.

It used to be thought by the critics of art and literature that "unveiled nudities," like every other "situation," had their justification when the theme required it. The nude, being the highest form of natural beauty, needed delicate handling and reverent use, and was to the artist almost what the name of the Deity was to the devout, something not to be lightly taken into art, taken "in vain." Art to these had as one of its characteristics strength through restraint.

Perhaps the defence of our "leaders" is that no one will ever think of calling their productions literature or art. There is an amusing convention, however, that survives even in our code-free stage: poverty is honest and wealth is depraved. The "lady" tempts, the chauffeur is above temptation. Thus does smart society justify the labour creed.

Next week BRITANNIA'S Pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. G. A. Studert Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie").

Of course the excuse made for all this exhibition of "dirt" is that the lessons to be drawn from these plays are good; and we are reminded that the Romans made their slaves drunk in order by the sight to disgust their sons with drunkenness. But these folk don't make their slaves but their sons impure, to teach them, we suppose, the nastiness of impurity; and then answer their own original defence by maintaining that art has no lessons to teach but only beauty. Now is this beauty?

The people are shocked, are told that to be shocked is old-fashioned, and finally are bewildered to learn that all this exhibition of indecency is to teach them the shockingness of what they must not be shocked to see. The only sure result is that they have in fact grown accustomed to see, hear, and read indecency. Is it seriously maintained that this helps people to avoid it?

It is not only the leaders of the fine arts but of the arts who have been wrong, where the people have been sanely right. Contrast the general attitude of leaders and of people over "this police business." The people have never supposed that the police-administration produced justice. They knew it too intimately and painfully to suppose that. But they did agree to accept its failure to establish justice and instead acknowledged, as worth the price paid for it, that it did establish order. Hence, up to our time, the police were employed by the governing class to keep the governed classes in order.

It was this governing class that always extolled to Americans and all foreigners "our admirable system of justice." The governed

classes knew better than to say that. Then a new departure was made. The police began to take their masters in hand and keep them in order. Without justice? With exactly the same amount of justice that the police had always used, no more and no less. But whereas the people without any squealing took their dose, as inevitable and a fair price to pay for order, their leaders have been unable to see so far ahead and are foolishly in panic.

The press is determined to expose the police methods. "Our admirable system of justice" will be ruined. The prestige of the police has been already impaired. We shall shortly see "order" suffering from this attack of our leaders on the police. The governed classes will now be able to get "out of order."

Bishops and Science.

Even in things spiritual the leaders are far less sound than the people whom they are misleading. Leading divines have now decided that dogma needs restating. It no longer agrees with modern science. Of course humility is a Christian virtue, so that it must be edifying to see a Christian Bishop so humble that he prefers to believe the theories of science rather than the theories of Christian faith. It is a pity only that humility is not infectious, else we might one day see the President of the British Association preferring the theories of the Christian faith to the theories of science.

However, there is this much reciprocity, that, while the Bishop lectures us on science, the professor of anthropology lectures us on theology.

The people is essentially religious-minded, which is exactly why it no longer goes to church. What good is got by going to church? If they go to church, their leaders tell them that we have outgrown creeds and dogmas and need only spiritual uplift. A creed, of course, is the statement of beliefs which are not only believed but believed to be certainly true. That is all a creed is. Spiritual uplift without a creed to support it is therefore spiritual uplift based on what is not believed to be certainly true: The people is suspicious of such uplift. Is it wise?

The leaders conclude the matter by revising the Prayer Book. We are urged to appreciate the spiritual inwardness of a whole nation, religious enough to dispute hotly over Eucharistic doctrine and to feel anger over its faith denied. The pity is, however, that only two millions in the Church of England take the trouble to receive the Eucharist once a year, though it was splendid to find every one else willing to write and talk about it. The people is, however, bewildered by it all, wondering if this is honest, if this is true.

Harmless Politicians.

The politicians? They are the least harmful of our leaders. The Press has long since disillusioned us about them. No party but their own believes in them, and even their own party is somewhat sceptical about them.

What's right with England? Almost everything except our leaders. Won't someone take our leaders in hand?

MY LIFE

By Benito Mussolini



Many had meditated upon my funeral, and yet love is stronger than hatred.

I, Benito, always felt a power over events and over men.

of the newspaper *Avanti*. They burnt it to the ground. Others tried to assault the Workers' Chamber, but a strong military garrison prevented the Fascist attack. The action squads turned their activity into the suburbs, which were firmly held both by Communists and Socialists. The swift decisive work of the Fascists drove from their nests and put to flight the subverters of civil order. Political authority was powerless; it could not control the disorders and disturbances. On March 26th I called together all the Fascists of Lombardy. They filed off, marching compactly in columns, through the principal streets of Milan. It was a demonstration of strength never to be forgotten.

At last I had organised defenders of civil life, protectors of order and citizenship. A whole people might now be united in the name of the Roman Littorio, under the direction of Italian youth—youth which had won the war and would again attain a serene peace of spirit and reap the rewards of the faithful virtues of discipline, work and fraternity.

UNFORGETTABLE were the demonstrations for the victims of the dastardly bomb at the Diana Theatre. From that day, the progressive crumbling of the whole structure of Italian subversive elements began. These elements were driven like rats to their holes and were barricaded in the few forts of the Workers' Chambers and of the district clubs. I led a life of intense activity. I managed the *Popolo d'Italia*, and every morning I was able to give the political text for the day, not only to Milan, but to the principal cities of Italy where the political life of the Nation found its sources. I led the Fascist Party with a firm hand. I must say that I gave some very strict orders. I gave open ear to all who came to Milan to report as to our organisation in the various provinces. I watched the activity of our enemies closely. I maintained for the Fascists a clear, clean stream of purpose. I did not wish to mix or adulterate such a pure and strong faith as the Fascist faith. I did not intend either to blend that ardent youth which was so essential to Fascism, with old elements of trade and barter, combinations, coalitions, Parliamentary compromises and the hypocrisies of Italian Liberalism.

I have always kept an invincible passion for flying. At that period, so tumultuous, so

THE year 1921 was Dante's centenary. I was dreaming, in the name of Alighieri of "the Italy of to-morrow, both free and rich, with seas peopled with her fleets, with the earth everywhere made fruitful by her ploughs."

Later on, in a meeting of Lombardian Fascists, I indicated some landmarks of the Fascist battle. In a speech made to friends in Milan, I affirmed that by its fatiguing work Fascism was preparing men for the task of an imminent to-morrow: that of ruling the Nation. The Socialists and Communists, though debating between themselves on doctrinal questions, vied with each other in showing themselves more anti-Fascist than the others. The Communists had no scruples. Every day they gave proof of their contempt for law. They evidenced a foolish disregard for the strength of their adversaries. At Florence, during a parade of a patriotic character, there had been an attempt at a Communist insurrection. Bombs were thrown and isolated Fascists were pursued. It happened on this occasion that a very young Fascist named Berta was horribly murdered. The unhappy boy, surprised on a bridge which crossed the Arno River, was beaten to a bloody pulp and thrown from the parapet into the water. As the poor victim, with the dull instinct of self-preservation, clung to the railing bars with his fingers, the Communists rushed upon him and beat his knuckles until the poor boy's jellied hands slackened their grip, finally to let go

... His body was whirled about in the current. This single episode of incredible ferocity indicated how deeply Communist outrage had penetrated into Italy. As if that were not enough, soon afterward there occurred the butchery of Empoli, where two lorries loaded with Marines and Carabineers, were attacked by superior numbers. The proof of degenerate ferocity of the Communists was evidenced by the corpses of the poor victims, for their inert bodies were treated as jungle savages treat the corpses of their victims.

THIS was not confined to any one province. At that time there happened also the ambush and massacre of Casale Monferrato, where among the dead were two old Sardinian drummers and where Cesare Maria de Vecchi, a brave companion, was wounded. At Milan, isolated Fascists were singled out and attacked by stealth. One of our most beloved friends, the very young Aldo Sette, was murdered with all the accompaniment of savagery. But on March 23rd occurred the culminating episode of mediated horror. The Communists exploded a bomb in the Diana Theatre in Milan. It was crowded with peaceful citizens attending an operatic performance. The bomb killed twenty. Fifty others were mutilated. Milan was determined to be avenged. It was impossible to stem public sentiment. Squads of Fascists assaulted for a second time the offices

coloured by dramatic hues, every morning found me on a bicycle going and coming some eighteen miles to take further lessons in aviation. My teacher was Giuseppe Radelli, a modest and brave aviator, full of passion for flight and happy to make me really an expert pilot.

ONE morning I took a seat in a plane with Radelli. The flight came off without incidents. During the second flight, the motor stalled, just at the moment when we were about to land. The machine veered sideways, and after having glided on one wing we dashed on to a field from a height of about forty metres. The pilot came off with some slight wounds on the forehead and I had several about the head which took two weeks to heal. After an emergency dressing at the field I was treated more thoroughly by Doctor Leonardo Pallicri at the Guardia Medica of Porta Venezia.

However, the accident showed me how many Italians were following my affairs. I received warm messages of sympathy from all over the land. I rested, suffering, for some days, and then I took up my usual activity at the *Popolo d'Italia*, knowing that Italy no longer disregarded the part I was to play.

ON the same day of the carnage in the Diana Theatre and of the consequent reprisals while blood ran high, a certain Masi, sent by the anarchists of Piombino, came to Milan to attempt my life. He arrived at my house, rang the bell and boldly climbed the stairs. He was a strange creature of extraordinary mien. My daughter Edda went to open the door. The unknown asked for me. He was sent to the *Popolo d'Italia*, but went below and waited for me on the large public square of Foro Bonaparte. When he saw me he came toward me, at first rapidly, and then he slowly wavered. He asked me in a halting voice if I was Professor Mussolini, and when I said "Yes," he added that he desired to speak to me at some length. The strange behaviour of the individual with the grim eye made me realise that I found myself in the presence of a fanatic. I said that I did not give audiences in the street, I told him that I received at the *Popolo d'Italia*, where, in fact, he came half an hour later, asking to be introduced to me. I consented at once and willingly. Masi, who I repeat was a young man with burning eyes, appeared embarrassed as soon as he came into my presence. He said he wanted to speak to me. His behaviour was so curious that I asked him to tell me promptly and sympathetically what he wanted to say.

After a moment of hesitation he told me that he had been chosen by lot, in a ballot by the anarchists of Piombino, to murder me treacherously with a Barretta pistol. Later, having been assailed by doubt, he had resolved to come and confess to me—to hand me the weapon with which he had intended to kill me and to put himself at my mercy. I listened to him, but I said not a word. Taking the revolver from his hands, I called the chief clerk and telephone operator of the newspaper, Sant'Elia, and entrusted to him that unhappy man, so ensnared by anarchy and frightened by the consequences of his dreams. I wanted Sant'Elia to accompany him to Trieste with a letter of introduction to the Fascist Giunta. Soon after, however, the police, informed, by what means I know not, of the episode, arrested the anarchist of Piombino as he went away. This was the one clever piece of detective work performed at the time by the Milan police. But they utterly failed to trace the dynamiters of the Diana Theatre even after two months had elapsed. Oh, many had meditated upon my funeral. And yet love is stronger than hatred. I, Benito, always felt a power over events and over men.



Mussolini giving orders to Fascist Chiefs.

GIOLITTI in those days was in a most difficult Parliamentary situation. On the political horizon there had appeared a constellation of the first magnitude—Fascism. Facing this fact the President of the Council of that epoch deemed it opportune to measure the parties on the basis of Parliamentary suffrage, and he announced the elections for the month of May. After a preliminary discussion, the various parties which were pledged to order, in opposition to Socialism-Communism, found it expedient to go into the elections as a body, which could be defined as a National Bloc. Fascism found itself in the centre of the Bloc. All other parties showed their true colours as subverters in political and economic matters. The Socialist Party presented itself as separate from the Communist, while the Popular Party, which always had an inspiration of ecclesiastical religious character, moved on the field alone, leaning heavily on the political influence of the country vicars. In order to find out the real efficiency of our Party, I started reconnoitring in several provinces. I received enthusiastic receptions at the beginning of April in Bologna, a fortress of Socialism, and a barometer indicating the level of the whole Po Valley. Bologna welcomed me in a jubilation of colours with parades, fanfares of welcome and speeches favouring Italian resurrection. The butchery of the Palace of Accursio was still too fresh and red in memories. Fascism was in a hot fervour, therefore my presence could not fail to whip up in

all the young men a singular strength of will, hope and faith.

FROM Bologna I went to Ferrara, another stronghold of Socialism. And there again in an unforgettable demonstration of strength was waiting for me. Both Bologna and Ferrara are two magnificent towns, centres of exclusively agricultural regions. In those days I could measure by my youth and intimate knowledge the strength, the mentality, the way of thinking, and the longing for order of the workers of the land. I knew that their mentality had become twisted, but it was not dominated by red propaganda. At bottom their mentality was that of people wise and praiseworthy, who have always been the bulwark of the fortunes of the Italian race.

The electoral struggle lasted exactly a month.

During that period I made but three speeches, one in Bologna, one in Ferrara, and one in Milan. Contrary to what had happened during the political elections of 1919, I succeeded this time in getting a plurality, not only in Milan, but also in the districts of Bologna and Ferrara. Great demonstrations of joy followed the news. Furthermore, all Fascism in the electoral field was gaining in undoubted strides.

IN November, 1919, I did not succeed in getting more than 4,000 votes. In 1921 I was at the head of the list with 172,000 votes.



Mussolini with M. Poincaré.

My election to the Italian Chamber caused great rejoicing among my friends, my colleagues, my assistants. To all my faithful sub-editors, Giuliani, Gaini, Rocca, and Morgagni, I recalled the episode of 1919 when I declared to my discouraged and perplexed staff that within the space of two years I would have my revenge.

My prophecy had proved true. A new moral atmosphere was being breathed by all the people. Of the Fascists, not many entered Parliament, but the few who did represented in themselves a tremendous force for the new destinies of Italy. At Montecitorio (the House of Parliament) the Fascists formed their own group. There were only thirty-five representatives. It was numerically a small group indeed, but it was composed of men of pluck and excellent courage.

In the Socialist group, which was still large, there was one Misiano, a man of no merit. He had been a deserter in the war, and it was for that reason he was chosen to be elected Deputy in the districts both of Turin and Naples! Misiano did not cut much of a figure in the Socialist Party; he had contributed no policy, no element of culture, of will, or of sacrifice. He was a plain coward, who from mere bodily fear had left the trenches and passed over to the enemy. He was a deserter whom the Socialists, because of hatred of the war, had been willing to thrust forth for political rewards in peace.

This loathsome figure constituted an affront, a shame, and insult to the dead, to the brave survivors of battle, to the wounded, the mutilated, and to the orphaned boys and girls. No decent Parliament could have tolerated a thing of such extreme vileness. The Fascists were trained to obey only their orders and their consciences. One day they laid hold of Misiano and threw him out of the doors of Parliament. —it signified a programme. The air was cleared at Montecitorio—it was easier to breathe there. . . .

DURING the session I made few speeches. I think I spoke but five times. Certainly I tried to give my oratory spirit and to stick to realities. Certainly I confined it to a devotion to the interests of Italian life. I put aside Parliamentary triflings and the tin sword-

play of Parliamentary politicians. In a speech made on June 21st, 1912, I criticised without reserve the foreign policy of the Giolitti Ministry. I put on a firm realistic basis the question of Northern Italy, the Upper Adige. I pointed out the feebleness of the Government and of the men placed in authority over the new Provinces. One of these, Credaro, was "bound also by means of the symbol of the political compass and triangle to the immortal precepts" of false Liberalism, to wit—he was swayed by that Masonry which in Italy was representing a "web" of foreign and internationalistic ideas." Therefore, I affirmed solemnly: "As the Government of Giolitti is responsible for the miserable Salata and Credaro policy in the Upper Adige, I vote against him. Let us declare to the German deputies here in our Italian present Parliament, that we find ourselves at the Brenner Pass now, and that at the Brennero we will remain at any price." I again took up the hot impassioned subject of Fiume and Dalmatia. I violently attacked the shameful foreign policy of Sforza, leading our Land to humiliation and ruin.

I spoke of our domestic policy. I stripped the camouflage from the Socialists and Communists and made them face Fascism. I pointed out with irony the fact that among others with the Communists stood Graziadei, whom, at other times, had been my opponent when he was a Socialist reformist. I exposed the utter lack of principles to be found in representatives who dipped their paws into this or that party group or programme solely for the purpose of petty power or personal gain! The speech created a deep impression. It had a vast echo outside the Chamber, and was undoubtedly one of the causes which finally doomed the Giolitti Ministry to topple over like a drunken buzzard. I was not alone in the Parliamentary struggle. The group was helping me valiantly and with ability. Already the Deputy Federzoni, since then a distinguished official of the Fascist State, had started a review of the whole work of Count Sforza, Giolitti's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and particularly of his Adriatic policy. There had been dramatic sessions in which the work of the aforesaid Minister not only was put under a strict and inexorable examination according to both the logic and conscience of Fascism; it was also examined in the light of the negotiations and treaties, open or secret, of which the Parliament had to know and approve.

AFTER various Parliamentary ups and downs the Giolitti Ministry fell, and was followed by that of Bonomi, a Socialist who had become democrat for various reasons. He tried to set up a policy of internal pacification. He was interested in the truce between Fascists and Socialists, of which I have already told the meagre results. Just at the moment when Bonomi was developing this political fabric came the tragic episodes of the massacre of Sarzana. There not less than eighteen Fascists fell. Then came the butchery of Modena, where the Royal Guards shot into a parade of Fascists, leaving some ten dead and many wounded. The domestic policy had not found as yet any perch of stability. I was constantly carrying on my active task as leader of the Party, as journalist and politician. I had a duel of some consequence with Ciccotti Scozzese, a mean figure of a journalist. He was the long hand of our Italian political Masonry. Among other various imperfections, he was a physical coward. Our duel was proof of it. After several assaults the physicians were obliged to stop the encounter, because of the claim that my opponent had a heart attack! In other words, fear had set him all a flutter. Shortly before that duel I had one with Major Baseggio over some Parliamentary squabble. I think I am a good swordsman and I possess some qualities of courage. Thanks to both I always have come out of my duels rather well.

FINALLY, in November, 1912, I convened in Rome a large Fascist Congress for the Fascists of all Italy. The moment had arrived to emerge from the first phase in which Fascism had had the character of a movement outside the usual political divisions, into a new phase when the organic structure of a party would be made strong both by firm political entrenchment and by the growth of central and local organisation. The Italian Fighting Fascists had been inspired by impetuous spirit. They possessed, therefore, an organisation of battle rather than a true and proper organisation of party. It was now necessary to come to this second phase in order to be ready to succeed the old parties in the command and direction of public affairs. The congress at the Augusteo—the tomb of Augustus and now a concert hall in Rome—had to agree to the terms for the creation of the new party. It had to fix both the organisation and the programme.

That was a memorable meeting. Thanks to the number of the followers and the quickness and solidity of the discussions it showed the virility of Fascism. My point of view won an overwhelming victory in that meeting. The Italian Fighting Fascists were now transforming them-



Il Duce with Fascist Leaders before the March on Rome.



Some of the Veterans of the Dalmatian Campaigns.

selves. They were to receive the new denomination of Fascist National Party with central direction and supreme council over the Provincial organisation. On this occasion I desired with all my heart to strip from our party that personal character which the Fascist movement had assumed because of the stamp of my will. But the more I tried to give the party an autonomous organisation, the more I was convinced—from the evidence of facts—that the party could not have existed and lived, and could not be triumphant except under my command, my guidance, my support, and with my spurs.

The meeting in Rome gave a deep insight into the fundamental strength of Fascism, but especially to me it was a revelation of my personal strength. But there were several unpleasant incidents. There had been some men killed in Rome. The workers' quarters of Rome were hostile to us. The work of the Congress had, however, its full and normal development, and through the streets of Rome at last the Fascists filed in battle array. It warned everybody that Fascism was ripe, as a party, and as an instrument with the heart and the means to battle and to defend itself.

THE Bonomi Ministry developed its pacification policy in the midst of a thousand difficulties. The time and the moment were rather murky. The year 1921 presented problems which would have made any politician shiver. The horizon was fairly clear, but the sky was still heavy with old clouds.

About the end of this formless, grey year, an event happened in the financial world which threw a shadow of sorrow over the whole land. This was the crashing of the Banca Italiana di Sconto. The collapse was felt particularly in the Southern part of Italy by the humble classes who had deposited their savings in it. This great banking institution had been born during the War and had performed notable services, but it could not bear, in the post-War period, the burden of its engagements. This big banking organism in which the labouring populations of the South and of Upper Italy were so deeply interested was crumpling on itself, giving all the post-War Italian financial policy a sensation

of dismay and failure. Ignorance, foolishness, fault, levity? Who knows? Certainly our credit as a power and as a rebuilding force in comparison with foreign countries was diminished enormously. To the faults of our domestic policy was added now, in the eyes of the world, a plutocratic and financial inefficiency.

BUT from the broils of financial chaos and in the maze of debates which ensued Fascism kept itself aloof. It delayed, not to consider the past, but chose a sound, wise and far-seeing financial policy for the Nation.

For the first time I found myself squarely challenged by the gigantic problem of public finance.

I have always spoken of two States; one freed from servitude; the other indifferent to traditions, a slave to apathetic tendencies, dead to sacrifice.

FINANCE, the proper use and easy flow of capital, and the development of the banking structure of a nation must not be under-estimated when the responsibility of building a State or of leading a people out of chaos has to be faced.

The noisy crash of the great Banca Italiana di Sconto in Italy revealed, as I have said, a deep weakness in our economic structure. After the war it was clear that many banking and industrial enterprises were out of adjustment and must either disappear or be succeeded by stronger institutions. There were struggles between opposing groups of capitalists. These created a cynical attitude among the modern middle class; at the same time it was shown that our capitalistic industrial group resented having no comprehensive plan. We needed a strong capitalistic tradition, rigorous experience;

we found that in the whirl of events it was difficult to perceive who was right and who would probably be able to save himself when the pressure came and a test of strength was made.

THE other nations, who saw deeply into this strange cauldron—through the cold eyes of their financiers—made dark prophecies as to our economic life. The Italian Government did not know how to handle its money affairs and, not finding anything better, began to print money. That, of course, made the situation which was already bad and complicated, grotesquely worse. In January, 1922, the Inter-Allied Conference was held at Cannes in Southern France. It was a very good junket and it was made more pleasant by the fine hospitality of the French. I went there to serve my newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*. What an excellent occasion it was to distract public opinion from our internal crisis, at least temporarily! We could examine thoroughly, instead of domestic thorns, problems of international character! At Cannes I wanted to interview the great world politicians—responsible men. I would have liked with a full survey, to have acted as a guide to Italian public opinion as to the various ingredients which we could find in the pudding of our international situation. The Cannes conference was the overture to the opera of the Conference in Genoa. Italy should have selected her own policy. It should have been one which would not betray vital interests arising from our most indispensable historic and political necessities. At any rate because of these considerations, I decided to go to Cannes. I collected ten thousand lire for necessary expenses. My brother, Arnaldo, went to convert them at a money changer's and brought me the equivalent in French money, which amounted to no more than five thousand, two hundred francs.

Though I had followed the courses of foreign exchange this little personal experience made a deep impression. It made me realise that the Italian currency had lost nearly half of its value in comparison with French currency! It was a grave symptom. It was humiliation. It was a blow to the self-respect of a victorious



Mussolini talking to a farm labourer on his farm at Ferli.

nation, a vexing weather-vane; it showed our progress toward bankruptcy! And up leaped the thought that this situation must be cured by the vital strength of Fascism.

THE Cannes conference had no importance; it was just a preface to Genoa. It was clothed in an atmosphere of indifference. To me, however, the sojourn at Cannes gave means to extract personally from a direct and realistic examination of peoples and events, deep and well rooted conclusions. The Cannes conference had provoked a sudden ministerial crisis in France. Briand, whom I interviewed in these days, resigned without waiting for a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. And, in an article of January 14th, 1922, entitled "After Cannes," having given due weight to the numerous sharp interrogation marks of the international situation, I concluded:—

THE unsolved problems, questionings and challenges could be ranged in line to infinity. It is imperative, instead, to take note of the most important lesson of the French crisis. The masses of the population who suffer morally and economically must say in their hearts, "These gentlemen are either without conscience, or they are powerless and flabby. They either have no wish to make peace or they are not able to make it. A Europe in such terrible conditions of spirit and economy as the present frippery, must embark on reason or sink. Europe of to-morrow, broken in divisions of impoverished peoples, may become a colony; two other Continents are already high up on the horizon of history!"

I HAVE always spoken as a journalist, as a politician, as a deputy, of the existence of two Italies. One appeared to me freed from servitude. It was noble, proud, loyal, devoutly dedicated by a bloody sacrifice of war, resolved always to be first in the field to defend the right. On the other side, however, I saw another Italy, dull to any consciousness of nobility and power, indifferent to origin and traditions, serving obscure "isms," a slave to apathetic tendencies, cold, egotistic, unable to make a gallantry, dead to sacrifice. In a thousand hardships,

in numerous fights, those two Italies were brought by immutable destiny one against the other; their opposition exploded in bloody forms, typical of the fierce and final struggle between the Fascisti and their enemies. To see in its true colours the character of this antithesis, let us examine some of the typical episodes.

IN Pistoia, for instance, a brave officer, Lieutenant Federico Florio, who fought valiantly during the war and who had followed D'Annunzio in Fiume, was murdered treacherously by a deserter anarchist, Cafiero Lucchesi. It was a crime premeditated by a craven to strike down a gallant man. This criminal outrage filled the souls of the Fascisti with indignation. The last words of our martyr were simple and solemn: "I am sorry now that I cannot live to do something else for my country." No more. Then the agony came. I felt that such sacrifices cemented indissolubly the unity of Fascism.

"A formidable cement!" I wrote in my paper, "It binds the Fascisti legions; a sacred and intangible bond keeps close the faithful of the Littorio. It is the sacred bond of our dead. They are hundreds. Youths. Mature men. Not a party in Italy, nor any movement in recent Italian history can be compared to Fascism. Not one ideal has been like the Fascist—consecrated by the blood of so many young souls. If Fascism were not a faith, how did it or could it give stoicism and courage to its legions? Only a faith, which has reached the heights, only a faith can suggest those words that came out from the lips of Federico Florio, already bloodless and grey. Those words are a document; they are a testament. They are as simple and as grave as a passage of the Gospel." "The Fascisti of all Italy must receive and meditate these words—in silence—but unceasingly marching, always more

determined—toward the goal! No obstacle can ever stop them."

ALL of us fully realised that command and impulse which came from the dead. When faith leaps out of the hearts of martyrs it carries irresistibly the sure impression of nobility, and brands men with the symbol of its eternal greatness. The groups of the Fascisti, their meetings, their compact parades, and their service in patriotism had as ideal leaders our martyrs, invincible knights of the Fascist faith and passion. We called them by name, one by one, with firm and sure voice. At every name, the comrades answered, "Present." This was a simple rite; it had all the value and the affirmation of a vow.

Quite an opposite symptom of the two contrasting Italies was manifested plainly enough in the politics displayed by the two Senators, Credaro and Salata. These two men seemed to ask from the natives on the border zones who were not of Italian blood a kind of mercy and tolerance for the fact that they themselves were Italians. No exaction of the German speaking people on the frontier was considered unjustified. Little by little with that policy of cowardice and servitude we renounced our well defined rights, sanctified by the example and the blood spilled by volunteer heroes. Already in June, 1921, as I have already said, I had denounced and ridiculed in the presence of all the Chamber of Parliament the work done by Credaro and Salata without mincing words. Their destructive, eroding work, however, continued. The Fascisti, confronted by successive proofs of such innate and inane weakness, were roused; they accused the two Governors with violent words. On January 17th, 1922, at the meeting held in Trieste, the Fascisti demanded the recall of Salata and the suppression of the central office for the New Provinces. That campaign succeeded in making its own way some time afterward. In fact, the two Senators Credaro and Salata were recalled even though they were replaced by the Government. But the consequences of their errors were suffered for a weary time. The black-shirts would have garrisoned quite differently and with pride and dignity the sacred limits of the Brenner and the Nevoso.

DURING that period of bitter charges, counter charges, debates and squabbles, while the European horizon was still filled with thunderstorms, came the death of the Pontiff Benedict XV, Giacomo della Chiesa, of a noble family of Genoa. He died on the 22nd of January, 1922. He had ruled the Church in the most stormy period of the war, following Pius X, the kind-hearted patriarch of Venice, who distinguished his pontificate by a strong battle against the fads of political and religious modernism. Benedict XV did not leave in our souls a sympathetic memory.



Mussolini with General Benzani and General Capuza at the Air Force Barracks in Rome.

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next week.

THE WOMAN'S SECTION

HOME

EDITED BY

GARDEN

CHILDREN

Julia Cairns

BEAUTY

COOKING

FASHION

WIT
AND
WISDOM

WE women are again on trial and by our wit we shall stand or fall. The first English, all-women's debating team left the other day for the United States to spend two months travelling through the South and Middle West. They are to match their knowledge, logic, and humour against American men and women university students at meetings where the public decides who has presented the abler case.

Many academicians on both sides of the Atlantic think it a dangerous experiment. Only after the most weighty consideration did the American universities decide on it. Male debating teams have crossed the ocean for years, but to have—Women! What was equally feared was the female blue-stocking of solid English learning—whose severity would freeze all and sundry—and the feminine charmer of English voice and complexion who would cause sentimental complications from coast to coast. Chance most fortunately stepped in to help the National Union of Students here out of their quandary.

Fair Blue-Stockings.

ASERIES of debates tested the issue. Those who proved the best debaters happen also to have their blue-stocking qualities concealed most admirably beneath fair feminine exteriors. They are Miss Nancy Samuel, who is following in her father's footsteps (Sir Herbert Samuel), Miss Leonora Lockhart, and Miss Marjorie Sharp of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London.

The debates between English and American teams are very popular over there. Voting—in the East, anyhow—is non-partisan. Some American students, when their side loses, bitterly accuse the feminine portion of the audience of succumbing to the irresistible charm of English voices and turning the vote. Perhaps. What they all do appreciate is the swift, rapier wit, which, good-humouredly, but none the less mercilessly, tears in shreds the opposing case, as well as that sparkling repartee which makes the other side's *bon mots* shed their lustrous quality. These gifts are developed in the peculiarly English style of debating.

They Work as One.

THEN, too, team work between the British visitors is incomparably better, because they have learnt to rely on themselves. The students over there are coached by a professor. Under his supervision they marshal their facts and their arguments soundly.

EVERY regular reader of "Britannia" is invited to make full use of this Service Department, which I am personally directing.

In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this free Service are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries, which should be addressed to:—

Britannia Universal Service,
Julia Cairns Department,
Britannia,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the enquiry within—e.g. "Home," "Beauty," etc.

By
Margaret
Thomas

When a case can be upheld solely by these they win. Let the decision rest on quickness to perceive weaknesses in the other side's armour, and, with witty mercilessness to expose them, the English team emerge conquerors. They work as one. Quickly do those sheets of paper, on which one will jot down scoring points for the next speaker, pass around the table.

So wit in the present trial of women is all important. Our women's team will stand or fall over there by the third speaker, whose alertness to seize the points of the moment, and whose quick brain phrases the opposing view in flashing lunge and parry, brings victory. She is Miss Marjorie Sharp, who, to use her own words, supplies the "comic relief."

It was felicitous of Fate to have arranged this for 1928. Just fifty years ago exactly, women stood on trial before—and in connection with London University. After a contest of sixteen years, during which all the eloquence of Mr. Grote, the Vice-Chancellor, had failed to secure the assent of the Senate, women were at last admitted on the same terms and conditions as men.

Because of a Cook.

THE correspondence is a revelation of delight. We look back with appreciative admiration on Emily Shirreef and Emily Faithfull.

In 1878, one man, who was feeling very bitterly because he could not obtain a competent cook, and who deplored this high education taking women out of their "proper sphere," wrote:

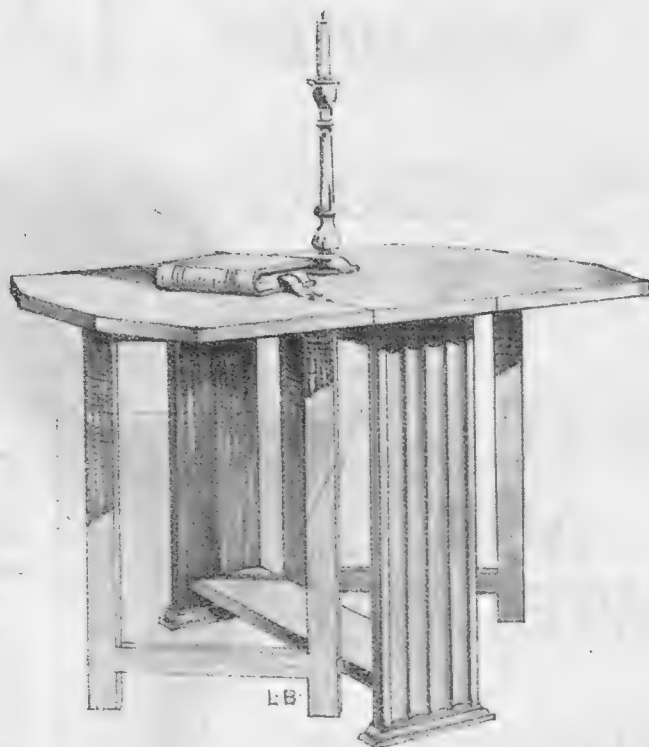
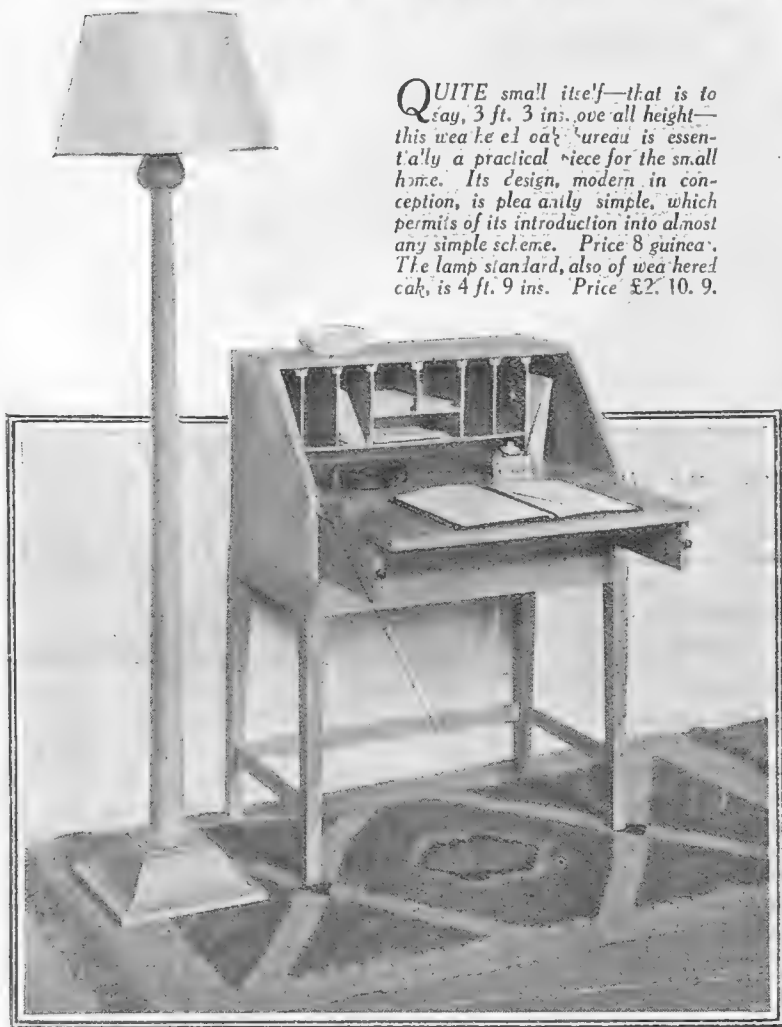
"Now that women are on their trial, and at a time when their fitness for participation in the affairs of the world is being seriously discussed, it would be a pity if their claims to consideration should be in any way prejudiced by the peevish and petulant tone that has been adopted by these ladies who profess to speak in their name."

Perhaps fifty years has wrought a change. One observer certainly cannot see either peevishness or petulance in the letter under fire. What is patent, though, is the wit of that gracious lady of 1878 whose reply to the gibe was: "I scarcely think he would have written as he did but for the digestive condition into which his incompetent cook had reduced him *for the time being*,"—italics not hers.

Women emerged victoriously in 1878. Can we doubt the outcome of the present trial, 1928?

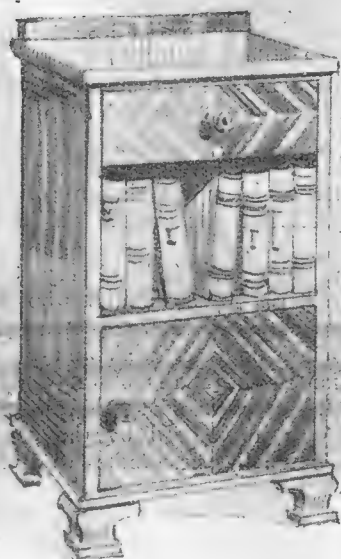
If yours is a Small Home Choose— SMALL FURNITURE

QUITE small itself—that is to say, 3 ft. 3 ins. over all height—this weathered oak bureau is essentially a practical piece for the small home. Its design, modern in conception, is pleasingly simple, which permits of its introduction into almost any simple scheme. Price 8 guinea. The lamp standard, also of weathered oak, is 4 ft. 9 ins. Price £2. 10. 9.

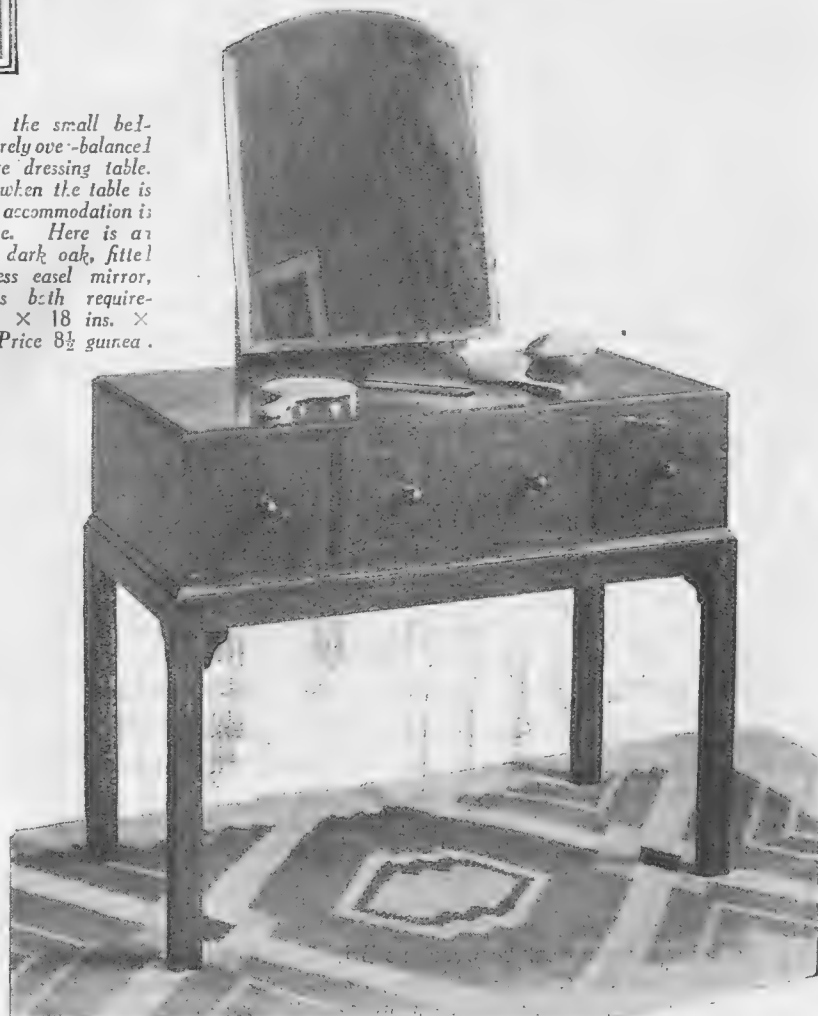


ADDITIONALLY interesting, since it is made of British Empire timbers, this gate-leg table, in Tasmanian silky oak, is a very practical design for a small occasional table, equally suitable for the sitting-room, bedroom, or hall. It is 2 ft. 9 ins. × 2 ft. 4 ins. and 2 ft. 4 ins. high. Price £6. 15. 0

HOW often the small bedroom is entirely over-balanced by a too-large dressing table. Yet frequently when the table is small, the draw accommodation is quite inadequate. Here is an ideal model in dark oak, fitted with a frameless easel mirror, which combines both requirements. 3 ft. × 18 ins. × 2 ft. 6 ins. Price 8½ guinea.



IN walnut, this pedestal bookcase is more than a bookcase for, besides its surface, it is fitted also with a small draw above and a small cupboard below. Price £12. 10. 0.



with BIG IDEAS

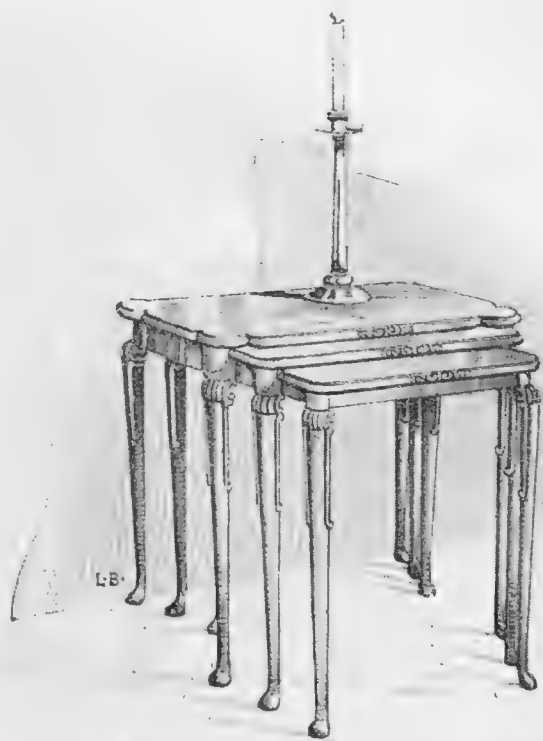


IN view of its small size, this table look case below seems almost to achieve the impossible. It again is in Tasmanian silky oak, quite beautifully inlaid with bean-wood banding. 2 ft. 4 ins. × 2 ft. 4 ins. Price £13.10.0.



AMONG the many convenient small tables with anything but small ideas, this is one of the most ingenious. Beneath the main table are fitted four segment tables, each of which has a shelf beneath. When the latter are not required, they hide themselves neatly away, at the same time adding to the main table additional under-shelf accommodation. Whole 2 ft. dia. 18 ins. high. Segment portion 11 ins. × 11 ins. and 17 ins. high. Price £4. 10. 0.

THE book case which is eligible for the small home is not always easy to find. Here is one, in walnut, carried out with all the characteristic simplicity of design and sound craftsmanship which typifies the better work of our own century. 4 ft. 6 ins. × 3 ft. 10 ins. × 15 ins. Price 19 guineas.



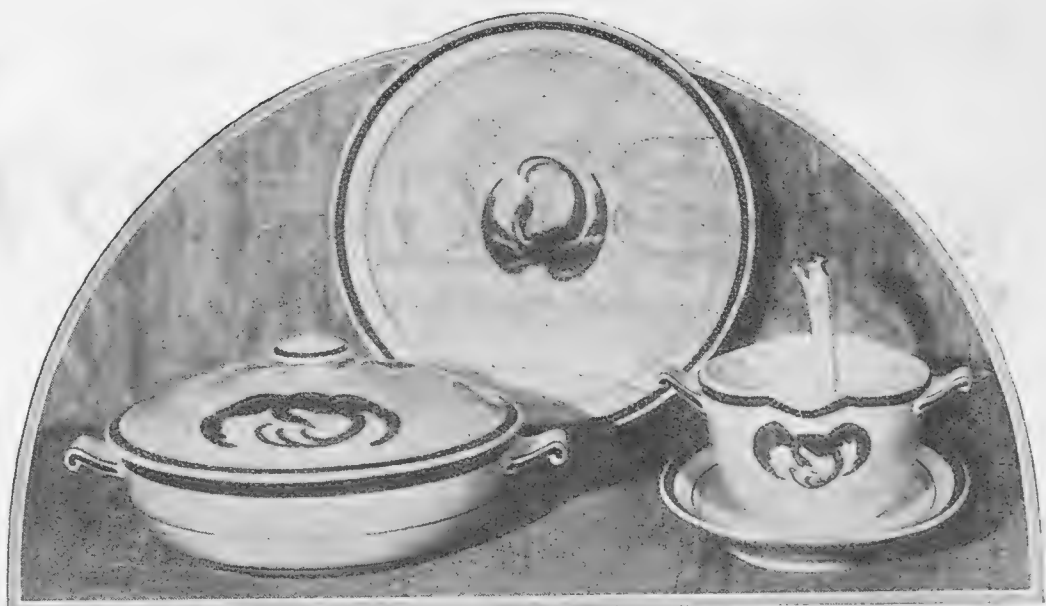
MANY of us have already made friends with the very accommodating little nest of tables. Here is a particularly attractive and well made set of three in carved walnut, the largest table being 1 ft. 8 ins. × 1 ft. 3 ins. Price £17.10.0.

Readers who wish to know where these pieces can be obtained, are invited to write to the Service Department, as directed on page 537.

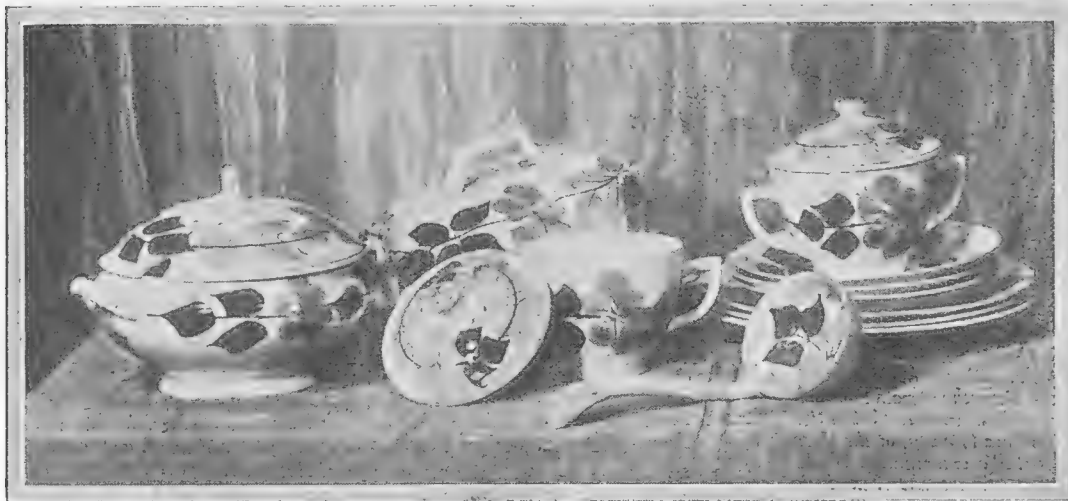
NEWS from CHINA TOWN

By Marjorie Day

If you wish to know where these china sets can be purchased, write to the Service department as directed on page 539.



You will, I am sure, love the simplicity of this hand-painted, blue-pattern dinner set, which combines daintiness with utility.



The evening meal seems a thousand times more tempting when served in such attractive china. The design itself, in soft glowing reds and pinks and quiet greens, does not obtrude upon the existing colours in the interior decoration of the room.

On the china there should be no deep nooks and crannies which will harbour dust, making the actual drying and cleaning so difficult. Your purse will thank you, too, for the fact that there are no corners that are awkward and will chip off easily, and even if you did accidentally let one of the pieces fall and break it can be replaced without any trouble.

Can you not picture yourself pouring out afternoon tea, with one or two of your intimate friends looking on admiringly, while you tell them of your latest news from "China Town!"

THERE are two ways of spelling "House"—the masculine and the feminine. That is why it takes a Woman to make it "Home." Wherein does it lie—this little difference which means so much? One knows that it is not in the foundations, or in the furnishings. Here man can build a house, and fit it with all the latest conveniences, furnish it, make it quite pleasant to live in—yet, I promise you, it will lack something, and something vitally important. Perhaps one is nearer the point in saying that it is in the less tangible yet, in some ways, far more forcible touches which, almost unconsciously, are felt as a legitimate part of the life of everyone who is entitled to call his or her house, however small it be—home. The little touches which only the insight of a woman can understand—which only a man will accept without questioning as his undisputed right!

Here is some delightful china which your home will welcome. The simple design introduces attractive touches of colour—yellow, pink and green.

YOU are a woman, so you will understand. Others may not be aware of the care you take to keep the dining-room fresh with new-cut flowers, or the careful thought you give to vary the menu, and to serve each dish in so tempting a manner—yet far back in their thoughts they will give you their heart-felt thanks for all those little things whose absence would be so keenly felt.

TAKE, for instance, the little trip of yours yesterday afternoon to find a dinner-set, which combined daintiness with utility—something not too expensive, a little out of the ordinary, yet a welcome addition to the dinner table. For I know you are not one of those happy-go-lucky, (though admittedly very charming) people who will be content with second best. Who but the initiated would dream that you took so much trouble? Yet even the uninitiated could not but agree, on seeing your dinner table to-night, that your expedition was not without its reward.

These pieces make a practical appeal for there are no awkward corners that will chip off as you wash the china, nor small nooks and crannies to harbour the dust.





A SIX YEAR OLD HOUSE

Large trees make a delightful background and lend an air of maturity to even the youngest garden.

From this picture you get only a hint of the charm of the one large living room, which is a sitting room and dining room combined.

In summer and in winter a lily pond will be a thing of beauty, especially if green ferns and rock plants cluster around its edges.



court and garage are all included in one acre, giving infinite variety in this comparatively small space. Around the lily pool itself cluster myriads of ferns, and in the background is a dove-cote standing high and serene, as if it had been there since the beginning of time.

Large windows look out on the garden, capturing and retaining the maximum amount of light and sunshine—a most important factor in this climate. The front door opens into a tiny entrance hall which, in its turn, leads off into a large sitting room. This combines sitting room, dining room, even billiard room, and a French window giving access to the garden. The idea of making one room serve the purposes of three is surely a happy one in these days of limited space and time.

A moderately low ceiling with oak rafters adds a picturesque old world effect. And in sunny weather what is there to stop you from enjoying meals in the loggia which is a veritable sun trap at the side of the house?

The rest of the space on the ground floor is taken up by three fairly large bedrooms, the maid's room being next to the kitchen. And upstairs there is another bedroom, with an exceptionally long room, which makes an excellent studio.

Cupboards are fitted into every available corner, and the whole house has been planned with the idea of saving labour.

Yet in spite of practical ideas of economy of labour, space and money, the corner of the living room illustrated here proves indisputably that comfort and charm have not been sacrificed.

The whole spirit of the house and garden is one of established peace, and who could guess that its story had only just begun?

M.S.

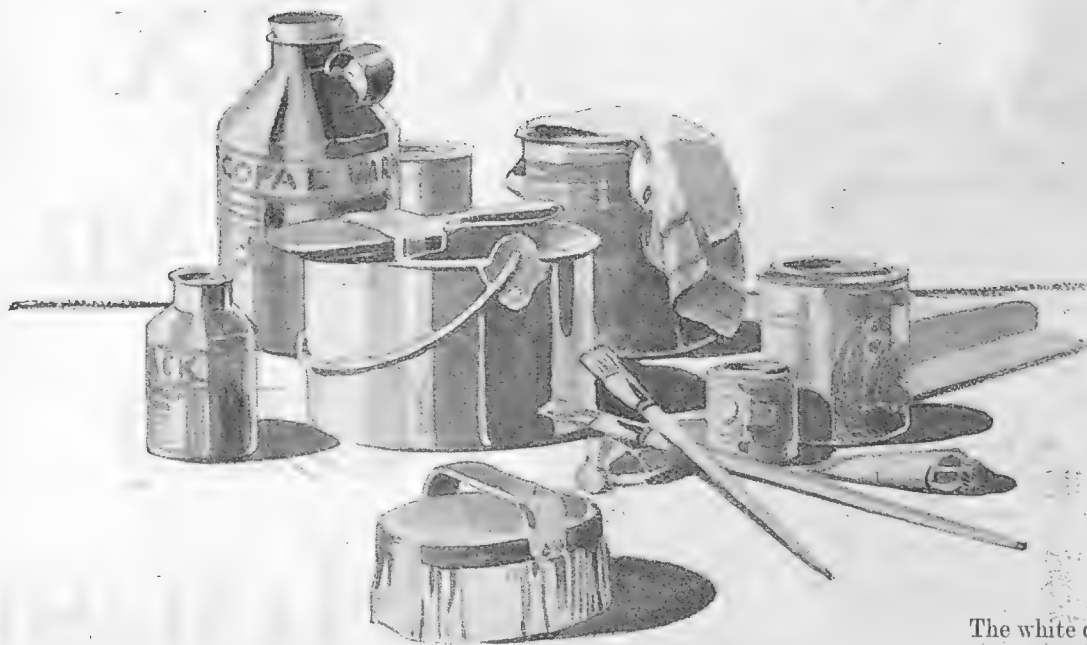
SIX years ago, there was a piece of land to be sold. An artist saw it and realised what a perfect site it was, so he bought it, and with the help of a woman architect, designed the house which you see on this page.

It is strange that in some things "newness" is desirable, and yet in others it is not. We like new shoes and clothes, but seldom a new-looking house. And although only six years old, part of the charm of this house lies in the appearance of comparative maturity which it has taken up. The large trees in the background do much to help this, by the air of solemn maturity which they lend to it.

Careful thought and planning has been given to the grounds. A sunk garden with a delightfully situated lily pool, a kitchen garden, a tennis



IN TOUCH



lino. The skirting and door are painted to match the ceiling and around the window are "picked out" two narrow borders in vermilion. The door has been given precisely the same treatment as indicated in the case of the built-in cupboard.

TAWNY brown beech leaves on a carpet of green moss . . . dappled sunlight on a rippling stream . . . slashes of blue behind a pine-crested horizon . . . many-coloured dahlias, gladdening the more sombre brown earth . . . yellowing larch trees, shimmering, chiffon-wise in the cool grey of late autumn—these are only a few of the pictures of Nature, which whisper a message to every home-maker. A message asking for colour, for sane, wholesome colour. And immediately you begin to think of colour in terms of Nature, I do not believe that there is one in a million who will gainsay the charm, the peace, the freshness, the added interest that comes when colours that are born of Nature are re-echoed in the Home.

To come down to practical facts, let us consider what can be done, say, in the hall. Neither you nor I want it to look like everybody else's entrance hall. We want it to have just that touch of individuality which makes all the difference in the world. Isn't that so? Suppose there are the usual cream or buff-coloured distempered walls. The woodwork—that is to say, the doors and skirting—may be painted ivory, and we will assume that the floor is stained to match mid-oak furniture. This, in itself, is quite a pleasant scheme, and there is nothing in the world wrong with it, but I am of opinion that, if you decide to paint around the architrave and narrow border in burnt orange, with a slightly wider border in soft saffron, leaving between them a moulding in ivory, and, similarly, "picking out" the panels of the doors in burnt orange, painting the whole of the sunken portion of the panels in pale saffron, again leaving the moulding in ivory, you will find that, for very little extra cost, the doors leading off from your entrance hall will be the admiration of all who see them.

This is only a suggestion. You may prefer not to use the orange and saffron shades. Two shades of blue, perhaps. But the main point is—whatever colours you decide on, let your narrow border be in the stronger colour, using your softer shade for the wider surfaces.

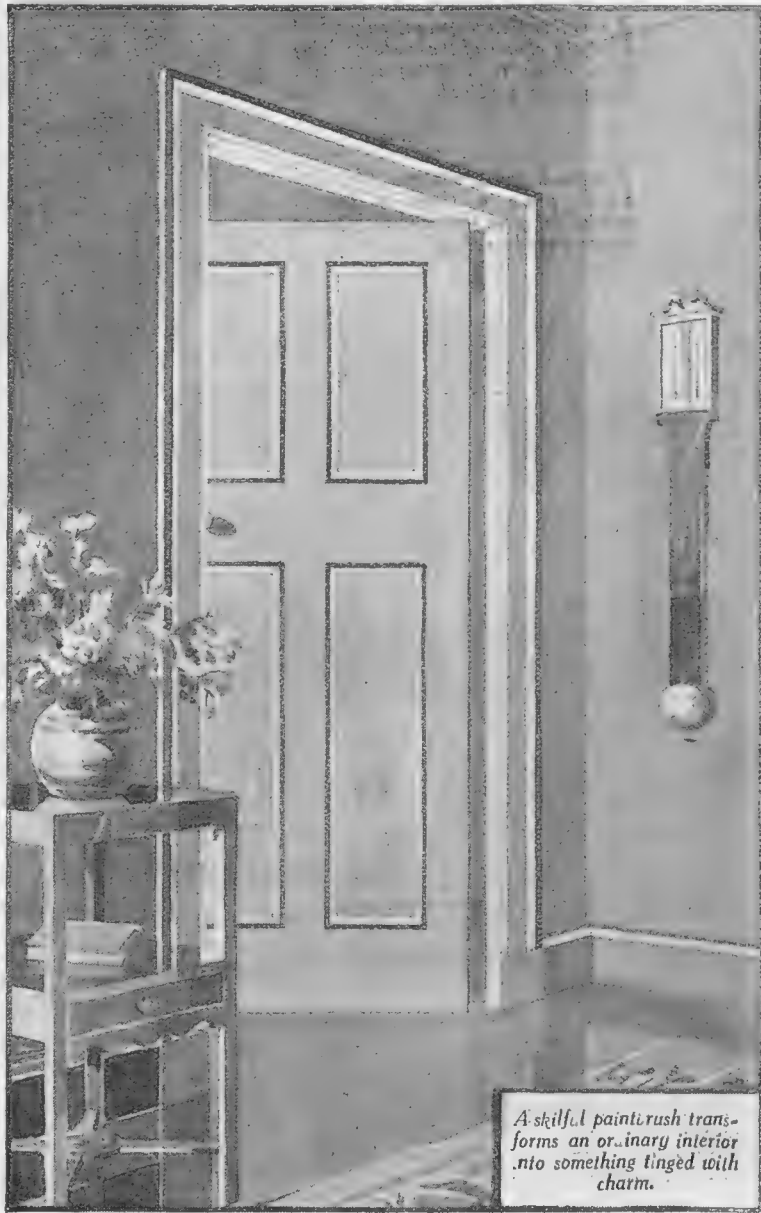
AGAIN, so much can be done in the way of built-in cupboards. Suppose you have one built into your dining-room. Imagine that the walls are painted in antique ivory, your cupboards being painted to match, to avoid detracting from the apparent size of a small room.

Perhaps your curtains are expressed in jade green. Then, here again, get busy with the paint-pot and, leaving the outer border of the woodwork ivory, proceed to "pick out" the moulding of the woodwork in the same arresting green as the curtains; the moulding should be left ivory, for contrast, but emphasised each side by a narrow line in jade.

Quite an ordinary fireplace, too, can be given an air of added interest when the paint-pot is brought into play. Let me quote an instance. In a certain room, with primrose walls and petunia-coloured furnishing fabrics, the hard frigidity of white woodwork gave an unfriendly appearance to the fireplace. The difficulty, however, was overcome by painting the entire woodwork in a very soft shade of coral pink, which harmonised to perfection with the other tones in the room. Then, the narrow mouldings and the centre motif, somewhat suggestive of the Adam period, were all carefully "picked out" in gold.

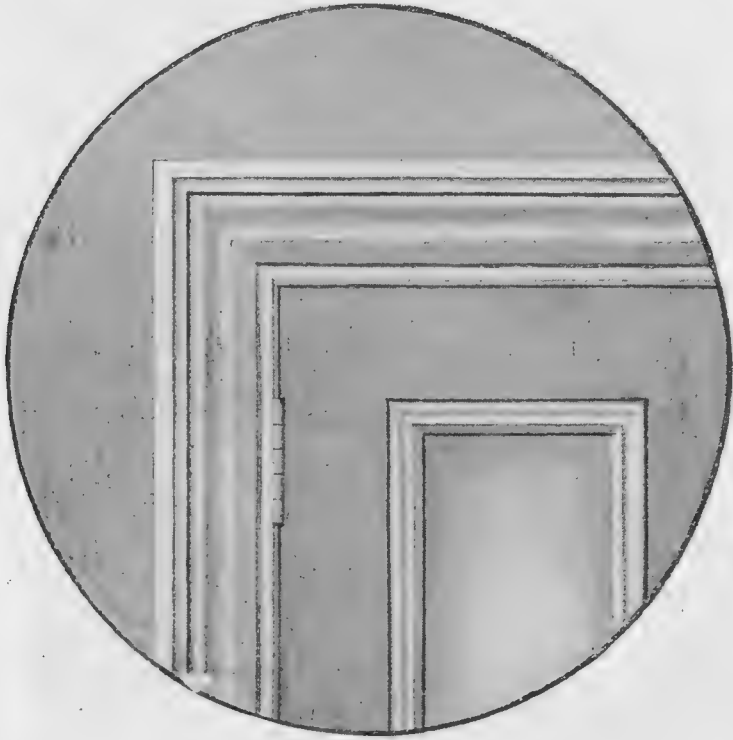
And, believe me, the paint-pot can work wonders in the bathroom. Here is an example. The entire walls are painted in a soft shade of lavender grey. The ceiling is cream, and the floor fitted with vermilion

ANOTHER bathroom that interested me not so very long ago was decorated thus. The white ceiling, white painted walls, and white woodwork remained. The mouldings of the door, of the fitted cupboard, and of the window frame, were all neatly "picked out" in black, and the floor was fitted with plain black jaspé linoleum. Now you may suggest that this must have been rather dull in effect, but I assure you that it was the very reverse. . . . the reason being that, in the case of any black and white scheme, you are left with a complete freedom in so far as curtains and other accessories are concerned. In this particular case, a little half-way curtains were carried out in orange linen, and all the bath towels were monogrammed in orange. Details, such as the bathroom accessories, were in orange coloured opaque glass and even the bath mat in orange, black, and white linked up admirably with the scheme.

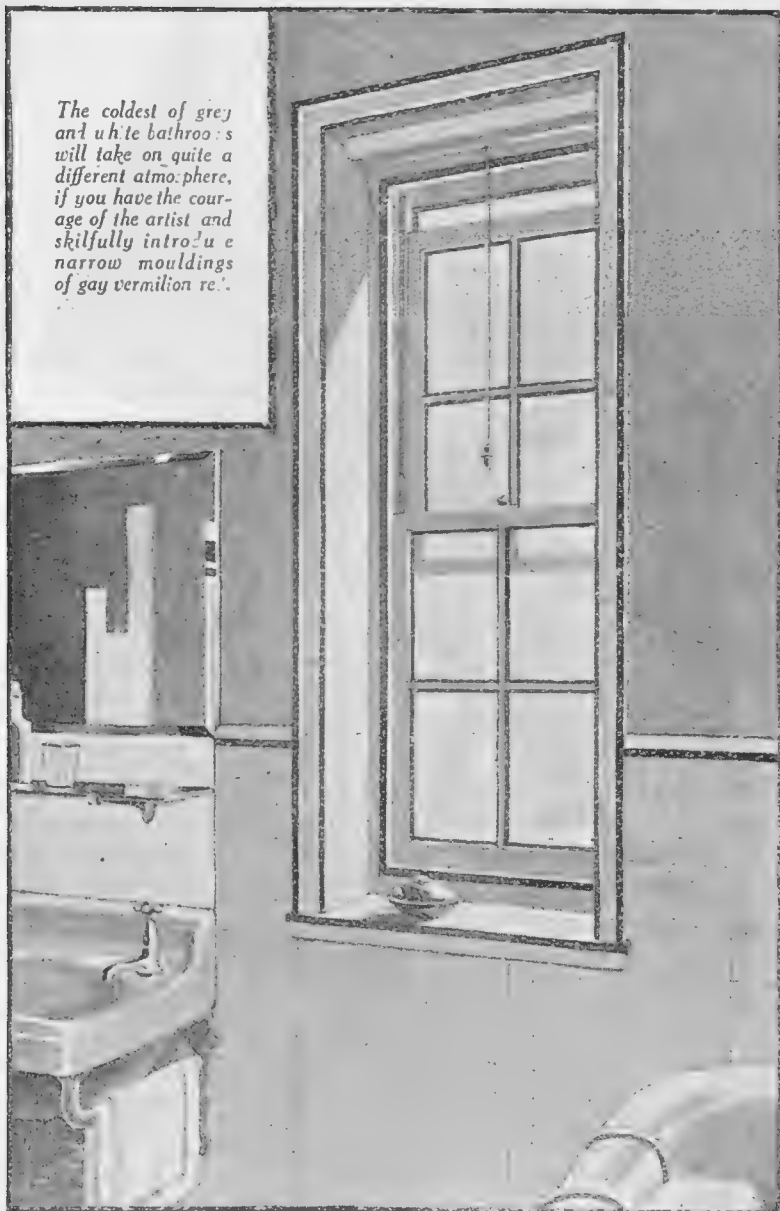


A skilful paintbrush transforms an ordinary interior into something tinged with charm.

WITH THE PAINT POT



Remember, too, that even your built-in cupboard's, practical though their conception may be, can be decorative too—with the discriminate use of colour.



The coldest of grey and white bathrooms will take on quite a different atmosphere, if you have the courage of the artist and skilfully introduce narrow mouldings of gay vermillion red.



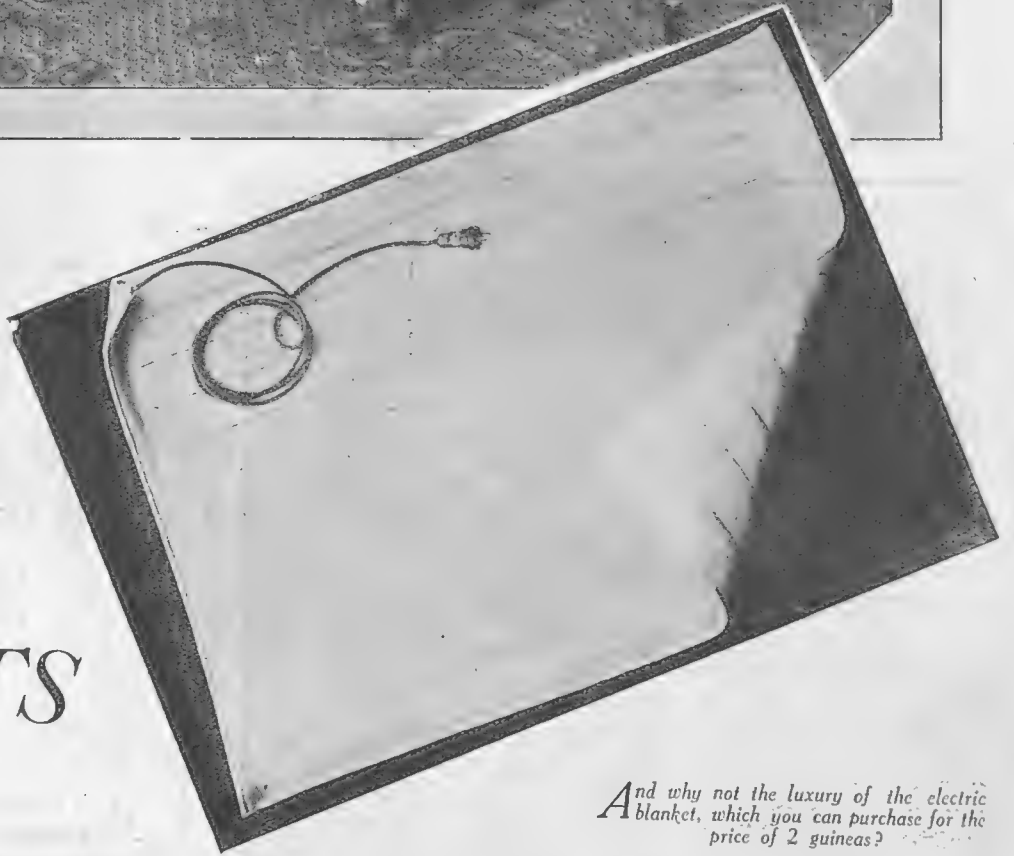
If your fireplace seems out of the color picture, remember even the most frigid-looking white paintwork can quite easily take on a decorative and colourful aspect.

ANY well-known paint manufacturer will co-operate in the matter of colours and tint-cards, and many of them issue quite helpful booklets to encourage the amateur. If you will write to me I shall be only too happy to send you the names and addresses of firms who will give you assistance and advice in this matter, because while I am all against defacing any home with the indiscriminate introduction of ill-conceived colour, at the same time I am frankly of the opinion that if only she would keep in touch with the paint-pot many a housewife to-day would get so much more satisfaction and fun out of her home (for, after all, why shouldn't fun come into this question of home-making? Don't let us be too serious about it!).

Julia Cammell



When you turn back your bedspread at night, why not let it show a coloured blanket, if you do not use an eiderdown?



YOUR BLANKETS

HAVE you ever bought blankets? Are you ever likely to buy any? Because if so, there are certain facts about them which it is essential for you to be aware of. Perhaps you have not been very interested by them; you may even have considered them one of those dull and ordinary household necessities which have no variety except in quality—and price!

I wonder what you would say to a blanket which was brought to my notice the other day. It was in one of those soft tender shades of rose which are so impossible to name, bound all round with thick satin of a deeper tint. Its surface-texture was as fine as the skin of a peach, and as soft to the touch as thistledown. Very large, very thick and very heavy, its price was exactly seven pounds. Yes—un-

By
Marjorie Hand

attainable for most of us. But what a princely (and not impossible) gift for a mother or a beloved invalid!

At the other end of the coloured scale, sufficiently charming and practical to console anyone, was a not quite so sumptuous affair in pale blue, for one pound only. These coloured blankets must not be regarded as luxuries, for they fulfil a very special purpose. Many people like to use them as top blankets, so that when the bedspread is removed at night, the bed does not present that uncompromising and undressed appearance that results when there is no down quilt to cover it.

And why not the luxury of the electric blanket, which you can purchase for the price of 2 guineas?

The most familiar type of blanket, of course, is known as a Witney. These have a fluffy surface when first bought, caused by the combing out of the woollen pile. If the blanket is of poor quality, this tends to weaken the fabric, and is more particularly noticeable after a little wear and washing. The better qualities, which are made with longer wool and a finer and closer weave, are better able to stand this combing, though Scottish housewives often protest that there is no blanket to equal the "cloth" or Scotch blankets for good hard wear. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that this fluffy combed effect of the Witney blanket does give a delightfully soft and cosy effect which the Scotch blanket lacks, though it can quite easily be lost and the blanket "felted" unless the greatest care is taken in washing it.

If you do not feel capable of assessing the quality of an ordinary Witney blanket by holding it up to the light, scrutinising the closeness of the weave and the fineness of the yarn, and rubbing it gently between your finger and thumb, a good general test is to have it weighed, as the price is relatively proportioned to the amount of wool in it. I was interested to see, by the way, a little time ago, one firm actually mentioning the weight in its advertisements of blankets.

The "cloth" or Scotch blankets are totally different in appearance from the Witney, for they are uncombed, rather thinner and woven with a diagonal twill. They are often bought for the tropics; also for under blankets, for use between the mattress and the under sheet. This latter partiality was explained to me as being due to the fact that, having no stripes, they are not visible through the sheet, but personally I feel rather that it is due to the fact that they will stand constant rubbing and pressure without signs of "matting." Fifteen shillings each is a good average for such a blanket, and the difference between that and the price of a flannelette one will repay you ten times over.

HIGHLY commended by those who have used them are the new cellular blankets. These have a very fine, very open mesh (like cellular underclothing) and are much to be recommended on the same principle. As the very best wool is used in their manufacture, they are both light and warm, and a real boon to those beings to whom winter means a choice between chilliness or a distasteful and unaccustomed weight of blanket. One pair costs about five guineas.

If you visited the House of the Future, at this year's Ideal Home Exhibition, you probably noticed that the beds in it were furnished with electric blanket. In appearance they look rather like a very large sort of quilted pad with a cotton cover to it, to one corner of which is attached a long flex with a plug for inserting in the electric light. The heating elements are *inside* the blankets and evenly distributed, so that a very dry uniform heat is

given off (very preferable to the moist localised heat of a hot water bottle). This heat is not intended, of course, to be kept on all through the night, but is switched on about half-an-hour before bedtime, then either turned off or kept on for just a very few minutes longer.

These blankets are quite unique in their power to eradicate dampness in a bed, and do away entirely with the weird devices we have recourse to when getting a spare bed ready for a stray visitor. They are equally valuable, of course, for persons inclined to suffer with rheumatism, neuralgia, and any other aches and pains associated with the cold raw days of winter.

TWO other forms of blankets must be mentioned, though their gay colours make them an unconventional form of covering for a strictly "town" bedroom.

The first are those delightful things in a medley of soft colourings which one well-known firm has named the "cottage check." These,

though bright, are always harmonious in the way that anything in Nature is harmonious—carefully blended blues and cloudy greys cross each other, with hints of misty purples here and there. Another one was woven in all the tones of an autumn tree, with dim greens, patches of vivid orange and ruddy browns in it. These blankets are delightful, not only for cottages, but for cots, and are very reasonable at about 22s. 6d.

Extraordinarily cheap, but excellent for certain purposes, are those rather smallish blankets made from the "droppings" of the silk factories in Northern Italy. These vie with Joseph's many-coloured coat for brilliance and variety of colourings. One succession of bright stripes follows another, in bizarre shades of rust, green and blue. The uses to which the ingenious mind can put them, I must leave you—since this article must close—to find out for yourselves; only disclosing that the price of the experiment will cost you just under ten shillings.



The familiar Witney blanket is warm and cosy; the ones above weigh 7 lbs. per pair, measure 63 ins. by 85 ins. each, and cost 16/9 each.

These very attractive rose-tinted blankets are bound with satin ribbon in a deeper shade. They cost 25/9 each, size 60 ins. by 80 ins.

The Rock Garden (1)

By Marion Cran.

(Marion Cran's weekly gardening article appears exclusively in BRITANNIA.)

GARDEN DIARY.

Plant tulips.

Lift Gladioli and Dahlias.

Store swept-up leaves for leaf mould.

Plant shrubs, azaleas, rhododendrons.

Manure and prepare ground for next year.

Protect tender plants with bracken.

Prepare compost heaps.

Finish earthing up celery.

Finish planting other bulbs and continue planting tulips!

Plant roses.

RAMONDIA PYRENAICA.

The rosette mullein can be persuaded to believe itself back in its beloved mountain cleft.

OF all parts of the garden none is so intimate or so beloved as the rock garden. I think it is because the flowers are most of them small and dainty, with quaint eager ways of running to meet us among the stones; and some are tiny stalwart uprights, who stare us out with childish bravado, miniatures of their cousins in the great herbaceous beds. We greatly admire the golden trumpets of the Daffodils, when they come into the spring, like heralds to a tournament, we rejoice and are glad of them, but we never feel for them quite the same protective love as that, for instance, which stirs when we find the perfect little Daffodil "*Minimus*" where it opens its baby trumpet in a pocket of the rockery. They are so small, so perfect, and so very good-hearted, these little plants, among the rocks and stones we pile up for them in a sunny corner of our garden. Sun they must have; the ideal place is in the open where, while it is still sheltered from cold winds, full sun can yet play upon those plants which like to bake out. It is not difficult to arrange some of the large pieces of rock so that there may be plenty of shade for the shadow-loving plants.

A Path and a Pool.

A PAVED path winding through makes a great effect. I have seen quite small and ordinary rock gardens turned immediately into very interesting, almost imposing ones by just that simple alteration; sometimes it is possible to make the path lead down between the rocks to a piece of swampy ground, or a little pool. That, of course, is not everybody's luck; it is a treasure when it can be so arranged for there are many lovely Alpines which are fond of moisture; plants like the Primulas, water Forget-me-nots, Bog-Bean, Musk, and Ladies' Slippers; all of which like wet and boggy places; and there is no end to the fun of splashing about in the mud, wooing out of it unimagined wonders.

Now is the time to plant out rooted cuttings of richly coloured Rock Cresses, which are called *Aubrietias* in nurserymen's catalogues and modern garden books. They make wonderful carpets and curtains of glowing colour, in shades of pale rose, deep red, lavender, blue, violet, and royal purple and they are

glorious in the rock-garden with May-flowering Tulips coming through; or the intense blue of Grape-Hyacinths. Either of these readily push their spiky leaves through the soft, loose texture of the *Aubrietia* covering. Rock Cresses cannot bear to be moved from April till well on in October: they are so hardy and good-natured that it is surprising to find how temperamental they can be about being disturbed when they do not care for it. Very early in November is the time they like, which is fortunate for our Tulip effects, since the first fortnight in November is the best time to plant these bulbs.

All-the-year-round Rock Gardens.

A MOST enchanting little family to grow in hot, sun-baked places is the race of Houseleeks;



SENECIO ABROTANIFOLIUS.
A groundsel with a very long name.

the country folk call them lucky plants and are pleased to see them on old roofs and old tiled places; the most charming of them all is that one which has each little stiff rosette spun across with filmy threads, the "Cobweb Houseleek." It gleams in the dewy morning with a soft lacey shimmer—as though fairy spiders had been weaving threads of moonlight on the loom of dawn.

SILVER Saxifrage and London Pride, Thrift and Spanish Iris, the creeping Scrimson-flowered Thyme, the blue prostrate Speedwell, and the rosy Rock-Daphne are all beloved rock-garden friends; yellow *Alyssum* or June Gold-Dust is a lively useful piece, too, because it grows easily from seed, likes poor soil and full sunshine; it thrives for years and makes a large low cushion of honey-scented gold.

Among the richer colours of the rock-garden one turns here and there with pleasure to a cool, refreshing pocket of double white *Arabis* with the pink Cottage Maide or dainty Shandon Bells Tulips growing among them; there is something crystalline in the shining whiteness of *Arabis* in the springtime, one cannot tire of it on its soft grey carpet of leaves. Pockets of Crocus, Snowdrop and Scillas make breaks of colour early in the year; and Perennial Candytuft grows readily in any soil in pretty round cushions smothered in spring with bloom. In early summer, the rockery can be lovely still if we plant those fine small Phloxes which cover the stones in June with soft curtains of rose and white and blue. The rock garden is often called "dull" in summer, but it need not be so, with *Pentstemons* and Violas, Prostrate Rosemaries, Rest-Harrow and the pure golden cups of that creeping Evening Primrose which loves to lie in full sun prone upon the rock, and spread out its wealth in wanton leisure.

Looking Forward.

IT is the mothering instinct which makes our rock garden a happier playground to us than any other part. There we can study the needs of the little plants and put them in their pockets of special soil, arranging for sun and shadow, wet or dry, just as each one requires.



ALLIUM TRIQUETRUM. A little onion plant of great harm in the rock garden.

flowering Crocuses and Irises will soon be shining like precious jewels in the short daylight. Soft amethyst masses of *Crocus Tomasinianus* glow round the spikes of *Iris Reticulata*, the dark blue violet-scented bulbous Iris, whose lovely brother is called *Cantab* because it opens in exquisite unexpected sky-blue.



PENTSTEMON GLAUCA ROSEA. A rosy little beard-tongue.

Even that exacting and lovely rosette, *Mullein*, the *Ramondia Pyrenaica*, which likes shade and sun, wet and dry in difficult proportions, grows cheerfully in the fissures of most well-drained rockeries when it has once been persuaded to believe it has found again its beloved mountain cleft. Some people are very clever with *Ramondia*—it is surprising how susceptible it is to sympathy, Groundsel and Nasturtiums figure in the rock garden under long amazing names; it is not easy to recognise *Senecio Abrotanifolius* as a relation of the cheerful homely Leopards' Bane, but such it is, and also of the weed abhorred by all true gardeners which is besought by canaries!

TROPEOLUM POLYPHYLLUM is a hardy perennial Nasturtium of real charm, a yellow trailing Chilean beauty, who goes with an air, as the illustration shows. Now is the time to plant it in good ordinary garden soil, and now, too, is the time to put in the bulbs of *Allium Triquetrum* or *A. Acuminatum* to give their rose and white flowers in June and July. Being of the onion genus these are not flowers to search among for perfume, but they are of the loveliest grace and charm when established in pockets of sandy loam in full sunshine. Now that winter creeps down upon the land it is comforting to remember there will be spots where the winter



TROPEOLUM POLYPHYLLUM. Festoons of nasturtium down the rock-face.

Next week Marion Cran will write on Tulip Time—the following week, November 24, she will deal with The Rock Garden, Part Two.

Be a Steamer!

By W. Teignmouth Shore.

Cookery Expert.

HAVE you ever tasted a potato? This is not a silly question, for there must be millions who have never tasted a potato, but only potato and water! A potato boiled is a potato spoiled. There are two ways only of cooking a potato which do not destroy its flavour, which is delicious, or its food value, which is very considerable. They are: baking them in their skins and steaming them in their skins.

As I hope we all know, there is plenty of jollity to be got out of cooking, when done in the right spirit and on the right lines; and even more out of eating what is rightly cooked! But every now and then you and I will look things seriously in the face, because properly prepared food is the maintainer of life and health.

Two facts about boiling prove that the question of "to steam or not to steam" is of vital importance. Fact one: When you boil a cabbage and throw away the water, with the latter goes all that was of food value in the former. Fact two: When you boil a chicken or a fish and throw away the liquor, what you eat is tasteless and useless compared with what it would have been if steamed. I have often said to an obstinate friend, "Even if you do not mind filling yourself with rubbish, you should surely regret the many delightful flavours and relishes which you forgo by boiling your foods."

THE power of habit is almost irresistible. It is a wrench to realise that one of the principal methods of cooking, unthinkingly pursued by ourselves and our forerunners, is bad. Boiling is bad. Is it not obvious that it must be so? To boil fish, meat or vegetable is at best to make soup or broth of it. And then you go and throw the liquor away! When you are making stock, what do you do? Exactly the opposite. You boil all the good out of the meat or bones, or what-not, and throw them away.

VEGETABLES are of food value because in varying amounts they contain nitrogen, sugar, starches, salts and other matters essential to the maintenance of good health. Otherwise they are not of much account; little more than pleasant tastes. Brussels sprouts, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, leeks, turnips—indeed, the whole lot of winter, and of summer, vegetables, and in particular potatoes, lose, when boiled, most of their beautiful flavours and practically all their health values.

Steaming is simply putting the thing to be cooked into steam, and keeping it there until it is cooked. It is simple; it is economical; it is right. It is economical in two ways: it saves gas—or fuel—because the heat that will do for boiling one pot only will keep three or

more compartments of a steamer going. Weigh, say, a joint before and after boiling it and compare the loss with the much less loss from steaming. Food is not too cheap nowadays; it's a pity deliberately to waste any of it!

FOR steaming, you can either use the old-fashioned and efficient two- or three-decker apparatus of tin or aluminium, or one of the more scientific and sometimes more efficient steam cookers of which there are many on the market. But, especially if you are making your first experiments with steaming, you may feel your way by using your ordinary pots and pans and crocks. As thus: at bottom of a large pan put a deepish saucer upside down, and upon that the dish with meat, fish or vegetable in it. Then fill up with water to reach about half-way up the dish, which then take out till you have brought the water to the frantic boil. Replace the dish and above it fit in a colander with potatoes or other matters. Cover this tightly so that the steam does not escape. Be sure that the water is kept at the boil and that it does not boil away. Or you can have a pudding at bottom and something else above. If you have a three-decker you can cook meat, vegetables and pudding all at one "fell swoop." Of course, it must be borne in mind that the goods on one of the decks may cook more quickly than the others and should therefore be put in later.

IT is impossible here and now to provide a complete Guide to Steaming, and really it is not necessary, as it is simply a matter of common-sense and care; as with most cooking. But let us give some little attention to our old and kind friend Mr. Murphy. All things that can be boiled ought to be steamed, but perhaps in no other case are the advantages of steaming so conspicuous and so great as with Mr. Murphy. Here is a point often overlooked: a large proportion of the nourishing qualities of a potato lie immediately beneath the skin, and are most often cut away! Never skin a potato or even break or pierce its skin before cooking; never—not hardly ever, but just never. Wash or lightly scrub Mr. Murphy, whether he is young or old, and then steam him, which will take some three times as long as boiling him. But thus he will be superlatively tasty and retain

all his nourishing qualities, from which, of course, his flavour is derived. And, remember, you can be cooking one or two other things with the same steam produced by the same heat. "What delicious potatoes!" your friends will say, and you will agree with them. I refuse to eat "boileds" myself, because I know the delight and the satisfactory value of "steameds." I may be a goose, but I am not going to stuff myself with rubbish.

Steam every kind of vegetables, or, rather, never boil any kind, if you have any good feeling towards yourself and any care for your health. I hate to hear children being bidden to eat greenery of any sort that has been boiled and being told the untruth that it is good for them. It is not good for them. It is bad for them. And often nasty. When steamed greenery is good, digestible and always nice.

MR. STODGER should never be admitted to decent company. A most unseemly guest he is at table; quite evil company. You and I have met Mr. Stodger in the character of "boiled pudding." Away with him! Make the pudding right and then steam it; so it will never be stodgy, heavy, watery, unappetising, indigestible, but will be light, crumbly, full of richness and digestible. Do not forget this when the great Christmas pudding-day arrives. Steam it the first time of cooking; steam it the second time. I prefer all puddings steamed, "milkies" included, though if you like you can touch up the tops of these under the grill for a few minutes. All "boiled" poultry should be steamed; and pheasants are just "it," just so. I can give only one meat recipe, as an example and indicator:

TRIM your chops, mutton, lamb, or pork of all fat and put it into the dish you are going to put into your steamer. Add what you will of finely chopped onion; a little finely chopped parsley; possibly a touch of mace; a very small quantity of strong stock; pepper and salt; and, though this is purely a matter of personal taste, a sprinkle of Worcestershire sauce. Steam till the meat is tender. Beef-steak, cut into suitable-sized pieces, is nice done this way. So also is veal cutlet.

If my sermon has been a bit solemn, please forgive me: I mean well, and I mean every word of it. I say: "Be a Steamer! Full steam ahead!"

Steam your vegetables and then you will preserve their beautiful flavours and full food-values.



SUCH things as the wall paper, the pictures, and the right kind of windows in a nursery demand much consideration, but the most important part of its furniture is children—and the more the merrier. One fledgling in a nest is apt to think it is the centre of a universe. The cuckoo does, and starts a self-assertive career by eliminating competition.

In England somewhere, in a nursery containing brothers and sisters, John lives. He is seven, a vast age to a child.

Until recently John was very troublesome. He was never happy unless someone took notice of him. During the times when this did not happen—they were brief, because he took pains not to be ignored—he tried to dominate the other children. The campaign started in his babyhood, when he crawled about the floor and seized the others' toys. Most of them could be partially sucked, because he has a big mouth and a resolute chin. John received indulgent treatment then as he was the baby, and there was no little sister. When she arrived she caused much excitement. They all had a look at her lying in John's old bassinette, freshly trimmed with pink ribbons, for a girl. He gazed at her, disgustedly. He could not kick her out of the bassinette, as the cuckoo does rivals in a nest, but the self-assertion in his character was stimulated.

That evening John refused his supper, hitherto an almost unknown occurrence.

"Dear, dear, let's hope he isn't sickening for something," said his nurse. "You're sure you haven't got a pain, Master John?"

"Yes I have," replied John, who had not.

The process of taking a temperature and even a dose of medicine did not quench his determination to hold the stage as long as possible.

Although the thermometer registered normal, some anxiety remained, as a new baby in the house demands special care against possible infection. He was watched meticulously by his elders for several days. Nothing happened, except that he enjoyed the process. They did not know, any more than John did, what his refusal to eat had sprung from.

IT was really an unconscious attempt—and a successful one—to attract attention. There had been no temptation to do this before the advent of the baby threatened his own position. Self-assertion is roused by obstacles. It is a priceless possession. Success in any enterprise lies in the power of inspiring others with a belief, either in our individual importance, or in the aim or ideal we have in view.

John continued to impress his personality, both on adults and on his brothers and sisters. He did not find it too easy in the nursery, which is one reason why a large family is so helpful to the various members. The goodwill of our co-equals in age counts tremendously, and is the only public opinion that matters. John adored popularity. But if it was a choice between it, and getting his own way, he preferred the latter. The other children had no great force of character, and were ordinary pleasant boys and girls who would probably make few enemies in life—or anything else. John was a thorn in their sides, because he refused to recognise his comparatively humble position as one of the younger members, or to adopt the standards accepted by his seniors.

FOR a year he had a passion for soldiers: no doubt they typified force to him. He insisted on strewing his tin army over the nursery floor, instead of playing in a convenient corner.



"I'm Tunney"

By

Margaret Bovill

"You can't have the whole place to yourself," said his elder brother, George. "I will," John wailed, "they're *my* soldiers!" He attacked the ankles of his mentor.

Having his head smacked taught him the active consequences of aggression, and his brother did not ask him that afternoon to go and slide on the ice. John cried openly and shamelessly, but George did not mind.

One day John overheard his father talking to a friend about the fight between Tunney, the great prize-fighter, and Heeney, the New Zealand champion. He listened, entranced, to details of the encounter, and noted the words "Tunney's beaten everybody."

"What," asked John, interrupting the conversation, as modern children do, "is Tunney?"

An explanation gave him food for thought. Next morning at breakfast he announced that his name was Tunney, and he was to be called by it. This request was refused; if it had been agreed to with a careless nod, probably nothing more would have happened. But his parents, to the secret delight of their little boy, argued with him, and pointed out that he was not Tunney, but John. His brothers and sisters were frankly bewildered. He heard them discussing his latest vagary, and his heart swelled with pride.

"I'm Tunney!" he shouted at them. "I'm Tunney! I'm Tunney! I'm Tunney!" and marched by, head in air.

He had found a magnificent device for concentrating the limelight on himself, and of asserting his will, by far the most successful strategy yet attempted in a short career. The impulse to dominate was irresistible—to be the one on whom all eyes are fixed. Whether they contained approval or disapproval mattered less than that they gazed on him.

SOMETHING very like civil war raged in the nursery, but neither command nor ridicule affected John, as long as he was the object. Unmoved by abuse, indifferent to scoffs, he continued to be Tunney. His nurse was scandalised at night when he ended his evening prayer by "and please Gentle Jesus make Tunney a good little boy." She spoke to his mother. "I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, what to do," she said. "None of my children have ever been irreverent."

An old Scottish lady staying in the house then was asked for her advice. She was a grandmother, and had had much experience.

"I wish," said John's mother, "I understood the child."

"Nature is always in such a hurry," she answered. "It would have been so much wiser to arrange that experience came first, and children later. I've had lots of both. Let me have a talk to him."

Next morning they went for a walk together. At first he lagged behind deliberately, hoping she would presently tell "John" to hurry up. Instead she hurried on at a brisk pace, not even pausing at a corner. When her back disappeared, looking as if no small boys existed, he ran after it.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" the old lady asked him.

"A prize-fighter," said John.

"Lots of people are prize-fighters," she smiled; "there are so many things to fight, Tunney. Giants like Mr. Obstinate and Mr. Selfish. They live inside you."

"In me?" He looked downwards.

"Yes," she said, "and in me, and they are bad until one learns how to make them obedient. When you have mastered all the giants,

(Continued on page 552.)

they are very useful, and help one to do great things. I don't think you have conquered all your giants yet."

"Which haven't I?" he asked pugnaciously. He clenched two small fists.

"Principally, the one who can help you to win all the battles you will ever fight," she answered. "You must conquer him first. His name is Mr. Grab All. It was he who told you to steal Mr. Tunney's name."

THE idea of perpetual warfare appealed to John, because he was naturally aggressive and wanted a legitimate object to attack, just as a puppy needs a bone to gnaw. The old lady talked to him about using his giants to help others. She said there were many boys and girls who had no nice homes, and strawberry jam for breakfast, nor enough blankets to keep them warm. This was not their fault, and it prevented their being very happy.

"I don't know why, laddie," she said, "but I have a feeling that some day you will do a lot of fighting, and that the prizes you win may be splendid things. I shan't be here then, but I shall probably be taking a great interest in what you are doing." She smiled again.

It made tender little wrinkles round her mouth, and her eyes looked as if they saw a long way off.

John looked at her. The things she had said to him made an impression that his brother's jeers and his nurse's disapproval had failed to do. He said very little at the time, and for the rest of the walk he was rather subdued. His companion talked about her own boys; how one of them was far away in Central Africa, where famine and ignorance and cruelty had to be fought and conquered. By degrees she suggested to him a world badly in need of help from strong men who were not afraid of fighting for the right.

"With their fists?" he asked, hopefully.

"Sometimes," she answered, "but more often with their brains. I believe you have got a very good one in that hard bullet-shaped head of yours. When you get to bed to-night, think of an animal that you could make a little happier. Perhaps you'd have to fight to do so—fight yourself, for instance. I have an idea there is a dog in the house who loves a run, and is a little lame. Why not take him out every day for half an hour, and walk slowly? It may not be pleasant for you, but he will enjoy it."

This happened such a short while ago that John has not had time to improve very much. He is still self-assertive and wishes to be first, but he has given up calling himself Tunney, and tries quite often to master "Mr. Grab All." If he succeeds eventually, the old lady will have succeeded too—in her attempt to sublimate an instinct.

THE CHILD GARDENER

SHUTTLECOCK FLOWERS

THE flowers make themselves into funny shapes and play games with the sun and the bees and wind and rain just as you do with your toys and grown-ups do with their motor-cars and cricket. One kind of flower makes itself into the loveliest little shuttlecocks; you feel you could stick them into a cork and toss them up and down with the battledores much better than the feathered kind; only the flowers would have a pain and die.

It is more fun to grow them in the garden and see them happy and fresh there, really. They are very easy to grow, and you can give Daddy a very big surprise if you buy a few bulbs. Ask for crocus bulbs, and plant them now, very secretly, in your garden, so that he does not know anything about it.

If you haven't any spare pennies, perhaps you can find someone to give you a few crocus bulbs. But it's more amusing to buy them, because you can say what colours you want. Get some yellow, white, purple, mauve, blue, and striped ones, so that you can have a pretty mixture. You will find your crocus plants are bulbs like those tear lilies you planted, only they are funny little flat ones with whiskery tops, quite different from the big lily bulbs.

They like crumbly light earth to grow in, and you must plant them rather close together in the very front of your garden, near the path, to make a lovely coloured edgeway in spring. The whiskery point is the top, so you put the flat side on the ground with about three inches of earth over it; don't put more—they won't like it.

Each bulb will give you lovely shuttlecock flowers early next year; and Daddy will be surprised.

He will say:
"Where did you get those lovely crocuses?"

.....



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THIS attractive Afternoon Gown has been specially designed for the fuller figure; the long sleeves and the cross-over style of the Printed Velvet Bodice give a particularly slim silhouette. A distinctive note is struck by the dip of the Black Chiffon Velvet skirt on the left side. Sizes: 89/6
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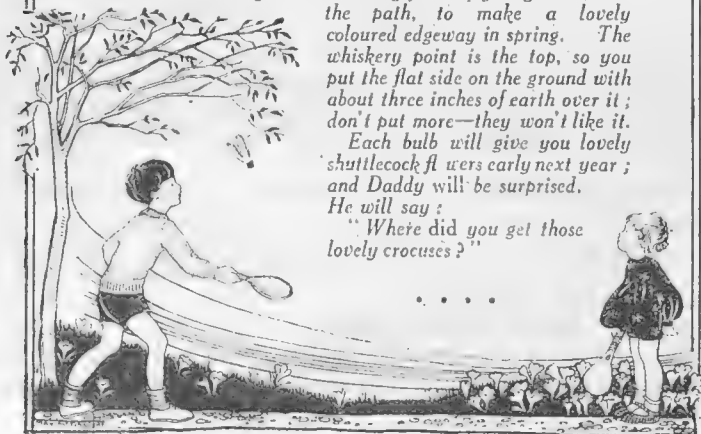
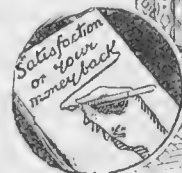
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HEALTH—THEN BEAUTY

IF YOU TAKE CARE of YOUR TEETH

SAYS SONIA



Do not use a toothbrush that is too hard—and, for preference, choose one with uneven bristles.



If you wish to know where these preparations can be obtained, address your queries as directed on page 539.

And, of course, a reliable tooth-paste to be used at least twice daily.

WHAT would we do if there were no laughter in the world? I don't know, do you? Take every mother, with each of her little ones; think of the joy of the baby's first smile and later on, when school-days come and all the exuberance of youth—well, it would all be very different if laughter and smiles were prohibited, wouldn't it? And so we go on through life, young girls (and brothers too), the older woman and right on to the autumn of life. Laughter and smiles are just some of those things that make life the wonderful thing it is.

But—

Do we take sufficient care of our teeth, which, after all, mean so much? Lips that curve and show the pure white radiance of well-tended teeth are the ones, and the only ones, that really ought to be allowed to smile. It isn't a difficult matter either.

It is recognised nowadays that disease is caused by germs entering the body through neglected teeth. Rheumatism, sciatica and even heart trouble are often the result of a painless abscess which has formed at the root of the tooth unbeknown to us.

If the gums are neglected they will be attacked by pyorrhœa, which causes them to recede from the roots, and the gums to bleed.

To avoid this all too prevalent trouble, there are many valuable preventatives. The teeth should be brushed systematically, first on the inside and then on the outside, at least twice daily. Brushed up and down, so that the bristles of the brush move vertically over the teeth, and reach every little corner; and take care always to choose a very good powder or paste. After brushing the teeth rinse your mouth with an antiseptic mouth-wash.

And make a point of visiting the family dentist every six months, whether or not you are troubled with toothache. For, remember, prevention is always so much less painful than cure.

Accumulations of food particles collect between the teeth, causing decay, without one being aware of it until it is too late for remedy. Chocolate in any form is one of the worst foods to leave in the teeth, and does more damage than two or three others put together. A periodical brushing by a dentist is always a very wise precaution to take. He will remove the tartar from the teeth, which forms there through the continual collection of "film," which, by the way, often leads in the end to pyorrhœa.

Choose your toothbrush carefully: it should be soft enough to massage without hurting the gums, and yet capable of ridding them, and the teeth, of all the usual food particles.

However if the gums do happen to bleed, never mind. It merely means that they need the friction all the more, and do not forget the importance of the frequent insertion of waxed dental floss silk between each tooth.

General diet and general cleanliness do more to preserve teeth and mouth health than is even yet believed in. Have you tried the plan of missing a meal now and then? You will find it is an excellent way of giving a small mouth or gum wound a chance to heal really well . . .

Somehow one does not seem to grudge the



A good mouth wash will help to preserve the teeth and heal the gums.

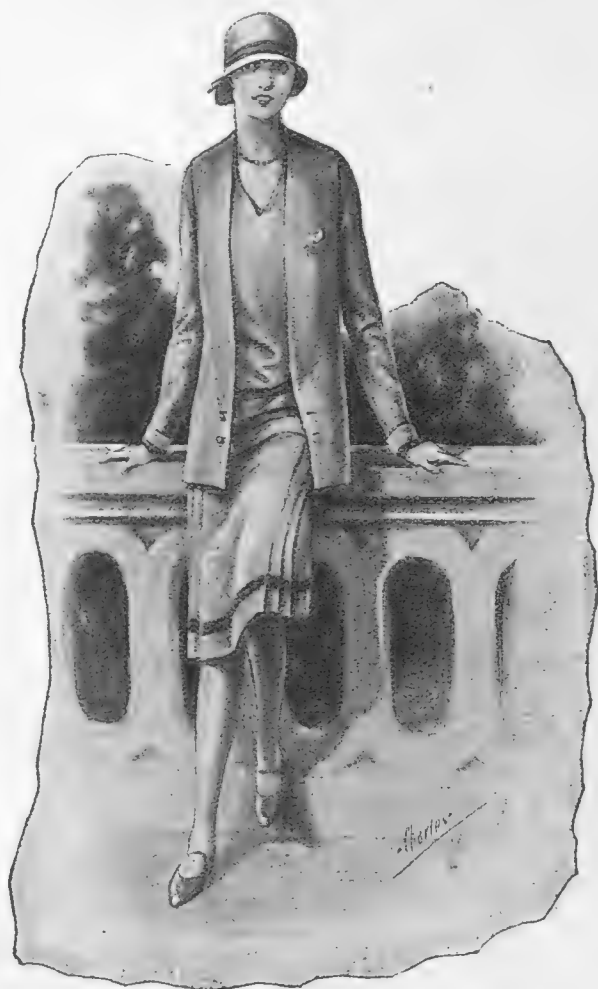
money one spends on shingling, powder or perfumes, but on "teeth"—Well—And sometimes we tumble into bed without giving them the nightly attention which is so important.

Health counts for so much in the story of Beauty. And one of the shortest roads to good health is cleanliness of the whole body in general, and of the mouth in particular.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

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MISS NANCY DEBENHAM—ONE OF THE FAMOUS
MOTOR-CYCLING TWINS—WRITES ON

Motor Cycling For Women

MORE than half the women who will click through the turnstiles at Olympia, during the Motor Cycle Show, which begins on November 5th and ends on November 10th, are bent on real business. They are themselves prospective purchasers of motor cycles, no longer merely side-car passengers or sightseers.

The first thing, of course, is price. For the ordinary girl rider, who wishes to use her machine for recreation and utility purposes, and has no wish to break records on Brooklands or break her neck on a main road astride, a ninety-miles-an-hour T.T. model, the 2.49 horse-power machine has speed enough and to spare, and is an obedient and willing little steed. Small enough to be garaged in an outhouse, and capable of doing ninety miles to a gallon of petrol, it is economical in every way and can be bought for about £35. Riding position, handlebars, foot-rests, are all adjustable and can be made to suit her own comfort, and if she wishes for extra trimmings and does not mind spending a few more shillings, she can have all sorts of interesting gadgets fitted. For instance, a tiny handlebar screen is useful for winter riding and leg-shields are invaluable for muddy weather.

A lighting set is not usually sold with the model, but is an extra fitment. We find that it is false economy to buy a cheap, unknown make, and we advise every woman who intends doing much night riding to have a reliable set fitted: they cost something like £5, but they are well worth it, and with reasonable care they last as long as the machine. There is nothing more depressing than light trouble!

The cost of buying a Lightweight Motor Cycle and running it for a year is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Machine	35	0	0
Insurance	5	0	0
Tax	1	10	0
Lighting Set	5	0	0
1,000 miles petrol and oil	1	0	0
Repairs and sundries	2	0	0
	£49	10	0

Tyres will not need to be replaced the first year, but a complete set costs about five pounds. Garage is not included, as the lightweight machine is small enough to be garaged at home.

PROSPECTIVE buyers will be particularly interested in the new saddle-tank machines, with their comfortable low riding positions and serviceable-looking frames; some of which (quite roadworthy little fellows too) are priced at under £30.

The family girl is well catered for too. She can purchase a modest sidecar outfit, large enough to take mother and small sister, or brother, for about £50, and for £80 she can be the owner of a resplendent outfit fitted with sidecar large enough to seat three people. Motor cycling needn't be a selfish pastime nowadays!

NOW kit! Up to a very short time ago it must be admitted that women have not always looked their best on a motor cycle. But now that so many well-known firms have turned their attention towards designing clothes for the woman motor cyclist that are as smart as they are serviceable, it is no longer an unbecoming sport!

In a suit of a special waterproofed fabric, carried out in all manner of attractive colourings, sometimes in delightful shot effects, Modern Woman looks her best. Her coat, often designed with a zip fastening, fits her perfectly; her breeches, cut on masculine lines, are as smart as those of a cavalry officer. Close-fitting cap, neat high boots or leggings, complete her serviceable outfit. And in really cold weather she can don a well-cut leather coat with a fur collar and perhaps a fur-trimmed leather helmet.

If she is an all-weather rider and isn't deterred by the worst of storms, then she cannot do better than buy a "poncho"; this is a black rubber garment, rather unbecoming, we admit, but splendid in bad weather. If she prefers to ride in a skirt, then she can buy a pair of men's seatless overalls for 12s., slipping them on over her feminine garb. They will keep her clean and warm in winter, for although I have spoken of motor cycling as a sport, it is also a pleasant and economical way of getting from place to place, and one that is becoming more and more generally adopted.



THE perfect tailor-made, exquisitely cut and finished and fitting like the proverbial glove, is always an object of envy to the women whom such styles suit. Here it is below, carried out in black worsted suiting, the skirt of the wrap-over style, but cleverly cut with a pleat. (Derryls Ltd.)

IF tailored styles are becoming to you there is no reason to-day why you should eschew them for afternoon wear. This chic little "two-piece" for instance, expressed in reseda-green satin, with a trimming of dull silver embroidery, is built on quite severe lines. (Sara Cameron, Ltd.)

The Tailored Mode in its Morning and Afternoon Aspect



*Photos:
Bertram Park*



*For your afternoon toilette:—
Silk stockings in all the season's
new shade, exquisitely fine and
"fully fashioned," so that they fit
perfectly. And the price, 4/11
comes as a pleasant surprise.*

WITH A VIEW TO

SITTING in the tube, nimbly ascending a bus, taking a walk down Bond Street or Any Street or trying to hole in one on the putting green, what is it that obtrudes itself into our line of vision? Why, legs! Yards and yards of them—and still more—good, bad and indifferent.



These silk stockings have a black diamond-shaped inlet at the ankle. Very chic. Lending, too, a slimming effect and ensuring an intriguing back view. (Price 13/6.)

Plump legs in vivid pink stockings! Legs in stockings that wrinkle! Legs in stockings that don't fit at the ankles. Legs in stockings that clash badly with frocks! And some that are above reproach!

Many of my grey-haired masculine acquaintances, who watch life flow through Piccadilly from the Club windows, tell me, most ungallantly, that women had neater ankles in their time!

Had they? I wonder! Perhaps (and it comes to much the same thing), they were clever enough in those days to disclose only the charms that were worth disclosing! The Victorian ladies, whose ankles were up to sample, got into difficulties on the top of the fence—the others swooned on the near side! And I've always darkly suspected that crinoline tipping business, where the neat-ankled brigade were concerned, noting the roguish twinkle in my grandmamma's eye when she looks back on the past. I'll swear hers often received a push sideways, and not accidentally, nor was she as annoyed as she should have been!

NO. I don't think the quality of women's legs have deteriorated. I think myself, it is a case of having too much of a good thing in some cases and a positive surfeit in others!

When "her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice, stole in and out," there was a mystery. Now the little mice are bigger affairs altogether, and of mystery there is none!

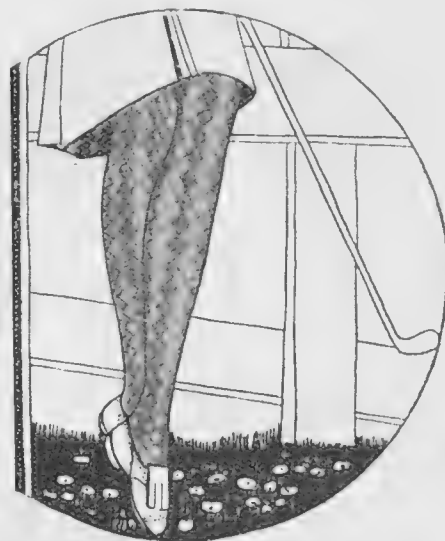
GOOD legs are, needless to say, born and not made, but many women, whose legs and ankles cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as shapely, are able to achieve an appearance of slenderness by choosing their stockings judiciously.

The ideal is to wear black. Black frocks, black shoes, black stockings, always have a reducing effect; in fact, I think one can almost say that the quality of legs appears to have deteriorated because light stockings have replaced dark ones; but black to-day is simply not worn, except by a few very brave people.

Indeed, an assistant in one of London's largest shops informed me recently that the

women who buy "black hosiery" are not just ordinary minxes but super-minxes (!) and only do it to be looked at. Well, well! One lives and learns. But she was certainly right in saying that women in black stockings are at the moment the cynosure of all eyes. So that the woman who would seek to hide an imperfection in this fashion would only succeed in drawing attention to it.

BUT there is gun-metal grey, always a most becoming shade for stockings, especially when they are fine and transparent; indeed all the darker colours are far "kinder" than the light ones. Flesh colour was the most "unkind" of all, and that is definitely "out." All to the good this—legs, especially fat ones, that had all the appearance of "nakedness" and were yet entirely "unashamed," were always singularly displeasing.



Here are some smart sports stockings! Choose a colouring that blends with your suit. There is plenty of variety both in design and shade. (Price 5/11.)

Do you want to be really up to date? Then choose some of your stockings with a knee clock. Knees will out to-day! Such a smart little "time-piece" of the embroidered variety! (Price 6/11.)



STOCKINGS

By
Marjory Charlton

Women who lack neat ankles should be particularly careful in choosing their sports stockings. They mustn't let themselves be carried away by the many lovely checked patterns that are a feature of the year, and that on some people look so smart. Checks, particularly bold ones, are inevitably enlarging. There is plenty of variety in horizontal stripes or neat mixtures, with contrasting clocks.

And in the evening they should take advantage of the latest fashion (a revival, of course) that ordains that shoes and stockings should be dyed to the exact shade of frocks. Dull? Not a bit! It gives the most delightful effect of continuity, and our ballroom floors are far less kaleidoscopic in consequence.

AND, talking of colour, mushroom is one of the fashionable stocking shades of the year—from the deepish brown of that old stager, which we are so proud of discovering in his

dewy bed, and which the cook despises (!) to the soft pink of the little fellow, that it seems almost a shame to pick.

Skin and nude are worn (no, they are not the same as flesh, *much* less pink); also, Mauresque, putty, cinnamon, snuff, fawn, rosewood, pearl, Bichette, stone, glove-suede-grey, wine-mist—and these are only a few of what are termed the season's colours!

COLOUR in stockings, let me tell you, is all important. You don't, at least I hope you don't (!), start out to buy jumpers and hats without taking the colours of the coats or frocks, with which you propose to wear them, into consideration. So why buy stockings in a haphazard fashion? Judging from results, quite a large number of women do. They may match exactly—they may shade on to dresses—they may contrast, but clever contrasts need, as a rule, some thinking out. Sometimes they do just *come*, but sometimes they just don't! With navy-blue, indeed with all the blues, grey and mushroom look well. Cinnamon, snuff, biscuit, fawn, etc., are suited to brown. With black, skin and nude are attractive. Green, wine and red are more difficult to serve, but there is one safe rule to observe, and that is, that stockings of neutral shades should always be worn with strong coloured frocks. Make sure that you match them up properly with shoes—it is really immaterial which you buy first, with shades in both so infinitely varied. It spoils everything if your fawn stockings are just wrong with your fawn kid shoes; and the pearl grey that has pink in it is quite wrong with darkish grey shoes.

ANYTHING new in stockings, apart from the colour question? Indeed there is. Some have a black, diamond-shaped inset at the back of the ankle; and very becoming they are, as well as being uncommonly smart; they lend interest to back views too.

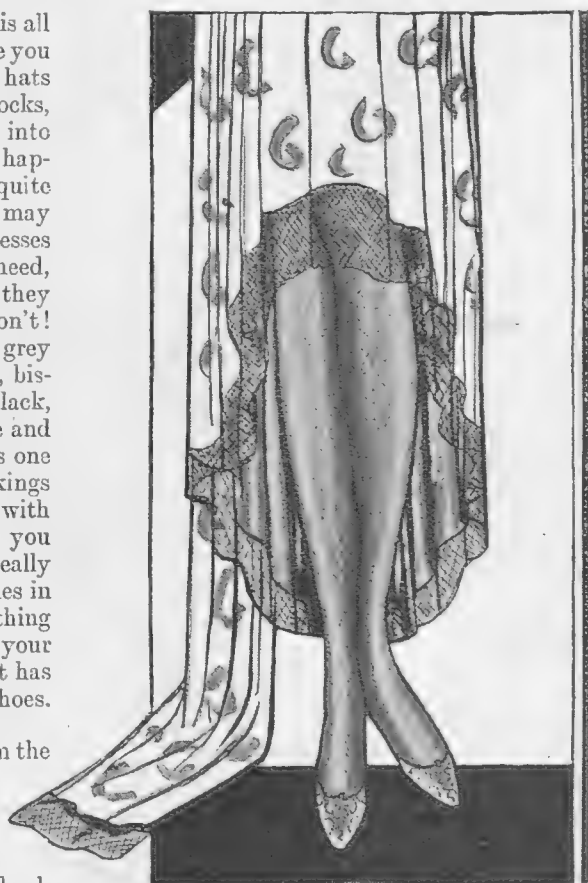
And do you know where you should wear your clocks, if you want to be ultra up to date? At the knee, pointing downwards; knees will "out" these days!

The very latest thing for evening wear is silk-net. Or gold and silver tinsel net, very, very fine.

IT should be unnecessary in these enlightened days, to enjoin on women that gossamer fine silk stockings are not suitable for wear on the Golf Links or for rough country walking; or that woolly ones don't look well with Town suits. It should be—but is it? Apparently not, for although there are the right stockings for every occasion, just as there are the right frocks, such crimes are committed every day!



Most effect'ive with your evening frock. A silk stocking of a gossamer-like fineness, with an embroidered clock and obtainable in innumerable shades. (Price 6/11.)



All the World is dancing in stockings of the finest silk-net, made in lots of shades and "you may as well be out of the World as out of the fashion." (Price 6/11.)

For Morning,
Noon,
and Night.

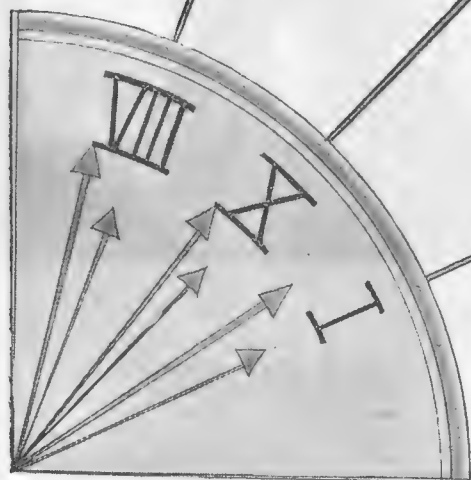
At 1 p.m. she dons a smart ensemble in which Tweed and Stockinette are effectively combined, the skirt and long silk-lined coat, being of Tweed and the jumper of Stockinette, Tweed bordered. 7½ gns.



At 8 a.m. Modern Woman appears in a fresh little Breakfast wrap that is as becoming as it is practical, made of gay cretonne with long revers that match in a plain colour. (Price 9/11)



At 10 a.m. she presents a smart appearance for her morning's shopping in a perfectly cut Tweed tailor-made (6½ gns.), with which she wears a one-skin Stone Martin Stole that costs 6½ gns.



ROUND
THE CLOCK

At 3 p.m., with Bridge in view, her case is met by an attractive little afternoon frock of artificial silk, on tunic-lines, in which she can make her choice from a very large range of colours. (Price 29/6)



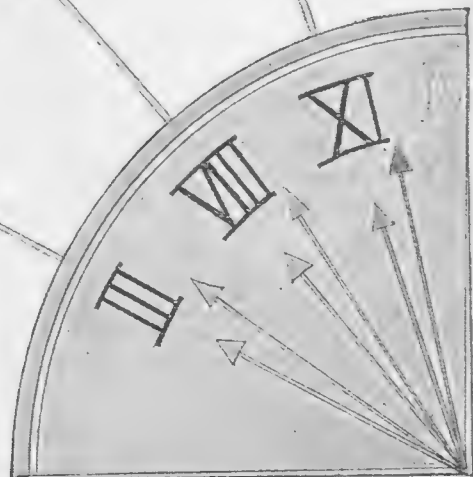
At 8 p.m. she dines, perhaps dancing afterwards, in a graceful frock of ring velvet, attractively draped, which, costing 3½ gns., she can choose either in black or one of the season's new shades

If you want to know where any of these articles can be purchased, write to the Service Department as directed on page 539.



And at 11 p.m., or possibly later (!) she enjoys a before bed cigarette in a Satin boudoir suit, with contrasting facings and crys'al buttons, the well-cut trousers close fitting at the ankles. 4½ gns.

IN FASHION-LAND



CHARITY at Home

Conducted by Prebendary A. W. Gough

I AM getting a great variety of appeals sent to me, and some of the senders do not understand the limitation which I feel obliged to put upon the exercise of my office on this page. I am not prepared to make an appeal for every object which may appeal to me as a private individual with a fairly active sense of pity; I am only concerned as I write on this page with charities which seem to me to be of national advantage as a means of contributing to the strength of the nation's life.

To some this might seem to suggest that this page ought not to be called "Charitable," but as I have already written, my conception of charity is not the indulgence of an emotion, but the discharge of a duty. The great duty of helping things that can be strengthened by being helped to live a life or to do a work that is worth while.

Invalid Children.

The first of the charities for which I appeal to-day is "The Invalid Children's Aid Association (117, Piccadilly, W.1), which exists for the purpose of fitting children who start life with one or more physical defects to become qualified for a useful life.

It was founded in 1888 to help the invalid and crippled children of London, but the work has gradually spread over the Greater London area. At the end of last year there were 28 local branches and more than 55,000 children under its care. The object of the I.C.A.A. is to give help and advice to parents, to arrange for the treatment of children in nursing and convalescent homes when necessary, and to help to provide surgical appliances. It keeps in touch with the hospitals, and with a number of convalescent homes, nursing homes and hospital schools. Great care is taken to send each child to the institution best fitted for its special need. The Association guarantee the payments which have to be made supplementing the parents' contribution. It has nine "Homes of Recovery" in which children stay, some of them for many months, in homelike surroundings, and receive the individual care which cannot be given in a large institution.

My friend, Sir Alfred Fripp, broadcast the following appeal on its behalf last September...

Victims of Rheumatism.

"... To-day in England we are sending out a fresh scientific expedition against the crippling effects of rheumatic fever in childhood, which chiefly attacks the dwellers in slums, and ruins not only their little limbs and joints but also their little hearts and their nerves as well. St. Vitus's dance is due to this infection. In our effort to cure those already attacked, and then, best of all, to find a means of prevention, our dear old country is once again leading the civilised world.

"The Ministry of Health tells us there are at present 10,000 heart-cripples on the books of



A hospital where little hearts are mended. "Heartsease," the Invalid Children's Aid Association home at West Wickham, Kent.

the elementary schools of London alone—10,000 children who, however strongly the spirit of adventure stirs in their little souls, will never be able to go out and play their part in the battle of life unless the expedition I am telling you about is a success.

"Such figures explain why this disease has earned its place as the greatest menace of all to the industrial fitness of our population. Our doctors have discovered how to help these stricken children, and it is so simple that it sounds almost odd to call it a discovery. They say, in effect, get the little patients back to nature, take them away into the country, rest them well in the open air and sun. Give them plenty of simple food, graduate their exercises, exercises both for muscle and mind, then the little heart will grow strong again and the harmful effects of the rheumatic poison will be eradicated.

Kentish Hospital.

"Well now, the position is that the doctors have planned their campaign. The Invalid Children's Aid Association, who, for the purpose of my simile, may be considered the scientists, engineers, sailors and cooks of the expedition, must do the rest. So we have built an open-air hospital in the beautiful country in Kent, appropriately called "Heartsease," with beds for 85 heart cripples. The expedition has been planned, the ship has been launched—one thing alone is lacking. The Invalid Children's Aid Association was the first agency in the whole world to undertake this work. We have been hard at it for seven or eight years on a smaller scale, but with amazingly good results. We must have more money. I want to enlist your help.

"Those of you who have just come from your holidays, those of you who are still away, those of you who are just about to start out, you are all feeling the spirit of adventure calling more strongly to you, because the daily dull routine of your lives is broken. Won't you be a pioneer? Won't you wish this expedition God-speed in a practical way? Won't you show that you are proud and happy to be associated with the work

which is being done? Can you bear to think that, unless you help, these 10,000 heart cripples will never return to their labours with minds and bodies refreshed? We who are well are apt to take health for granted, rather than to thank God first every day that it lasts.

"Now for your pockets! A few of my well-trying friends have already sent me their bit, because they knew what I wanted it for. The expedition will cost £20,000, of which my Finance Committee has still many thousands to raise; 25s. maintains a child at "Heartsease" for a week; £5 for a month. For £25 you can name a cot for a year. For £500 a cot in perpetuity.

"But it's the effort of every blade of grass that makes the meadow green, and every shilling and half-crown is warmly welcome. So send me, please, what you can for this great object, and say whether you would care to have any of the explanatory literature sent in return."

Donations should be addressed to:—Sir Alfred Fripp, 117, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

A pleasant feature in regard to the management of this institution is the fact that its working expenses are only 7 per cent. of its income.

The Ivory Cross.

The correspondent who signs his letter "Bruno" asks that the smaller charities shall be included by BRITANNIA. Obviously the larger charities have a tendency to be presented first, but I quite agree with him that there are many good works whose scope is small but whose value is great. Here, I think, is one of them.

The Ivory Cross, with its offices at 93-94, Wimpole Street, W.1, provides dental treatment for those who are really poor. It is not generally realised that a very large proportion of the public, commonly known as "necessitous," is in no way covered by existing means of help, such as Dental Hospitals, Dental Departments to Hospitals, Dental Clinics, Insurance Societies, etc. Those who are fortunate enough to come under these categories are provided with dental treatment, though in these cases absolutely free treatment is not, I think, the rule.

The Ivory Cross has taken upon itself to deal with the remaining section of the necessitous.

One feature of the organisation is that the applicant, in whatever branch he or she may be, visits the surgeon-dentist as a private patient. The fact that payment is made on a charitable basis is a confidence that exists between surgeon-dentist and patient only.

The income derived from appeals, collections, subscriptions, etc., has never been anywhere near able to meet the number of applications which pour in for every branch. Applicants are urged to contribute as much as they possibly can towards their own treatment so as to help those in poorer circumstances who are quite unable to give anything at all.



Photo

"Grasmere is my favourite among the Lakes."

E. O. Hobbs

A WAYFARER'S MEMORIES

THE writer is so keen a wayfarer that he has learned the greatest joy of the Open Road, the joy of loving England first, with sufficient of the child left in him to appreciate by reading over again those old school recitations about a "tight little island."

Hazlitt's ambition I prefer to see reversed; rather than devote one's life to journeying abroad on the speculative chance that another life may be borrowed afterwards with which to see England, I would rather change the order completely round and have a look at Britain whilst I am still alive on this planet, and then the rest of the world, or at least a part of it, can follow if there is time before the lifeless limb goes down to the grave.

Beauty in the Memory.

IT is therefore natural for one to ask: What is the most beautiful place you have seen in your native land? The question is not an easy one to answer readily, for no sooner have you decided on one enchanted corner when another delectable spot is recalled.

Places come back to the mind, not so much on account of the associations with which they are connected, but our liveliest recollections are obtained through natural charms and infinite beauties. Some particular features live long with us—the shape of a mountain or a hill (like Chrome in Derbyshire), the sweep of a fine road (such as the one from Woody Bay to Hunter's Inn in Devonshire), the rural quietness of a simple village (say, Eastcote

By Fred J. Chapple

in Middlesex), and the snuggled contentment of a country inn (say, anywhere in England).

Grasmere seems to peep at you all smiles as you approach the village from Rydal. The island appears like a little world enchanted amid the great mountains; perhaps Wordsworth's spirit still lingers there, a fitting resting place for its immortality and for

"A sense sublime and something far more deeply interfused."

Grasmere is my favourite among the Lakes. I love its hotels, its real hospitality, and its natural delights born from the simple things of life which Wordsworth cherished and worshipped, and of which he sang his deep praises.

On the Yorkshire Moors.

ANOTHER village that leaves impressions in my mind is Goathland. It is the situation which makes the place so unique, a village perched high on the Yorkshire moors and open to all the winds that blow.

You have been tramping, say, from Whitby or Scarborough, or Robin Hood's Bay, or Pickering, and as you are striding along the moorland paths suddenly you come across Goathland, a wide and spacious village, very clean and very sweet, with smooth grass lawns like velvet stretched beside the highway. And

within easy call are Malham Topp and Falling Foss, two beautiful waterfalls of the Yorkshire moors.

The Death of Day.

SUNSETS often make fine pictures, which cannot adequately be portrayed either by the artist's brush or the poet's word. One is clear in my memory—to stand on the west shore of Llandudno and watch the sun disappearing in the sea beyond Anglesey is as grand a sunset as can be found anywhere. The rugged range of Welsh mountains—Penmaenmawr, Penmaenbach, Carnedd Llewellyn and Conway are of a sepia colour, the Menai Straits are like the hot dust of a soldier's battle, the long stretch of Anglesey turned into a deep brown colour.

The sun plunges its final rays athwart the gentle rise of Puffin Island and leaves a trail of gold in a purple sea. Blue is the sky above the ocean and the land, and a long grey cloud under the sun is like a vast continent trimmed with delicate lacings of gold.

Then, as the sun vanishes, the whole of the north coast of Anglesey is submerged into flames of fire. This is a sunset I can never forget.

There are several kinds of view-points in England; in some parts you look down, in others you look up, and in both cases beauty and grandeur usually meet the eye. If you stand on the little stone harbour (where the lighthouse is lighted by electricity) and gaze upwards the glory of Lynmouth unfolds magnificently, the tree tops swaying skywards like mighty banners and the heather rolling in purple profusion.

A wild grandeur is in this scene; sweeping down from the Exmoor hills and prancing through the valley is the Lynn, a roaring torrent in fine fettle. Lynmouth, I think, is the loveliest of all our villages in England: how I often think of those dear cottages and their delightful gardens, which add so much to the picturesqueness of the place!



Lynmouth is the loveliest of all our English villages.

Spread out like a Map.

NOW for a view looking down. What of Malvern from the hills? Snowdonia, Dolgelly, and Barmouth from Cader Idris? Sidmouth from Peak Hill? For my own part, I am fond of seeing the Peak of Derbyshire from Mam Tor; on the summit of Mam Edale lies below like the Wastdale of Derbyshire and smiling Hope and the pretty village of Castleton and the alpinic gorge known as The Winnats. From Mam Tor the Peak is viewed in one sweep of the eye, and is very impressive.

It would be difficult to know exactly where to stop on a subject so comprehensive; one cannot fail to cite many of the beautiful towns and villages whose charms never cease from reflecting in the mirrors of the human mind. Devon bubbles over with glories—Lee Downs running smoothly to the deep blue seas, and to the fuchsia lamps along the sweet Devon lanes; Woolacombe, promless, bandless, pierless, a paradise for the soul that loves the quiet shrines of the land, Woolacombe with its pure gold sands, and winds that blow fresh with the great salt tang in them; Clovelly, absolutely beyond the description of mere word phrasing; Yelverton aflame in bracken, and the tiny bay I long for at Ladram.

Never Forgotten.

I REMEMBER Haddon Hall seen so romantically from the Bakewell road, and then there is Polperro snuggled away in sleepy Cornwall; the quiet Cotswolds are full of loveliness; Leicestershire is a fine county viewed from Sutton-on-the-Hill in Derbyshire; and then we have the major oaks of the Dukeries in the Sherwood Forest, and the old-world peacefulness of Bath and Wells and Gloucester.

And although my journeys have brought me only rarely into London, I still have happy recollections of Pinner, so spruce and clean, and the joy which was mine when the bus swung along the narrow road and I saw Richmond

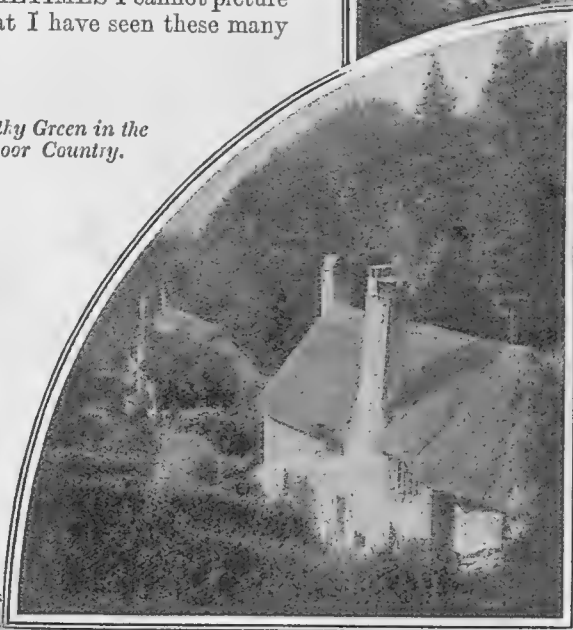
Bridge for the first time. Nor am I unmindful of Tonbridge in 'Cricket Week:

*"On this soft dew-fed tree-girt
sward of Kent
The cricket-god to-day is first
enthroned"*

sings the poet.

SOMETIMES I cannot picture that I have seen these many

*Selworthy Green in the
Exmoor Country.*



places; perhaps there are days when they are only fancy, little worlds visualised through the avenues of one's imagination, exhilarations of the mind, anticipations of the soul.

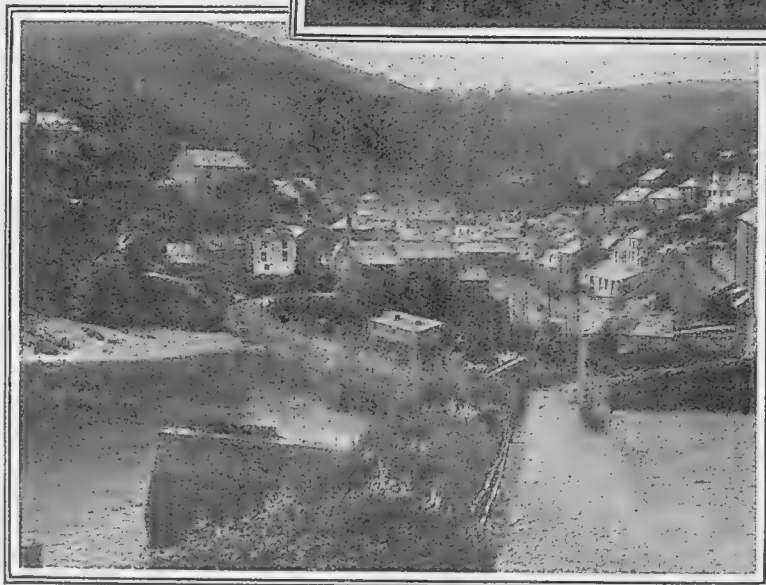
But if I should stand on any station platform they all come back to me in delightful irregular confusion, like a lovely cinema flashing swiftly across one's thoughts. Some day I hope to go through them all again and recall the words of Patrick R. Halmers:

*"Come, then, and stand on the
platform, and see through the arches,
Full of the evening that flushes the
chimneys with light,
Gold-burnished rails that run out to
the pines and the larches,
See the long corridor carriages
busking for flight;*



Precipice Walk, Dolgelly.

*Board them in fancy, and then,
when the twilight grows deeper,
Speed through the moon-mantled
Midlands—by fell and by firth,
Wake with your tea, in the smooth-
swinging rush of the sleeper,
When the white glamour of morn-
ing is pale over Perth."*



Polperro, snuggled away in sleepy Cornwall.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

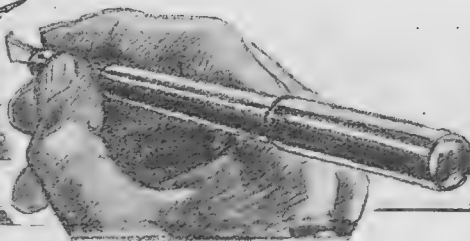
ON

*"IS IT RIGHT TO
HANG A MAN?"*

~ ~ ~

In the issue of BRITANNIA, of November 16th, Lord Birkenhead will discuss the above question in an authoritative article.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

A Contrast.

From Sir James Walker, K.C.I.E., I.C.S. (retired).
Sir,

In this week's "Flare of the Torches" you very cogently show that English industry cannot be saved so long as economic issues are bandied and battered about in the sordid arena of party politics.

In to-day's *Sunday Times* I read that in the United States business interests are in no way perturbed by the imminence of the Presidential Election as they realise that there exists no fundamental difference between the policy of either great political party so far as national prosperity is concerned.

I have also lately received a circular from the President of a leading American cement company in which the directors explain why they have declared no dividend on the common stock. The reason given is that:—

"Belgian cement is made at wage scales approximately one quarter of those prevailing for American cement, and production costs conform to standards of living in that country which are far lower than American standards. On this account the American manufacturer is unable to meet this competition profitably. Cement is on the free list of the tariff law and cannot therefore be aided by presidential action."

But the shareholders are assured that both political parties pledge remedial action.

In a like case in Britain, could we feel assured that even one political party would really help?—
Yours faithfully,

J. WALKER.

Educational Inefficiency.

DEAR SIR,

Now that I have in some degree recovered my composure, I would like to write to you of a discovery I have made which, in my opinion, discloses a state of the most inane, heart-breaking inefficiency in the most important branch of Imperial progress.

I refer to the alleged education which is at present thrown at children in return for the enormous fees paid by misguided and unrealising parents like myself.

My own schooldays had passed into the limbo of things forgotten during a life spent in distant countries, and it was not until my recent return to England that the sight of my small son, aged eleven, doing his "prep," brought to my mind glimmerings of days forgotten and lessons never learnt.

Full of curiosity, I asked the boy what he was learning, and he passed me a book asking me to hear if he had memorised it correctly. As he recited, so my utter disgust grew until I nearly flung the book in the fire. This is what he had to memorise:—

"And Eli blessed Elkanah and his wife and said: 'The Lord give thee seed of the woman for the loan which is lent to the Lord.' And they went into their own home."

"And the Lord visited Hannah so that she conceived and bare three sons and two daughters. . . ."

"Now Eli was very old and heard all that his sons did unto all Israel, and how they lay with the women that assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. . . ."—Samuel 1, ch. 2.

Can one imagine a system so appalling? If the boy said "Hell" in school, I suppose he'd get a flogging, yet here he is set to learn by heart descriptions of sexual relationship worded in the crude manner of centuries ago.

I may mention that the Preparatory School is one of the highest standing, and I have no reason whatever to think that the education given here is different to that given at any other school—otherwise the remedy would be simple.

Next, I saw him struggling with the names of towns which were represented by dots on a blank

map of France. They were towns of not the slightest importance or use to him in his future life, as if he ever wanted to go to any of them he could just go and buy a ticket at Cook's.

When one thinks of the fertility of the soil which is being used to plant useless rubbish only because that rubbish has been planted in the same way for some centuries, it makes one feel hopeless for the future of the Empire.

It is easy to see how this educational system, which is supposed to prepare youth for present-day life, has become a thing absolutely apart from and unrelated to that life. From time immemorial students have imbibed the same stuff and methods from their teachers, and they have in turn become teachers, and so the vicious circle has gone on, never changing to conform to up-to-date ideas or methods.

How can any young man be equipped for the twentieth century struggle with a head full of eighteenth century garbage? On no possible grounds can it be argued that the first instance quoted in this letter is teaching the boy morals or Christianity, and, from what I have seen, the rest of the education thrown at boys is on a par. I use the term "thrown at" because the boy is apparently supposed to get his own education by doing his prep, and the lessons in school appear to be merely a correction of the last prep or the setting of a new one.

Here, surely, is a campaign worthy of your declared principles and your energies.—Yours faithfully,

A TROUBLED FATHER.

Coal Industry Problems.

SIR,

In the article entitled "The Flare of the Torches" appears the following passage:—

Eventually the mining business will have to be reorganised, made big instead of little, its preposterous system of "wayleaves" abolished, its paying pits worked to the limit of their capacity, its selling operations co-ordinated and its useless pits closed.

Anyone reading this passage would imagine—what I can scarcely believe to be the case—that you had never heard of the Central Collieries Commercial Association (the Five Counties Scheme), which controls 100,000,000 tons of output and works on a production quota; never heard of the Scottish scheme whereby collieries are invited to tender for their own extinction in return for compensation; never heard of 1,112 pits that have been closed since 1925; never heard of the conferences now proceeding between representatives of the various colliery districts with a view to the possible co-ordination of existing marketing schemes; never heard of the Anthracite, Powell Duffryn, Lancashire, and other amalgamations; never heard of the Mines (Working Facilities) Act, which can be, and is, invoked in case of difficulties about "wayleaves"; never heard of the British Colliery Owners' Research Association; are, in fact, ignorant of the extent to which the reorganisation of the British coal industry has proceeded and the rapidity with which it is still proceeding.

Reorganisation cannot be carried out in a day, or even in a few months. It is easier to write about than to accomplish. Mr. Walter Meakin, Labour correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has examined Rationalisation in Germany and published the results of his examination in a recently issued book called *The New Industrial Revolution*, says of the British coal-marketing schemes that:—

The operation of all the schemes, in fact, will be experimental for some time, and the experience in each district will contribute something to the common pool from which, it may be hoped, a unified national coal policy will finally take form. . . . Rapid progress cannot be looked for at first. . . . but apparently there was no other practicable way by which a vast mechanism of change could be built up.

It is obvious that far too many men have been employed since the war in getting the tonnage for which there is at present a market. The concentration of production in the most economic pits and seams will mean more regular employment for those at work, but must mean more unemployment until markets can be recovered or expanded. The policy of the colliery owners falls into four stages: (1) A reduction in the cost of production; (2) bringing production into relation with demand; (3) securing an economic price for the tonnage that is produced; (4) the expansion of markets and the more scientific utilisation of coal.

Of these the first has been accomplished. The second and third are in course of accomplishment through the operation of the various marketing schemes. It is hoped to achieve the fourth through research, through the development of the existing and contemplated plants for distillation and low temperature carbonisation, and through the co-ordination of the existing marketing schemes.

Perhaps, in conclusion, I may quote Mr. Meakin once more:—

It is a great gain that men of outstanding ability in the industry have perceived the need for this change, and that they have given the lead which opens the way to progress.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP GEE.

Ill-Feeling on the Road.

DEAR SIR,

Apparently BRITANNIA is going to be no different from other weekly newspapers in the sense that its motoring talks are to contain, from time to time, outbursts against cyclists—outbursts which in the main are as stupid as they are misplaced.

In motoring journals a lot is made of the ill-feeling between motorists and cyclists, and cyclists, we are told, are responsible for this by our selfishness on the roads, by our notorious defences against the many schemes which motorists advocate for our own interest and protection, etc., etc.

We cyclists, and by that I mean organised cyclists, who use our machines for pleasure and sport, bear no ill-will to motorists; we are all brothers of the road, all out to enjoy the beauties of travel through our "English Wonderland," all using our different forms of transport. We think ours is the best way and probably our only concern for motorists is one of pity, but we do not go out of our way to create and foster ill-feeling. We have the same right to the use of the roads as motorists, pedestrians, or anyone else, the question of tax payments being quite irrelevant.

There is no reason why, on any ordinary road, cyclists should not ride two abreast; they take but the room of a saloon car and are as easily passed by any competent driver who has any judgment of distance and pace. The photo shown in BRITANNIA is typical of what I mean, but the remarks underneath just serve to prove to what some motoring journalists will descend to curry favour with other motorists.

The remark in your motoring pages anent the non-observance of the rear reflector regulations by cyclists is absurd. Just to give one refutation to this, may I mention that one only of the organised cycling bodies—the Cyclists' Touring Club—has accepted the regulation, unjust though we feel it to be, and are carrying out the regulation in a true spirit of helpfulness and we are some 25,000 strong!

If your Motoring Correspondent wishes to confirm for himself my statement, if he will communicate with me, I will give him information as to where he might see a body of C.T.C.-ites all "wearing" reflectors, and I can cover the country for him.—
Yours sincerely,

JAS. BOLTON.

(Continued overleaf.)

The Ayrshire Cow.

DEAR SIR,

I am a farmer and a breeder of Ayrshire cattle. I maintain that the Ayrshire cow is the most economical converter of animal food into human food of any animal alive.

I see your agricultural correspondent is a strong advocate of the Friesians; if he is going to be your correspondent he will need to treat his subjects with discrimination and not be partial to any particular breed. It really does not matter how much milk a cow gives, but it does matter how much it costs to produce it.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN R. MILLER.

A Woman's Section Critic.

DEAR SIR,

Laying aside the fourth number of *BRITANNIA*, and allowing the mind to dwell on the contents, it is easy enough to praise the general excellence of the publication.

Unfortunately it is equally easy to criticise. To whom is the paper intended to appeal? To the general public?

Do you realise that the average income of 85 per cent. of the families (not individuals) comprising the "general public" in Great Britain is under two pounds per week? Also that the average family contains five members?

If so you will probably realise the necessity of drastically altering the section devoted to woman's interests.

Is it necessary to quote from them to prove their utter uselessness to the manager of the "average" home? Fireplaces for "Tudor," or other period, rooms! Ye Gods! Rugs at £11 15s. 6d. as a minimum!! "How to spend £10," when the problem is how to get 10s. for essential clothing. "An inviting frock—at a most inviting price, 9½ guineas!" etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

You do not wish for popular support, perchance, in spite of the sanity of your sports articles, and the clarity of vision which enables you to see that no political party, as at present constituted, is any d—n good.

You appeal, you may say, to that tiny minority whose individual income is over five thousand *per annum*. They are well catered for already.

Or, possibly, you are a Socialist of the deepest dye, red as the figure of Britannia on the cover of your journal, who sits waiting for the natural outcome of articles that, by emphasising the grossly inadequate income of the mass by constant inference, leads to the overthrow of the present régime.

Candidly you have disappointed us. There is room—ample room—for a paper that shall take a "national" and not a "party," stand in politics; a paper that realises that there is still a "religious interest" amongst the people. In a word, a paper "directed by Gilbert Frankau."—Yours truly,

JOHN ROBSON.

A Working Man's Convictions.

DEAR SIR,

We want *BRITANNIA* and the free healthy opinions for which she stands. But why, Sir, this bitter persecution of Stanley Baldwin?

I am a working man with the honest conviction that the Prime Minister is a great Britisher with the good of his country very near at heart, and no personal or party axe to grind. Much has been accomplished under his ministry and much still remains to be done, and I think he shows great statesmanship, in so much as there is almost an entire lack of idle promises or swervings to this way or to that, so common to other Governments which were before him.

I believe many of the problems of this Government were inherited from their predecessors and cannot be quickly righted. As one who has modestly served the country in her hour of need, it is unthinkable that a man of MacDonald's cunning should be allowed to assume the reins of Government. His war-time past is too black.

Then again, the Liberal-Labour antics of Lloyd George are unworthy of a great nation like ours.

In the coming elections it is up to all good citizens to stand for the party which is at least for Empire. I prefer to think of that party as the Constitutionalists. Let us forget the word Conservative. A national party is worth a better name. Perhaps *BRITANNIA* can give us one?—Yours truly,

RICHARD SIMS.

"The Constant Nymph."

DEAR SIR,

I feel constrained to write a few words in defence of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, the young actress who is now playing the part of Tessa in "The Constant Nymph."

Mr. Maitland Davidson submits an altogether too harsh a criticism of Miss Forbes-Robertson's acting. To say that Miss Forbes-Robertson is utterly unsuited to this part is, to my mind, bordering on the ridiculous. Even admitting (though I personally do not) that she lacks the outward appearance for the part, surely her exquisite acting amply makes up for this. Apparently Mr. Davidson does not go beyond superficialities, for if he did I am quite certain he would revise his severe criticism.

Miss Forbes-Robertson seems to have caught hold of something in the admittedly difficult part of Tessa which her predecessor altogether missed. It is a sort of spiritual vitality which, if one may be allowed to use the phrase, has purified the part and has created a Tessa of infinite nobility and who is, above all things, true to herself.—Yours faithfully,

STEWART W. ROBINSON.

Underpaid Library Assistants.

DEAR SIR,

May I, as one entirely outside the profession, call attention to the, in many cases, scandalous underpayment of assistants in some of our public libraries?

Only last week, a large town in the Midlands advertised for an assistant in the Public Library who had "passed matriculation." The commencing salary was £40 a year! I know a girl, who is a B.A. (honours in English) who has not yet, after nearly three years' service, received a salary sufficient to enable her to pay for her board, lodging and clothes. A comparison of her remuneration, with that of any other official of the City Council (down to the dustmen) would reveal a degree of disparity which nothing can justify.

It is easily explained, however, by the preponderance, both on the Council, and the Library Committee, of those who know very little of literature, less of books, and care nothing for the things of the mind. The minority on the Library Committee who are qualified for their position are powerless against a majority of the Council, until public opinion is aroused, and the general body of ratepayers induced to think for themselves.

It is surely time that the Library Association took up the whole question of the salaries paid to assistants. I am fully alive to the difficulties the Association would encounter, because they are not in a position to dictate to those corporations who persistently underpay their library assistants. The Library Association can, however, do far more than they are doing to educate public opinion.—Yours faithfully,

B. W. H.

Third-rate Sheik Stuff.

DEAR SIR,

When I first took up your paper, I concluded that it was designed to appeal to individualists and patriots with at least a modicum of intelligence, common-sense, and—dare I add?—good taste.

Then I came upon an article by Michael Sadleir which, for cheap unoriginality, bad logic and humorless vulgarity, certainly beats the band. After all, the only excuse for vulgarity is that it should be amusing! That apart, the whole course of this farrago of third-rate Sheik stuff discloses no single original or novel idea.

Rose Macaulay—with real cleverness and caustic humour—has already tackled the point of the exploitation of women (in company with intelligent quadrupeds and infant prodigies) as news by half-witted journalists. The illogical confusion of feminine emancipation with extreme democratic ideas is at least as old as Methuselah, and, I am sure, twice as silly. And—to conclude this vain dredging for gems of mental brilliance—a certain Anthony Ludovici has already run the whole gamut of picturesque neo-paleolithic "he-man" swash-buckling, down to the final heartrending picture of poor modern man—cowed, shocked and callously dispossessed of his inalienable right to the farm-yard fence.

In Mr. Sadleir's own words, I wish I could be "really outspoken" here. I would like, for instance, to say exactly what I, and others of both sexes, think of the little tit-bit that you saw fit

to put in a frame in the middle of Mr. Sadleir's effusion, only I fear that my opinion would be distinctly un-"genteel." It would be a case of (literarily) stooping to conquer, and I must not forget feminine decorum! even though I have other things to think about than the possible effect of a glimpse of knee on the evidently more susceptible and shockable sex.

I do, however, suggest that you insist in future on a certain minimum of originality in your articles, even though they be by well-known novelists; and if your policy is to include a spice of the vulgar and risqué (presumably in the name of "outspokenness," rather than of frank entertainment) let that, too, be sufficiently intelligent to be appreciated by others than tap-room habitués.—Yours faithfully,

U. REID.

"Woman Ridden England."

SIR,—

With all due respect to Mr. Sadleir, might I suggest that before having written his article on "Woman-Ridden England," which is none other than the modern theme of the sex war, he should have perused a book called *The Dominant Sex*, translated from the German. It is not a very modern book, but it deals principally with the conditions that prevailed in various civilisations when women were the dominant sex. Egypt, the greatest of ancient civilisations, had a period when it was ruled by women, and that period is not remarkable for outstanding signs of degeneracy.

It is unintelligible that a man should be embarrassed by the sight of a woman's legs, as Mr. Sadleir suggests; such a man must be suffering from some acute hyper-sexual instinct, doubtlessly contracted in Victorian childhood, when the body was pronounced as unclean and something to be hidden and only exposed when the light of day had passed and when artificial light was rather uncertain.—Yours faithfully,

CARTWRIGHT FARMILOE.

Railway Staff Work.

SIR,

Some time ago I went to Euston to travel to Glasgow and, being rather late, I found every third-class compartment full, except one. Of this the door on the platform side was locked and a notice on the window announced that it was reserved for a party at Rugby. Unable to find a seat, I walked along the corridor to the reserved compartment and sat down.

Another seatless traveller, also bound for Glasgow, did the same. By and bye the ticket examiner came along, and said, rather brusquely, "You can't sit here." I demurred, and suggested that we could sit there until the party joined at Rugby, and I added the question, "How many constituted a 'party'?" He replied that there must be six tickets bought to engage the compartment.

At Rugby a little crowd quickly gathered opposite our compartment, composed chiefly of railway porters. The door was unlocked, the "engaged" notice hastily torn down, and there entered the alleged equivalent of "six tickets," which took the form of a young railway employee going to Carlisle—not Glasgow—his wife, and an infant in arms!

I mention this incident because it shows what privileges can be "worked" by railway employees for themselves at the expense of the fare-paying public. I think it may be described as an abuse of "staff work" that an overcrowded train in which paying passengers for a 400-miles journey could not find a seat should have a whole compartment—8 seats—withdrawn from use to minister to the comfort of two employee passengers travelling only part of the way.—I am, etc.,

J. A. W. O.

The First V.C.

SIR,

Referring to the statement on page 37 as to Chelsea Pensioners and the V.C., I would point out that this much-coveted decoration was given during the Crimean War, and has been continued ever since.

The first recipient was Midshipman Lucas, an Irishman from Co. Wicklow, who was decorated for throwing a live shell with burning fuze, which had landed on his ship's deck, overboard. It exploded before striking the water.

I would like to add that this particular cross was in possession of Rear-Admiral Lucas's widow in Tunbridge Wells, where I saw it while I was serving during 1915.—Yours faithfully,

R. WILL. STANBRIDGE,

Lt.-Colonel (R.).

Religious Leaders' "Tosh."

SIR,

Mr. A. Lancaster Smith believes that "religious leaders talk 'tosh.'" His signature would not lead one to take him for a "religious leader," but after reading his letter the conclusion is inevitable.

It is refreshing to hear of one more of the clergy (Dr. R. J. Campbell) with mental alertness sufficient to force his mind out of the cast iron groove in which the majority of religious leaders and Mr. A. Lancaster Smith are labouring—a groove described so aptly by himself under his definition of "Holy Scripture."

To be honest towards his fellows, he must realise that feeding solely and exclusively on "Holy Scripture" will inevitably mortify and extinguish his soul, after the manner of all monks and most religious leaders, who are living corpses—bodies without soul or spirit.

Salvation for Mr. A. Lancaster Smith, as for all of us, comes by means of the thousand and one products of the heightened intelligence of our age, not through the contents of a book—written in a by-gone age by sages of all too limited outlook.—Yours faithfully,

S. C. DOUGHTY.

American Politics and Religion.

DEAR SIR,

Your American correspondent has shown himself as anti-Catholic in previous issues of BRITANNIA, but I ask your permission to protest against the paragraph headed, "A Strong Women's Vote."

He suggests that whenever women democrats are prepared to vote they have been urged thereto by the Roman Catholic Church, whilst giving no evidence whatever of this, but that Republican women are prepared to vote solely in defence of Prohibition without any religious interference.

I enclose, for your information, a quotation from the address by Miss Mabel Willebrandt, an assistant Attorney-General in the United States, to a conference of Methodist ministers in Ohio, and a copy of the comment thereon made by the American Protestant publication, *The Churchman*.

The *Christian Advocate*, the chief Methodist paper in New York, states: "The clear line of Methodist duty is to defeat Smith."—Yours faithfully,

DONALD M. O'CONNOR.

The enclosures referred to are as follows:—

Miss Mabel Willebrandt:—"There are 2,000 of your pastors here. You have in your churches, in Ohio alone, more than 600,000 members. That is enough to swing the Election. The 600,000 have friends in other States. Write to them."

The Churchman (U.S.A.):—"If this is not putting the Methodist church into politics we don't understand plain English. Is our memory playing us a trick when we seem to recall heated oratory, in the best Methodist style, against the reputed activities of the Roman Catholic church in politics?"

Forth Bridge or Tunnel?

DEAR SIR,

The Ministry of Transport's Report on the Survey as to the practicability of a Forth Road Bridge is expected shortly.

I have urged through the local Press that, living in the "Air Age," vital lines of communication have to be regarded from national and not purely local considerations. A Forth Road Tunnel should be preferred to the projected road bridge, since destruction, so easy of accomplishment from the air, of any bridge, or the existing Forth railway bridge, would leave the under-water road intact.

Germany is to construct a tunnel under the Elbe, which fact lends considerable point to the articles in your second number by Brigadier-General Groves and Mr. Rossiter. Close by and east of the railway bridge lie derelict two naval bases—Rosyth and Port Edgar. Both could be admirably adapted to the manufacture of land and sea aircraft, and as marine aircraft bases, the former for defence, allied to the R.A.F. Base at Leuchars Aerodrome on the north side of the estuary, and the latter for commercial and civil aviation in conjunction with Turnhouse Aerodrome on the south (or Edinburgh) shore.

Is it that the Forth, haven of the Grand Fleet in war, is destined to be the "Air Sanctuary" of Britain? With compliments.

W. J. STODDART.

Petty Frauds.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent, Mr. Graham Davis, writes, "It is very difficult to agree with what your

learned contributor 'Woolsack' has to say under the heading 'A Harsh Sentence.'"

I venture to believe that the majority of your readers will have considerably more difficulty in agreeing with the argument advanced by your correspondent in defending the sentence referred to. If petty fraud is to put the perpetrator "outside the pale of consideration," even for a first offence, what are we to say about fraud that cannot be described as petty yet to which the benefit of the First Offenders' Act is often extended?

Surely the petty nature of the fraud should be an argument for the extension of clemency rather than, as Mr. Graham Davis seems to think, an argument against such a course.

As to petty frauds against companies and institutions, it may be said that when such delinquents are caught they are almost invariably prosecuted, while the vast majority of first offences of a similar type against individuals are never heard of in court.—Yours faithfully,

R. YOUNG.

Post Office Contracts.

DEAR SIR,

The last letter of the G.P.O. on the subject of the contract for bronze wire which was given to foreign firms is of a nature so calculated to give a false impression that it is felt that the public should be put in possession of the facts of the case.

The position is as follows: In August last, contracts for bronze wire were placed by the G.P.O. with French and German firms. When pressed for an explanation, the P.M.G. gave as his reason for sending the order overseas that the charges of the British tenderers were excessive. The actual loss due to the order going abroad was negligible in comparison with the potential damage of such a statement.

Accordingly, the chairman of the Non-Ferrous Group of the F.B.I. at once wrote expressing the strongest objection and stating categorically that an auditor had certified that the British tenderers allowed for a profit of no more than 3½ per cent., an insufficient margin to pay standing charges. To this letter the P.O. replied over the signature of Sir Evelyn Murray.

Shorn of detail, this letter tends to lead to two definite impressions—the first that the British manufacturers of bronze wire have formed a ring to raise prices; the second that there was a margin of not less than from 35 to 40 per cent. between the British and foreign tenders.

To take these statements in their order.

(a) The manufacture of bronze wire in the United Kingdom is a small trade, employing no more than six firms, between which there is a trade arrangement, of which no secret has ever been made, and which was instituted and exists, as in many other trades in the country, as much in the interests of the purchaser as of the vendor. There is not, on the other hand, any ring to force up prices—the figure of 3½ per cent. profit is in itself sufficient denial of this—and inasmuch as the Post Office letter is calculated to give this impression it is doubly unfair, since such an arrangement between bronze wire manufacturers has been in existence for years, not only with the knowledge and approval of the G.P.O., but as indeed, the recognised basis on which the Post Office has always placed orders for the material in question.

(b) It is contended that the Post Office statement gives an impression that British manufacturers' prices for the finished product were between 35 and 40 per cent. above the foreign price, which is entirely fallacious, as it is based on a calculation which omits the cost of the raw material. When translated into terms of the actual price which would have been paid by the Department on the basis ruling for copper at the time the tenders were submitted, the figures mean that the foreign prices were from £92 10s. to £93 10s. per ton against the British price tendered of £102 per ton—a difference not of 35 per cent., but of 8½ per cent., a figure which is more than accounted for by the lower labour costs of the foreign manufacturer.—Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY ROGERSON, Publicity Manager,
Federation of British Industries.

The Curse of Bureaucracy.

DEAR SIR,

I was deeply interested in the article entitled, "The Curse of Bureaucracy." We are, indeed, having a sharp foretaste of life under Socialism. It is not only the State, however, that is fond of

bureaucratic methods. My experience of dealing with some of the big combines, which are supposed to be fighting Britain's battle against foreign competition, is that they, too, indulge in much tiresome red tape, innumerable departments, and crowds of clerks and inspectors.

Perhaps they are training for the day mentioned by Sir John Foster Fraser, when they shall be taken over by a Socialist Administration.

Does BRITANNIA, by the way, mean to support Big Business which is so ably preparing the way for Socialism?

THOS. E. C. PERVIS.

A Plain Man and the Liberals.

DEAR SIR,

I'm a young Liberal candidate. I read your paper because it is exhilarating. I find this on page 295 of a "Plain Man's" account of the Liberal Conference at Yarmouth:—

Speaking as a Plain Man, I must say that the Liberals appeared a great deal more divided than they would have you think, and the manifesto issued by three Liberals at Tavistock confirms this view.

Well—his plainness has somewhat led him astray. The so-called "Liberals" have been recognised Tories for at least five years, have repeatedly said they are, and have repeatedly sat on Tory platforms during the last three years.

This action of issuing such a spurious manifesto at the last moment has been characterised by all parties as a piece of unsporting, if not despicable, election trickery.

I should have thought, at any rate, that such methods would not appeal to you, sir, being wholly unsportsmanlike. And assuredly it was not the slightest evidence for Liberal disunity; 10,000 people voted Liberal.—Yours, etc.,

GERALD BAILEY.

The Pillory Pilloried.

SIR,

In the Pillory section of BRITANNIA, there is an item to which a lover of fair play must take exception.

I refer to the alleged skit at a well-known gramophone advertisement. By deliberately omitting the completion of the main sentence, the whole meaning is distorted.

Taking the insertion at its face value, it will, perhaps appeal to some readers. Having seen the advertisement, and remembering that the complete main sentence is: "The gramophone you cannot hear; you only hear the music;" and not simply, "The gramophone you cannot hear . . ." one must draw the conclusion that a journal which endeavours to gain a laugh (I presume this is the original intention) by following the nowadays very common plan of distortion by omission, should conserve its reputedly strong intellectual resources for a cause of greater import to Britain than this feature can hope to give.—Yours, etc.

DISILLUSIONED BUT HOPEFUL.

The Day Girl and Boarder.

DEAR SIR,

I was very interested in Mr. Mais's article on "The Problem of Education," especially in the paragraph on the benefits of boarding schools.

Mr. Mais states that it seldom enters one's calculations about the women one meets as to whether they were day girls or boarders. This may be so from a man's point of view, but may I say that a woman finds it as easy to distinguish the girl who attended a day-school, from she who went to a boarding-school, as Mr. Mais finds it to distinguish a man.

I certainly think that it is unnecessary to infuse a girl with a love of games over all other interests, but I do think, especially nowadays, that when women are so universally taking up professional careers, they also, as well as boys, will benefit by learning to fend for themselves away from the protection of home.—Yours faithfully,

PATRICIA H. GREER.

In view of the very large volume of correspondence which we receive for publication, writers are asked to confine their letters to as brief a space as possible.

Auto Suggestions

Four Miles A Minute

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

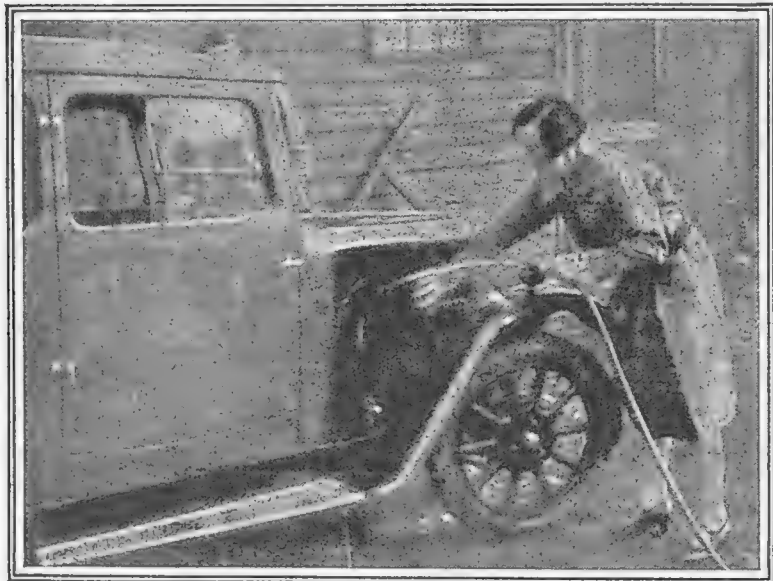
RACING and record breaking, which at one time showed a tendency to decline in public interest, seem to have taken a new lease of life. Brooklands has been particularly active lately, and, on a higher plane, preparations are being made for serious attacks on the world's speed record.

Major Segrave's car, "Golden Arrow," with which he hopes to attain a speed of four miles a minute, is a mystery no longer; it is known, also, that Mr. Kaye Don will most likely make his attempt upon a Sunbeam, specially constructed for the purpose, and it is whispered that Captain Malcolm Campbell has certain plans—plans which may not be divulged, even in outline, at the moment. The net result, anyway, is that the early spring is likely to see a concerted attempt to uphold British prestige which is certain at least to have some most interesting results.

Each of the previous British record-breaking cars—the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam and the Campbell-Napier "Blue Bird"—has been entirely different from accepted motoring ideas in appearance and design, but "Golden Arrow" will apparently have even wider differences.

A written specification would read: Engine, 900 h.p., twelve cylinders, arranged in three banks of four, the two outer banks being set at an angle of 60 degrees to the central, vertical block; bore and stroke, $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $5\frac{1}{8}$ in.; multiple disc clutch; three-speed gear-box; four-wheel internally expanding brakes, servo assisted on the Dewandre suction system—and so forth.

It may be pointed out, however, that as taxation doesn't matter with this car, the engine designer has not been forced into using a high stroke-to-bore ratio; indeed, the stroke is actually shorter than the bore. And the three-speed gear-box is just a little different from the standard article. The lowest gear ratio is higher than the general run of top direct drives on ordinary cars, while the top gear is almost 1 to 1. The multiple disc clutch, again, has required the utmost ingenuity to make it suitable, on the one hand, to transmit the enormous power output of the engine, and, on the other, for it to be humanly possible to operate the withdrawing gear.



Don't be sparing with water.

Made to Measure.

PERHAPS the detail of greatest human interest is the fact that the bodywork, designed on the highest aero-dynamic principles to reduce wind-resistance and to secure stability, has been actually built up around its driver-to-be. Major Segrave has, in fact, been measured for his car as for a suit of clothes. Seated centrally in the chassis, the driver is provided with a sighting apparatus much like that of a rifle, the foresight being a streamlined projection towards the nose of the car, and the rear sight an aperture through which the former is viewed. A black line joins the two, so that the general gilt finish of the body shall not tend to dazzle the driver.

What 340 m.p.h. Means.

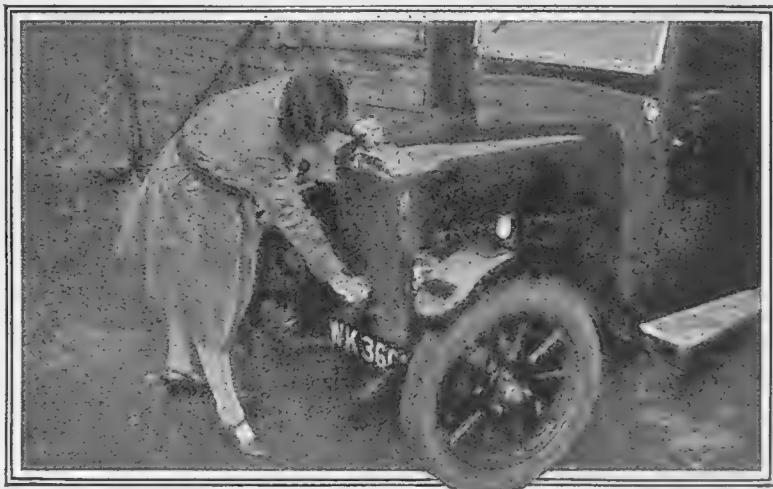
IT is almost impossible to imagine the whole significance of the estimated speed possibilities of the car, and whether Major Segrave will be able seriously to make use of his sighting apparatus remains to be seen. The figure of four miles per minute, or 240 m.p.h., is arrived at from the fact that the Napier aero engine—of the same type, by the way, as that with which the Schneider Cup was won by Lieut. Webster on a Napier Supermarine machine at 281½ miles an hour last year—is designed to give its full output of 900 h.p. at 3,400 revolutions per minute, at which engine speed the car would be accomplishing 246 miles an hour on top speed.

Extensive experiments have been made with models in wind tunnels and so forth, and it is anticipated that the ideal will be realisable, if the driver can hold the car. Some idea of the essential stability of "Golden Arrow" may

be gained from the fact that, with an overall length of 26 ft., the actual wheelbase is 13 ft. 4 in., the track 5 ft.—and the extreme height from the ground only 3 ft. 9 in.! Even so, 240 miles an hour is going some! London to Birmingham or Bournemouth under the hour, or to Brighton in about twelve minutes; Oxford Circus to the Bank in a little more than half a minute. We can accept the idea of enormous speeds in the air with equanimity, but on the road, or rather on terra firma, such a pace is almost inconceivable.

Minor Problems.

THAT there must be many problems of magnitude to be solved in the design of such a car as "Golden Arrow" goes without saying, but even the minor difficulties to be overcome are equally vital. Brakes, for instance, capable of pulling up the hurtling mass within a reasonable distance may generate so much heat as to fuse the metal of shoes and drums,



A turn with the starting handle on a cold morning saves the batteries.

as did those on one of the previous record attempts. And tyres capable of withstanding the terrific centrifugal force without shedding their treads are the subjects of long and painstaking experiments.

Those which Major Segrave will use are special Dunlop products, of 37 in. by 7 in., and each cover is expected to last for a distance very little greater than that which has to be covered in order to make the attempt on the mile record, a matter of ten to twelve miles in all each way. Since the road wheels will revolve at over two thousand revs. per minute at maximum speed, it can be imagined that a terrific force tending to disintegrate the covers will be operating all the time, quite apart from the actual wear and tear of ordinary tyre use. While the life of each cover is quite short, owing to the fact that relatively thin treads have to be used in order not to aggravate the centrifugal problem, it is understood that the safety margin is considerably beyond anything that the tyres are likely to be called upon to stand.

Water Speed Record.

WHILE these land-speed record preparations are in progress, news is to hand that a new water-speed record has been put up by an outboard hydroplane in America. Mr. E. Travis, driving an Elto Quad-engined boat in the Mid-West Championship Regatta, at Peoria, Illinois, covered the six miles' course at the remarkable speed of 41.748 miles per hour. During the past twelve months, the speed accomplished by these highly-efficient craft has steadily crept up, and still greater developments are confidently anticipated next season.

Considering that the nominal power of the four cylinder, two-stroke engine used in the record performance mentioned is only in the neighbourhood of 8 h.p., a speed of over 40 miles

(Continued overleaf.)

Auto Suggestions—contd.

an hour on the water is, to say the least, most creditable, and attainable only by virtue of the extreme lightness of the craft. Various efforts are in progress, however, still further to reduce the weight of the hull, by the use of material other than wood, and success in this direction, together with improvement in hull design, will certainly enable the record to be carried several miles an hour higher before next season closes.

Easy Starting in Winter.

WEATHER sufficiently severe to render engine starting really difficult is rare in this country, but at the same time moisture-laden atmosphere, raw cold, and the other inconveniences of our climate do not tend to help matters. The very best easy starting hint that can be given is the obvious one to keep the engine in tip-top condition: it should start immediately the starter switch is depressed.

But there is a knack in starting every engine, and it is not necessarily the same in every case. A wide open throttle, for instance, is just as likely to make starting difficult as insufficient opening, while the ample retardation of the ignition which is desirable for safety causes the general run of magnetos to give a spark that may be too feeble to fire the charge at low engine revs. It should not be necessary to use the starting handle in these days of universally reliable electric starters—but often it is wise, at least, to give the engine a turn or so with the ignition switched off before pressing the button. A lubricating oil should be used which does not become gummy at low temperatures and so make the engine hard to turn; in fact, the use of a suitable oil—not only the brand, but the grade of that brand—has a great deal more to do with easy starting than the average motorist would imagine.

In any case, if, after two or three brief attempts to start with the electric starter, the engine remains inactive, it is highly undesirable that the batteries should be run down by prolonged pressure on the switch. The unfortunate operator may, if he or she so choose, revert to the handle, but the wiser plan is to seek out the cause of the trouble before indulging in hard labour. It might be pointed out, by the way, that turning a refractory engine over by hand is a warm task, and in the case of an open car in particular there is considerable risk of chill in dashing

straight out into the cold air when at last the engine does report for duty.

With an engine otherwise in fairly good condition the cause of difficult starting is usually simple and easily tracked down. A sticking rocker-arm in the magneto contact breaker is probably the most common cause of trouble, especially if the car is stored in an unheated garage. This is quite easily removed and freed, the sticking usually being due to a slightly swollen fibre bush. Adjustment of the

attempts to start an engine that is out of order, a certain degree of additional attention is desirable in winter time. Charging should be carried on for longer periods than in summer; in fact, for the average car it is safe to say that the charging-switch should be left at "on" all the time. The drain on the batteries from engine starting is heavier, lamps are in use for much longer periods, and fewer and slower daylight runs make it more difficult for the generator to keep pace with the demand for energy. In consequence, the process known as "topping up"—that is, making good with distilled water the loss of electrolyte through evaporation—should be performed more frequently. With good modern batteries and generators the electrical equipment of the car should be well up to winter-time requirements, but it does demand reasonable attention.

Storing an Accumulator.

IN the case of a car that is put away for the winter months (of which there are not many) the accumulator in particular should be preserved against deterioration from inaction. Too often, unfortunately, the metal work of the car is coated with grease, the wheels jacked up to save the tyres—and the batteries are forgotten. The inevitable result is that the plates become sulphated beyond recovery, and the battery simply will not hold its charge.

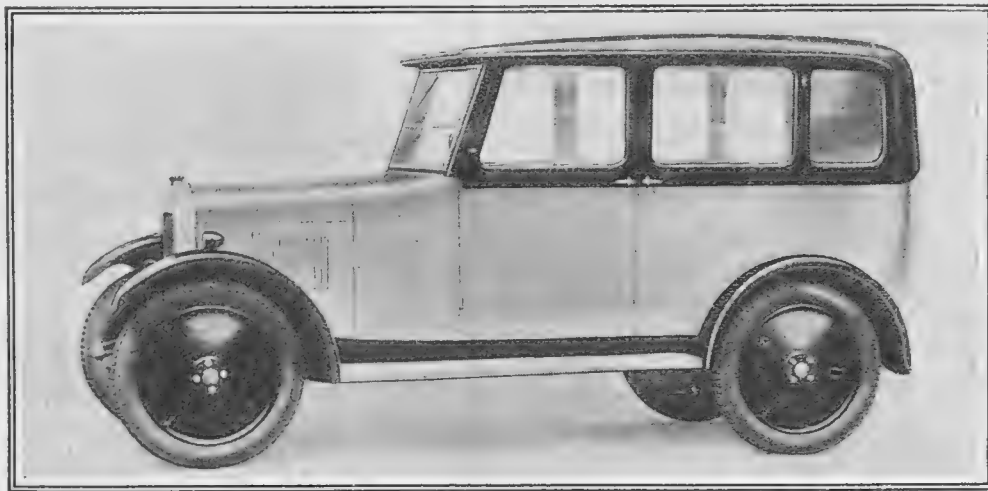
Probably the best method of preservation is to have the accumulator thoroughly charged from an external source before the car is put away, and to give it a refreshing charge at intervals of a month thereafter. If it can be taken into the house and used for wireless purposes, in conjunction with a home charging unit, so much the better. All sorts of advice, often entirely contradictory, is given by different battery experts, but undoubtedly the accumulator thrives best in reasonable service. If

you can, therefore keep it at work, even though the car is hibernating.

The Care of Coachwork.

ONE sound reason for storing the car during the winter months has disappeared with the gradual replacement of paint-and-varnish coach-finish by cellulose and fabric. It should be remembered, however, that the casual treatment under which cellulose will still come up smiling is not good for fabric. Dry cleaning can be indulged in with the former, (Continued overleaf.)

Trying Out The Singer Junior.



The Singer Junior.

A TEST of one of the new Baby cars brings to light many excellences of comfort and efficient performance which one would scarcely expect in a vehicle of such modest size and price. The particular specimen selected in this case was the Singer Junior, a tiny mite with positively amazing passenger accommodation, and a performance that many a car of double the power might well envy. The horse power rating is a mere 7.7, but the little engine is amply powerful to propel the saloon body, with four average adults on board, at a comfortable 35 to 40 miles an hour up hill and down dale, all day long.

The running of the engine is notably smooth, and acceleration remarkably good. The ability of the engine to pull at low speed is surprising, but on the other hand it would be difficult to find a gearbox with which it is easier to make a clean change even at high speed.

The springing is half elliptic all round, and in conjunction with Newton hydraulic shock absorbers gives both easy riding and good road holding qualities. While the

Engine ..	Four cyl., 7.78 h.p., 848 c.c.
Max. b.h.p.	16.5 at 3,250 r.p.m.
Tax ..	£8
Gearbox ..	Three speeds: top, 5½ to 1.
Springs ..	Semi-elliptic; Newton shock absorbers.
Brakes ..	Four wheel, internal expanding; compensated.
Body ..	Coachbuilt saloon, cellulose finish in two colours; 4 doors; ample four seater.
Price ..	£160.

maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 45 miles an hour, the ease of control, stability and excellent braking system enable an average speed to be attained over a long journey that is out of all proportion to the size and rating of the car.

Among specially good points worthy of notice are the really good appearance of the car despite its diminutiveness,

the silence of operation of the electric starter, the ingenuity of the sliding rear luggage grid, the convenience of separate, adjustable bucket seats, and the absence of road shock in the steering gear. The only real fault to be found with the little car was the amount of draught which entered the interior from the necessary slots in the floorboard through which the pedals, etc., project. This would be eliminated if some form of leather gaiter were fitted round the shanks of the pedals.

Altogether, the Singer Junior is a most creditable product, which may be looked to to increase materially the popularity of motoring—and not only among those who have to give the financial side of the question close consideration.

sparkling plug points is another simple means towards easy starting. With many modern engines there is a tendency for the sparking points to become burnt away in quite a short time if a somewhat unsuitable plug is used, and since the plugs are the last thing to be given attention so long as they continue to do their job, it is quite likely that an unexpected cold snap may discover this weakness.

Battery Precautions.

A PART from the obvious precaution of not exhausting the batteries by persistent

Auto Suggestions—contd.



Phoenix Park, Dublin. The "straight" where high speed is possible.

actually with good effect, since the abrasive particles contained in the mud which is rubbed off act in a measure towards the production of a still higher polish. The effect of the abrasive on a soft fabric needs no description.

Lavish use of water and the occasional sparing employment of a protective polish is still the best method of keeping a car in good condition whatever its finish, and the advice may be equally applied to cellulose in spite of its greater durability. With both fabric and cellulose the great advantage is that the high degree of skill required for the proper maintenance of the older coach finish has been eliminated. Anyone can do it; common-sense is all that is necessary. As to the particular kind of polish to be used, it is really better to seek the advice of the bodymakers, especially in the case of fabric, than to try experiments which may prove costly and unsatisfactory. With cellulose, a good polish such as Cerrix may be used, and as this particular material is manufactured and sold by the well-known cellulose paint makers, Cellon, of Richmond, it may be trusted.

The gradual increase in the use of chromium plating in place of nickel is another matter which makes the problem of winter motor-ing easier to solve. Some motorists have had unfortunate experience with this plating, and are convinced that it is much more liable to peel off than nickel, but the process has now been so far improved that further trouble is unlikely.

The Monte Carlo Rally.

PUBLICATION of the regulations for the Monte Carlo Rally, to be held as usual early in January, suggests a pleasant and possibly profitable method of making the run down to the Riviera for those who are inclined to follow the sun this winter. This event has grown considerably in popularity in this country during the past two years, and this season there will undoubtedly be a large British contingent among the competitors.

Starting from widely separated points all over Europe, something like a hundred cars will converge upon Monte Carlo, being due to arrive there between certain hours on a given date. Valuable prizes are offered; but apart from this there is a sporting atmosphere about the competition which is most refreshing. An edition of the Rally Regulations, printed in English, will shortly be available, and any one interested may obtain a copy on application to the Motoring Editors of BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Sport in the Irish Free State.

FOR some time the motoring authorities of Southern Ireland have flirted with the idea of holding a road race in the Irish Free State, and now the great success of the Ulster Tourist Trophy event has apparently brought matters to a head. It is stated on good authority that arrangements for such a race, to be held next year, are almost complete. Early July is named as the probable date, while the beautiful grounds of Phoenix Park, Dublin, will be the venue. Among the advantages of the Park, from the road racing point of view, are the ease with which other traffic can be excluded, the possession of a straight stretch on which speeds considerably over 100 miles an hour are possible, and of curves and corners of all varieties.

The Motor Cycle Show.

ECONOMICAL motoring was a feature of the recent car show, but those who wish to study real economy should visit the Motor Cycle Exhibition, which opens at Olympia on Monday.

Machines priced as low as £20 will be contrasted with luxurious little coaches on three wheels, while even some among the solo machines have adequate protection for both rider and machinery on car lines. But a more detailed description of the exhibits will be possible in next week's BRITANNIA.



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car which for enduring
value and low running
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The Thirty. With the self-changing gear and magnificent new chassis work, this six cylinder model takes a foremost place among the luxurious cars of the day.

From £1,300

The Long Twenty. With or without the self-changing gear, this six cylinder is a small edition of the Thirty. Essentially a carriage of quality, exceptional comfort and refined appearance. From £525

The Short Twenty. With or without the self-changing gear, this six cylinder model appeals to those who do big mileage and use their cars hard. It possesses a first-rate performance and will stand up to the severest treatment. From £435

The Fifteen. An economical family six, well suited for town, week-end runs and professional use where sweet and silent running are the principal objects sought.

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The Fourteen. A four cylinder model that will stand the hardest treatment without fatigue or failure. From £300

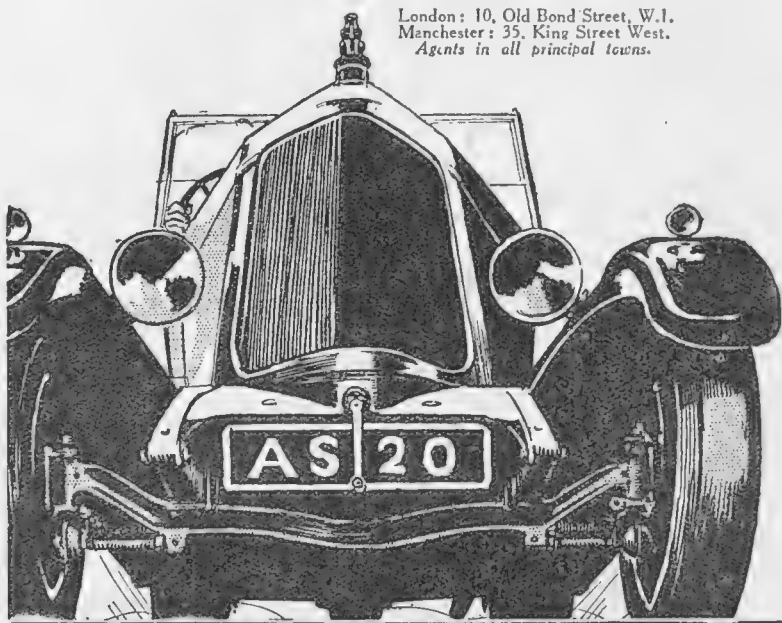
The Twelve. This small six cylinder will be used as an auxiliary to a larger car or as a first car. It possesses all the style, stamina and many of the special features of the larger Armstrong Siddeleys. From £250

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By "BLACKFRIAR"

Gordon Richards

MUCH publicity was given a few days ago to a report that the Betting Control Board had under consideration a scheme whereby office bookmakers would be invited to act as agents for the "Tote" on a commission basis. The scheme, it was said, was to embrace all the bookmakers of the country who would become part of a vast centralised organisation, through which all bets made away from the course would be turned automatically into the "Tote."

Objection was at once raised on the ground that 2½ per cent., as was suggested as recompense, was grossly inadequate, for it meant that the bookmakers, after paying 2 per cent. tax, would have to stand the risk of bad debts, pay their staffs and heavy overhead charges in return for a mere ½ per cent. But, as I suspected, the facts had been garbled.

An Official "Blower."

The scheme, I can state authoritatively, is nothing more than one of the many ideas which have been conceived to secure the best means of carrying on betting by the Totalisator system. It is still in such a nebulous state that so far it has not even been placed before the Control Board. The idea was born of the belief that it would be an advantage to get as much of the betting of the country into the machine as possible, and in order to secure that, it would pay to offer "away from the course" bookmakers 1 or 2 per cent. *over and above the tax percentage* on all bets sent to the "Tote" by them. There would be no sort of compulsion. They would be able to please themselves whether they sent through these commissions or not.

Suppose a bookmaker had two hundred pounds for a certain horse which it did not suit his book to stand. He could send it along to the "Tote" and "get on," much as he does through the "Blower" to-day.

Such a scheme would surely appeal to any sensible bookmaker, for not only would he be getting his fee as an agent of the "Tote," but the effect of that money being put into the machine would be to shorten the price returned against that particular horse, and this would thus reduce the layer's indebtedness, should the horse win, in the case of any bets he may have kept in his book against the winner.

The whole point seems to be whether the "Tote" could stand this extra 2 or 2½ per cent. If so, I can see no grounds for any objection.

Carslake's First Patron.

Considering his tremendous interest in racing, it is not a little strange that Edgar Wallace has dropped out of the ranks of owners. Perhaps his experiences with Bosambo damped his ardour. Certainly his wife's ventures with Warrior's Star, Northward and others have been more successful. It would not greatly surprise me, however, if next season his colours blossom again. He has already purchased half a dozen yearlings which are to be sent to "Brownie" Carslake—who begins his new career as a trainer at Captain Whitaker's old quarters at St. Giles, Salisbury, next month—to be trained, and I hear the acquisition of

a famous ready-made racehorse is in contemplation.

Perhaps in the course of a year or two "yearlings from the Edgar Wallace stud" will form a regular feature of bloodstock sale catalogues.

Mixed Fare.

Liverpool's Autumn meeting next week, with its programme of sports under both Jockey Club and National Hunt rules, comes as a reminder of the rapid approach of a new jumping season. From the purely spectacular point of view I always regard these mixtures of the two games at Aintree as the most delightful gatherings of the whole year, especially, which unfortunately is not often the case, when they



"Brownie" Carslake, who will train some of Edgar Wallace's horses next season.

are favoured with fine weather. The expert may enthuse over the perfect rhythm of a Derby winner's action, but in the view of the ordinary racegoer there is nothing quite so thrilling as the spectacle of a good horse jumping great fences in faultless style or skimming hurdles in his stride.

It is for that reason I wish we had some of these mixed meetings as a regular feature of Southern racing. Sandown and Gatwick have all the facilities. A little initiative on the part of the executives could do the rest. I am convinced that such a programme would be a much bigger attraction than sports confined to one set of rules.

An Aintree Change.

The formidable nature of the fences at Aintree is notorious, but a great deal of the "grief" which we have been accustomed to witness year after year has been brought into being at the famous Canal turn. It was here that Grakle, who started second favourite when Sprig won last year, fell, bringing down several others with him. It was at the same spot last March, too, that a whole crowd of the fancied brigade went out of the race.

Radical alterations which have now been made in the fence will, it is hoped, prevent a repetition of this annual debacle. The ditch has been filled in; the fence lengthened some 12 ft., and the wings lowered. The result is that when the horses make that awkward sharp left turn they will have much more room to move; the danger of overcrowding and jostling will be lessened and there will be less likelihood of their being still unbalanced when they approach Valentine's.

Hitherto if a horse has not been able to get in a clean jump at the Canal fence it has often happened that his jockey has been unable to get him properly under control again before he has had to take the famous Brook. It follows, then, that these improvements at the "turn" must also lessen the chances of a fall at Valentine's.

It will be interesting to see next week what effect the changes have on the race for the "Grand Sefton," which is usually quite as productive of falls as the greater events at the Spring meeting. Last year's winner, Trump Card, was set topweight but did not accept, and after the way Amberwave performed at Sandown last week his absence can be anticipated. So early in the season it is not easy to weigh up the prospects of the 'chasers, but

DONEGAL

ran well enough behind Eagle's Tail at Sandown to give him a sound chance. He is a good jumper, and that counts for much at Aintree.

Another Fred Rees?

Who will be the next champion jockey under National Hunt rules? With little Billy Stott aside with a broken ankle, George Duller still in America, I believe, and Fred Rees not yet given his licence, there seems to be a fine chance for someone to get a flying start. I am inclined to think that the Irishman Jack Moloney is going to be the most sought jockey of the future. I have watched him very closely since he came over from Ireland at the beginning of the year and his style reminds me very much of that great artist, Fred Rees.

Moloney has already entered into two contracts, Mr. A. Bendon, a wealthy patron of Percy Woodland's stable, having first claim on his services. One of his mounts next week will be Donegal in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase.

The Leading Two-Year-Olds.

No tears were shed when the abolition of the Free Handicap for two-year-olds was decided upon this season. As a contest it was never very popular with owners, and in recent years had developed more or less into a farce. Yet students of form found much food for thought in Mr. T. F. Dawkins's annual assessment of two-year-old merits. Hence the decision to publish his compilation at the end of the season was welcomed. But it would be interesting to know how he could have weighted Costaki Pasha prior to the race for the Middle Park Stakes. Few people would have been surprised, I think, had the colt been placed sixth or seventh in the list. But after that smashing victory at Newmarket Costaki Pasha has every right to be considered the best colt of his year.

The Time Test.

This result set people wondering how the Aga Khan's horse would fare against Tiffin. Personally, I have not the slightest doubt that Lord Ellesmere's unbeaten filly would come out on top. She has won each of her races so easily that it is difficult to get at her true merit, but there is one factor which can be utilised, and this speaks emphatically in favour of Tiffin. I refer to the time test.

I am not an out and out believer in the "clock," because under the present system anything like exactitude in timing the start and finish is impossible. But if a certain margin of error is allowed for, this time test can be very useful.

Three Seconds Faster.

When the filly won the Chieveley Park Stakes on Cesarewitch Day she covered the six furlongs in 1 min 13½ sec. Costaki Pasha's time for the Middle Park Stakes, run on the following day over the self-same course, was 1 min. 16½ sec., or 3 secs. longer. It is true the conditions on the second day were rather unfavourable, but Tiffin carried 4 lb. more than the colt and was little more than cantering at the finish. Three seconds is a big difference over six furlongs.

Apart from these two, juvenile form is difficult to weigh up; but after going carefully through past running I think the following a fair assessment of the comparative merits of the leading dozen two-year-olds:—

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Tiffin ..	9 2	Arabella ..	8 11
Costaki Pasha ..	9 0	Gay Day ..	8 8
Reedsmouth ..	8 12	Beachcomber ..	8 5
The Black Abbot ..	8 11	Grand Terrace ..	8 5
Mr. Jinks ..	8 11	Fuzzy Wuzzy ..	8 3
Reflector ..	8 11	Torbuc ..	8 3

It will be noted that I have placed Grand Terrace rather low in the list in spite of his second in the Middle Park Stakes. I am inclined to think the placings in that race were unreliable, and that if the race were run again neither he nor Brienz would be concerned with the finish. I have not thought fit to include Roigrey because I consider the "champion of the North" is over-rated. If I am wrong time will prove.

Newbury's Rain.

I wonder why it is that it always rains at Newbury? Scarcely does a meeting become due there than rain does its best to spoil it. Really, the clerk of the course should take steps to placate the clerk of the weather! On Friday the attendance was one of the smallest I have

seen at the Berkshire enclosure. There were the usual enthusiasts, like Lord Carnarvon, Mr. S. B. Joel and that wonderful veteran, Captain Mark Weyland, of course, but the public enclosures were very poorly patronised.

With the rain pelting down the whole afternoon, little interest was taken in the racing, the chief concern seeming to be to seek cover. Naturally, the going became waterlogged, and with the rain driving full in the face of the horses form was all upset. I'm sure it was not the real Exeter we saw, beaten by a hundred yards in the Ormonde Plate, and Green Willow, who was made favourite for the October Nursery on the strength of his good show at Newmarket the week before, clearly did not relish the changed conditions.

I thought the Sword Play colt did exceedingly well to carry his 9 st. into third place behind the easy winner, Monsieur Neuf. Mr. Washington Singer should win some nice races with this son of the Derby winner, Spion Kop, next season. It will be recalled that this was the colt that brought about the only defeat sustained by Costaki Pasha; and it was over this very course—in the Berkshire Foal Plate in June last—that it occurred.

Patience Rewarded.

Major F. Sneyd, the Sparsholt (Berks) trainer, is a comparative newcomer to the ranks of trainers, but he has already made his mark as one of the cleverest of them. His genius in winning races with apparently hopeless cases is only equalled by his patience in waiting for his reward. A typical instance was his success with Troubadour, who was weeded out of the Stanley House stable as useless, and yet, under the skilful treatment of Major Sneyd, won two important handicaps this season.

Even more remarkable is the case of Sir Joshua, with whom he won the Newbury Autumn Handicap on Saturday. It was less than two years ago that he acquired the gelding for 70 guineas. Sir Joshua was none too sound at the time, but so skilfully has Major Sneyd practised the trainer's art that since then the horse has won five races of the aggregate value of £2,042, in eight attempts. In the first of those three failures he finished second to Lightning Artist for the Newbury Autumn Cup last year, and in his last ran Brown Jack to a neck at Sandown recently.

It is worth recording, too, that when he won the Thames Stakes at Kempton Park last October he gave nine pounds and a beating to Arctic Star, who so easily won the Cesarewitch a couple of weeks back.



Photo

W. A. Roach.

Major F. B. Sneyd, trainer of Sir Joshua, winner of the Newbury Autumn Cup.

His defeat of Silver Spoon and San Vincente last Saturday, though a narrow one, was a far better performance than it looks on the surface. As the field entered the straight he lay so far behind the leaders that victory seemed very improbable, but when Harry Wragg, riding a splendidly-timed finish, sent his mount out to win his race, Sir Joshua's fine finishing pace did the rest.

Newmarket's Finale.

The last day of the season at Newmarket is rarely very thrilling, but peculiar interest attaches to the proceedings there to-day in that, in all probability, it will be the last day's racing at Headquarters under the old betting regime. By the time the "Craven" comes round again the Totalisator, or failing that the Pari-Mutuel, will have entered into active competition with the "old firm." Whether Newmarket takes kindly to the innovation remains to be seen. If the machine can overcome the prejudices of the home of racing the rest of the country will be an easy matter.

Weekend Selections.

NEWMARKET—FRIDAY.
Houghton Stakes—Empire Builder.
Ditch Mile Welter—Residue.
Criterion Nursery—St. Prisca.
Durham Stakes—Jugo.
Queensberry Handicap—Dalmagarry.
Final Stakes—Kindred.

WORCESTER—FRIDAY.
Hindlip Maiden Plate—Falakeh.
All-Aged Selling Plate—Taxing Master.
Kempsey Long-Distance Handicap—
Realm Park.
Deerhurst Selling Nursery—Thark.
City Welter Handicap—Chase Me
Charlie.
Croome Plate—Dombey.

ALEXANDRA PARK—SATURDAY.
Finchley Selling Plate—Nun of Kent.
Juvenile Selling Plate—Gilltown.
Woodland Nursery—Mary Ann.
Highgate Mid-Weight Handicap—
Easter Gift.
London Autumn Cup—Grandisson.
Broomfield Welter Plate—Spectro-
scope.

THIRSK—SATURDAY.
Brawith Nursery—Franklinberg.
Birdsall Handicap Plate—Kim.
Knayton Maiden Plate—Garconne.
Thirby Plate—Gartoi.



The canal turn at Aintree, where so many horses have come to "grief." Radical alterations have been made to this form 'dab'e fence.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

THE SURREY CHAMPIONSHIP

By Gerard Fairlie

THE Open Championship of Surrey was held this year at Sunningdale, and resulted in a victory for that brilliantly erratic golfer George Duncan, the professional at Wentworth. Duncan, when he won his British Open Championship, had to play an almost impossibly good round on the last afternoon in order to obtain the honour; last year in Ireland he completely mastered a raging storm to win the Irish Open; and now he has proved once again that he has an extraordinary ability for playing amazingly well when the weather conditions are such that most ordinary mortals prefer the clubhouse to the course.

The Surrey Union was unlucky in the day chosen for its championship. The whole of the previous night the wind blew with almost hurricane force, and the day dawned to bring scarcely any improvement. To make matters still more unpleasant showers of rain began to make their unwelcome appearance, with the distressing result that golf ceased to be a game and become a burden for most of those competing. This regrettable lack of co-operation on the part of the weather spoilt what is normally an enjoyable meeting, but it did have one good result. It provided George Duncan with a chance, which he was not slow to accept, of playing one of the best rounds of golf played in competitive golf this year.

The Surrey Championship is decided by medal play over thirty-six holes. In the morning Duncan did a seventy-three, which in the prevailing conditions was very good indeed. He did not lead the field, however, since his amateur partner, Douglas Fish, contrived to do one stroke better. I should

think that this is one of the best rounds that Fish has ever played; he is a good golfer, and at one time was a very good golfer, but circumstances now give him less opportunities of playing the game than no doubt he would like. Therefore, to lead a strong field of professionals and amateurs for the first round is a good achievement. Unfortunately he did what so many other amateurs do in like circumstances; he failed completely to live up to his morning's form in the afternoon, and his final total was by no means good after all. The responsibility of leading the field seems to have a positively disastrous effect on any amateur not absolutely of the first flight, and in this flight I classify only a very few.

Duncan's Second Round.

The wind continued with a fury unabating in the afternoon, confounding those who had announced in the early morning that such weather could not possibly last out the day, and Duncan started on his second round anything but happily. He took a five to the first hole, and a six to the second. But this is just the sort of start which some times acts as an incentive to the man and, taking five three's in the next seven holes, he reached the turn in thirty-five after all. He came home in thirty-five as well, for a total of seventy, doing nothing wrong and everything right, except at the seventeenth hole which should have been a four and turned into a five. In point of fact, he was unlucky not to break seventy, for his very last putt staggered on the very lip of the eighteenth hole before unkindly re-using to drop into it.

I heard it said that this was the finest round of the year. I am not prepared to subscribe to this view, but it can safely be said that it was one of the finest. The golf was effortless, and defies description, since it is manifestly ridiculous to write:—"He hit the ball a long way down the middle of the fairway," and "he put the ball on the green, somewhere near the hole," over and over again. I think really the greatest tribute to Duncan lies in the fact that the round cannot be described as exciting; a few bad shots are required for the making of thrills.

Thus for three years a professional of the Wentworth Golf Club has won this Surrey Championship, since Jack Smith, of Ion, hitting fame, lately Duncan's assistant, has won it twice.

The Amateurs.

Major C. O. Hezlet occupied the second position, as befitted



Captain Douglas Fish, M.C. (Addington)
and George Duncan (Wentworth).

the reigning Amateur Champion of the county, and played very well indeed to do it. His seventy-seven in the morning and seventy-four in the afternoon represents golf a great deal better than merely steady, and incidentally a total which before the event started many thought would be good enough to win. Perhaps he was unlucky in finding Duncan right at the top of his form, but he has every reason to be satisfied with his performance. Hezlet must be just about the most consistent golfer in the amateur ranks; he can be one of the most brilliant as well, as all those who saw him defeat Dr. William Tweddell in the last amateur championship will agree. In that match Tweddell played extremely well, but was never in the picture at all against the concentrated excellence of Hezlet's golf.

The amateurs competing in this Surrey Championship can be said to have done very well. Pride of place goes of course to Charles Hezlet, but Douglas Fish tied for fifth place, chiefly because of his admirable first round, and there were five unpaid golfers in the first ten places. Apart from the two I have just mentioned, the others were P. Azbill, J. A. Board, and D. B. Anderson.

Is it Fitting?

Duncan's victory means that the present amateur and open championships of Surrey are at the moment held by an Irishman and a Scotsman respectively.

I think that there is something wrong in this. The position, on the face of it, is ridiculous. Charles Hezlet is Ireland's captain, and G. Duncan would without doubt play for Scotland
(Continued overleaf)



Major C. O. Hezlet (West Hill),
runner-up for the Surrey Championship.

Through the Fairway—continued

were there a professional international match. Yet, in spite of this, the championships of Surrey, an English county, are held between them.

Again, when Surrey puts its full amateur strength into the field against some other county in a team match, most of the players are not only qualified to play against England, but actually have done so for Scotland or Ireland, and in all probability will do so again and again. This, to me, seems an extraordinary situation.

I am not criticising Surrey in particular; my remarks apply to most other county teams, although not perhaps quite to the same extent. Nor am I criticising the Surrey Union for playing these men, since I think they would be stupid not to, as the rules allow it. But I am definitely of the opinion that the rules should not allow it. When the Surrey Amateur Championship was first instituted, the rules were so framed that, because Sir Ernest Holderness happened to have been born in India, he found himself unable to compete. This was soon altered, and rightly so, for Sir Ernest Holderness is English and Surrey at that, but I don't think that this situation was any more stupid than the present one.

I cannot see why Surrey, an English county, should allow its championship to be won by a Californian, a Scot, and an Irishman.

Perhaps the truth of the matter lies in the number of these minor events, which block up the golfing calendar so effectively. Might we not be very much more happy with the Amateur and Open Championships, and the St. George's Cup at Sandwich only? There might be time then, for a little friendly golf.

The Surrey Ladies' Open Meeting.

The Surrey ladies have been holding a

tournament as well as the "Surrey" men. This, the Autumn meeting, has just taken place at West Byfleet, and resulted in a triple tie at eighty-one between Mrs. Gold, Miss P. Lobbett, and Mrs. Baker. Miss Joan Gow was next with an eighty-two, but Miss Molly Gourlay could do no better than eighty-six. This total, however, combined with her return of seventy-four at the Spring meeting, won for her the challenge cup presented for the best aggregate of score at the Spring and Autumn meetings.

The tie was decided on the best homeward half of each of the cards concerned, and this gave Mrs. Gold the victory, since the last nine holes had only cost her thirty-five strokes.

This scoring speaks for itself. Round in eighty-one and home in thirty-five means that Mrs. Gold expended no less than forty-six shots in reaching the turn. This cannot have been encouraging, and it says much for this lady's spirit and golfing temperament that she refused to allow herself to be flustered out of playing well by an unsuccessful start. I do not approve of the method of deciding a tie employed on this occasion, although I realise that circumstances may make its use imperative, but this time the prize seems to have gone to a most deserving winner. That thirty-five home is very good indeed.

Amateurs v Professionals.

One of the greatest of our amateur golfers recently expressed to me the opinion that our amateur golfers of the front rank are now just as good as our present day professors. I did not answer him. I should like to believe what he says, but I find it most difficult.

It is perfectly true, as he pointed out, that in the recent Amateurs v. Professionals match played on level terms at West Hill neither side could claim the victory at the end of the day; but the general surprise at this result, and the delighted excitement of those whose business

it is to record these and similar events, is, I think, a point in my favour rather than in his. Again, such results as that of a similar match just played at Old Ford Manor between the Amateurs and Professionals of Hertfordshire, when the unpaid were well and truly defeated, lend further strength to my unbelief.

Perhaps we have more class amateurs who are as good, or nearly as good, as first class professionals at the moment than we have ever had before, but further than this I will not go just at present. I will say this, however; we undoubtedly possess a great many amateurs who on their day can beat the professors, but their day is so very much less frequent, Charles Hezlet is a notable exception.

Castor Oil.

Wet weather, of which we have far too much in this country, very often has a disastrous effect on the grips of one's clubs. When they are dried they become shiny and slippery, and resultantly difficult to hold when playing a shot.

To counteract this, many people use various forms of rosin, but many others cannot bear the sticky feeling and are forced reluctantly to purchase a new grip and have it fitted. To these I will pass on a tip given to me only a few days ago. A very small quantity of castor oil rubbed into leather grips rejuvenates them to a remarkable degree, and apparently makes the extravagance of a new grip entirely unnecessary.

Fixture List.

November 3rd.—*St Andrews Meeting. Royal Liverpool. Stoke Poges v. Oxford University. Stoke Poges.*
6th.—*London Press Annual Meeting. Northwood.*

TEETH MAY BE GLISTENING WHITE AND CLEAN
YET

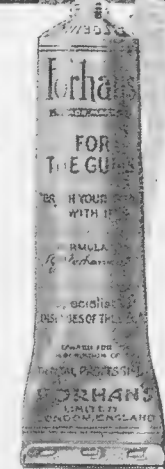


What an insidious foe Pyorrhœa is! It never attacks in the open, but waits until gums suffer from neglect. Then it advances, sweeping through the system, often causing such serious disorders as stomach trouble, anaemia, nervousness, and facial disfigurement.

Merely to clean teeth is not enough. The gums as well must be protected. Although their teeth may be glistening white, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger suffer under good health to this grim foe. . . . The reason is generally carelessness.

Don't Fear These Odds

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FOR THE GUMS

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CROSS COURT VOLLEYS

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

ENTERTAINS BERLIN *By F. Gordon Lowe*

The Germans Defeated.

IN the course of an interesting encounter, played at Queen's Club last week, the International Club of Great Britain defeated the Red-White Club, Berlin, by nine matches to three. It was a most enjoyable contest from every point of view, and victory for the I.C. was not nearly so sweeping as the score suggests. All the members of the winning team were in their best form, while the Germans were handicapped by their unfamiliarity with the pace of the wood floor at Queen's; strange to relate, there are no covered courts in Berlin. In any case, the actual result should not be taken too seriously; the whole point on an occasion like this was to provide some close matches and to return a little of the hospitality which the I.C. team had showered upon them in Berlin last year.

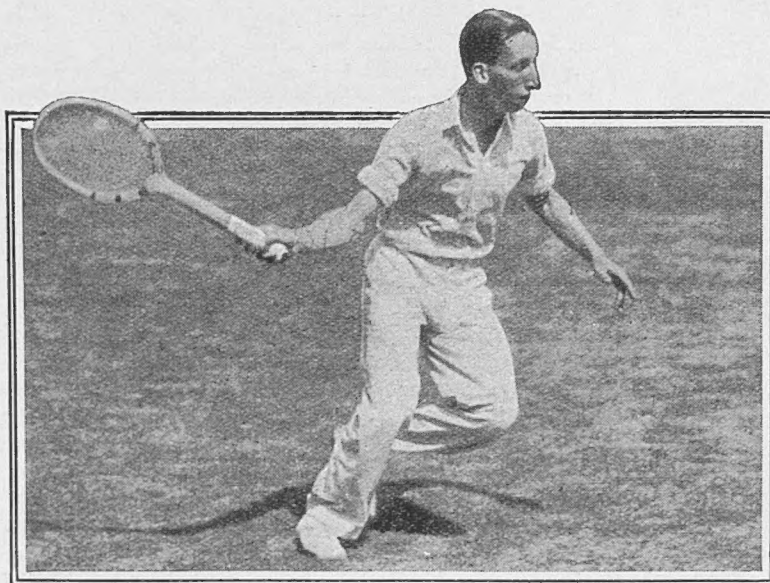
The Meaning of the I.C.

The International Club is perhaps better described as a society composed of the leading English players whose chief object is to promote good fellowship in the game. The qualification for ordinary membership is that a player must have taken part in a representative match abroad. Then again, any of the great players of other countries who have visited England with official teams are eligible for election as honorary members. Therefore, many of them are also members of the I.C., and the influence of the Club thus extends far beyond England.

That is how Brugnon came to be leading the I.C. against the Germans last week; his presence in the team certainly proved a great attraction and the artistry of his play delighted the galleries. Against Prenn, who seemed to have shot his bolt after winning a brilliant first set, Brugnon was at his best in the next two sets.

A Brilliant Double.

By far the best match of the series came at the end. This was when Brugnon and Spence just overcame Prenn and Moldenhauer in the fifth set after being in serious danger of defeat. The score in favour of the former pair was 5-7, 6-4, 6-8, 6-3, 6-3. Everyone agreed that this was the finest double match seen at Queen's for some time; it was full of beautiful strokes and stirring rallies from start to finish. Its chief feature was perhaps the return of service, which was uniformly good all round, especially on the part of the Germans. Added to this, all four men were themselves serving splendidly, Brugnon's delivery being the outstanding one. It was, too, Brugnon's greater experience of the double game, coupled with the fact that Spence has never played better in his life, which brought the I.C. pair victory. All the same, the Germans were perhaps a little unlucky to lose, as they seemed to have the match in hand when leading by two sets to one. In the fourth set the light became so bad that electric light had to be used; this



C. H. Kingsley who with Pat Wheatley won the covered court doubles championship at Queen's Club. The old Oxonian was in fine form.

seemed to affect the Germans more than Spence and Brugnon. From this point to the end of the match the latter pair were sighting the ball distinctly better than their opponents, especially at the net. At the same time, on the other court, Wheatley and Mayes, an unorthodox but effective combination, were beating Kleinschroth and Stapenhorst.

Turnbull at his Best.

One of the best performances in the singles was the victory of Noel Turnbull over Moldenhauer, who, by the way, was German champion in 1927. Turnbull had just returned from Portugal, having won the Portuguese championship for the fourth time. After the first set, which he lost, Turnbull gave a brilliant exhibition of the game. He threw defence to the winds, and his fierce drives began to hit the corners with great regularity. Moldenhauer had much difficulty in reaching many of these, and the fact that he could only secure five games in the last two sets testifies to the excellence of the Englishman's play. Turnbull was able to take things more easily in his other match against Stapenhorst, the least experienced of the Germans.

Two Promising Queen's Club Men.

Nigel Sharpe, who is at his best on wood, also distinguished himself, and he is to be congratulated on beating Prenn, the present German champion. The Englishman, however, came fairly near to losing the match in two straight sets. It was only a lucky net cord, which the German was in sight of victory, which saved Sharpe, and helped him to secure the second set at 7-5; after that it was plain sailing for the Englishman.

Although Olliff, who is a gifted young player, did not win a match he showed glimpses of what might be expected from his racket in the future; he has all the strokes, but at present will try to do too much. Olliff started too late to have any chance against Moldenhauer, but gave a brilliant display when pulling up from

1-5 to 5—all in the second set; he was also beaten by Kleinschroth, who played well, but is really a doubles specialist.

The German Team.

Prenn, who has quite a look of Lacoste, is the most impressive of the Germans; it will be remembered that he beat Higgs in the Davis Cup match at Edgbaston this year. He has fine ground strokes, a powerful service and is clearly a clever match player; through being heavily built, Prenn is inclined to be slow on his feet; this may prove his only real handicap to greatness. Moldenhauer is perhaps a finer stroke player, and possesses a perfectly produced backhand which is a joy to watch. Somehow he did not strike me as quite such a resolute fighter as his partner, Prenn. Stapenhorst is distinctly promising, and the newest comer to International Lawn Tennis,

whilst Kleinschroth, who still looks and plays much as he did in 1913, is now in the veteran stage.

It is quite evident that lawn tennis in Germany is going ahead. It would surprise no one if in the near future they make a very bold bid for the Davis Cup. The Germans by their sportsmanship and fine play at Queen's impressed everyone, and were paid many compliments at the dinner held in their honour by the I.C. after the matches.

The New Covered Court Champions.

The closing stages of the Covered Court Championships provided one really fine match; this was the final of the men's doubles which brought to light a new English combination of considerable promise in Kingsley and Wheatley. After the holders and British Davis Cup pair, Crole Rees and Eames, had captured the first two sets, no one expected them to lose the next three! The critics, however, had reckoned without the superlative display which Wheatley gave in the latter part of the match, after an indifferent beginning, neither had they expected quite so marked a falling off on the part of Crole Rees. Kingsley, who is perhaps the finest doubles player in the country, was magnificent all through, and when Wheatley found his true game this young Queen's Club pair were able to put a very different complexion on the match, the ultimate scores in their favour being 8-10, 4-6, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4.

Let us hope this new pair will continue to develop their collective powers.

It was unfortunate that not a single member of the selection committee was at Queen's to witness this double, which should have proved an excellent guide as to form for next season.

The mixed doubles turned out to be a triumph for Crole Rees and Mrs. Mitchell. In the semi-final they beat the Godfrees, the Wimbledon champions of 1926, and in the final Miss Bennett and Wheatley.

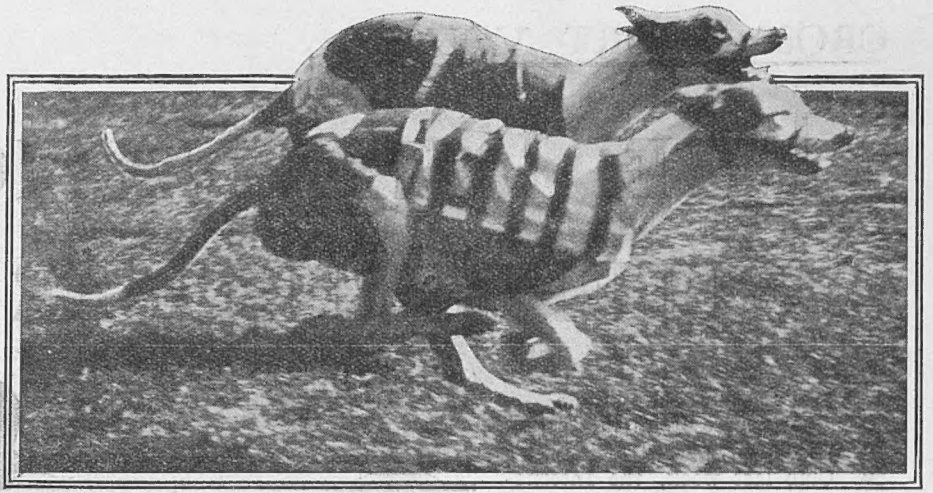
FIXTURE LIST.

November 3rd.—Professional Match.—C. Read v. Maskell, Queen's Club.

FACTS ABOUT GREYHOUND RACING

By CAPTAIN P. R. ASTLEY

(Member of the Greyhound Racing Club)



A striking photo showing two dogs struggling for the lead.

MANY people are under the impression that this sport is being conducted in a haphazard way, and that it is controlled only by those financially interested in the Tracks.

Nothing is so far removed from the truth.

When it became apparent that greyhound racing had come to stop, influential people well known in the sporting world got together and discussed the formation of a Controlling Body for Greyhound Racing. From this arose the National Greyhound Racing Club, which was actually formed in the very early part of 1928, and formally commenced to function on April 23 last. The Club at the same time published comprehensive Rules of Racing, which are rigidly enforced on all licensed tracks.

The Club's offices are at Roxburghe House, Regent Street, London, W., and it has a large staff dealing with the registration of greyhounds, with the publication of a weekly Racing Calendar, and with giving decisions on many of the difficult queries that arise in connection with actual racing.

The Senior Steward devotes his entire energies to the affairs of the Club. No Steward has financial interest in any Greyhound Racing Track, a fact which ensures (if doubt existed regarding gentlemen of such high integrity) that the rules are administered with justice.

The Licensed Tracks.

At the present time there are forty-three licensed tracks in England, Scotland and Wales. When the Club first came into operation there were forty-eight.

It was not the policy of the Stewards to license further tracks in districts which they consider are already adequately served, but they felt it necessary to grant licences to those tracks for which money had been subscribed and which were constructed, or in course of construction, on April 23, as they could not place them-

selves in the position of "destroying" capital.

It was only to be expected that with the thoroughness and suddenness with which greyhound racing "attacked" this country, many more tracks sprang up than were justified. A number of these have, however, since closed down.

A Disguised Dog.

Some unfortunate incidents in greyhound racing have come to light, particularly one quoted again and again where a substituted greyhound was painted a different colour and won a race so disguised. But, even so, it is significant that the perpetrators of this fraud did not "get away" with it, but were called upon to explain to the Irish Coursing Club. The consequence was that they were warned off by the I.C.C., and automatically warned off all tracks under the control of the N.G.R.C., under a reciprocal agreement.

Reference to the Rules of Racing, which have been widely advertised and which are on sale either at the Club's Offices or on any track racing under the Club, will show that if the Rules are strictly observed, it should be impossible for such things to occur and remain undetected on licensed tracks. Also, if people who imagine that those interested in greyhound racing are concerned with financial gain rather than with the "honour and glory" would also become thoroughly acquainted with the Rules, they would appreciate the efforts which the Club is making to establish the sport on a well-conducted and sound basis.

Registering the Dogs.

Under Club Rules the substitution of greyhounds is extremely difficult. For instance, no greyhound, unless registered with the Club, is allowed to run at any recognised meeting. For every registered greyhound an identity

card is made out, containing full particulars of the dog—its colouring, height, markings, etc., everything which would be of assistance for purposes of identification—and upon which are entered the times of its races and trials.

These identity cards are only handled by the Racing Managers of tracks and exchanged by post when a dog leaves one track to race on another.

The greyhound is always checked with its identity card, and should suspicion arise that a dog was not the dog it was represented to be, it would not be allowed to run and would be the subject of an inquiry and a report to the Stewards of the N.G.R.C.

Owners may have their greyhounds trained privately or track-trained. If the former, they can enter their dogs in open races, of which there are many, apart from the big classic events. If the latter, the dog is graded into its proper class by the Racing Manager of the track, and so long as it remains at the track kennels, is run at the discretion of the Racing Manager.

The owner may remove his greyhound at any time.

All track officials—from Racing Managers to trainers—are either licensed or approved of by the Stewards of the Club, and should it be found that an official was concerned in any way with a circumstance that was not above suspicion, the Stewards would immediately withdraw his licence or their approval, or otherwise deal with him under the Rules of Racing, and such official could not—unless he were subsequently reinstated—be employed on any other track controlled by the Club.

No Stimulants Allowed.

The Club has a certain number of travelling Stipendiary Stewards, whose duty it is to see that the Rules are being scrupulously obeyed on the tracks in their area, particularly the Rule which stipulates that greyhounds must be placed in the racing kennels two hours before the first race of the meeting at which they are to run. This makes certain that, even if a stimulant were administered, as is sometimes supposed, to increase a dog's speed, the effect would have completely passed off before the dog is due to run.

When the dogs have been placed in the racing kennels, no one has access to them except the Racing Manager, Veterinary Surgeon, or licensed official.

The National Coursing Club and the Irish Coursing Club have both recognised the existence of The National Greyhound Racing Club and the good work it is doing. On the question of persons warned off for malpractice, the Club has reciprocal agreements with both these bodies.



Well over; "Leigh Brooke" and "Battle Glory" going all out at Wembley.

FROM THE TOUCHLINE.

A DEFENCE of PROFESSIONAL SOCCER

By Mitford Brice

UNASHAMEDLY—brazenly, if you like—I plead guilty to one of the milder weaknesses of my sex: I read (as do many of you) all the Sunday newspapers and most of the daily ones. And, although I weary (who doesn't?) of the contradictions of politics, I equally find myself grumbling at the unanimity of sporting stunts. A solitary cry becomes an echo, the echo grows into a clamour, the clamour becomes a "movement" and the movement is magnified into a "public demand." Our forefathers would have called this process "bunkum"; we, being more civilised and consequently less truthful, merely call it propaganda. . .

At the moment there is a "public demand" to know "What is wrong with football?" The fact that those who ask the question also answer it tickles one's sense of humour, but tempts one to wonder just how "public" the demand really is. The reply that we are told is the correct one (after all, man ought to know the right reply to his own question) is that professional soccer, from directors downward, is crooked.

Greatly daring, I venture to say that you will find nothing much wrong with professional football if you review the problem, calmly and unemotionally, from every angle instead of from one. But if you propose to read this article to its bitter end, if you really want to see the other side of the picture that is daily being painted for you in colours so bold that you almost lose sight of the picture itself, it is necessary, throughout this article, to remember the one stark fact on which the case "for" is based. And that fact is that professional football is no longer a game in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but has become a highly organised industry. If you concede that, you cannot logically condemn the transfer system which appears to be the bull's-eye of the grumblers' target.

That £10,000.

Is any professional soccer player worth £10,000? Frankly, my answer is "Yes." Under certain conditions and to certain clubs, a player even to-day can be worth twice that amount. Let me, in more or less tabloid form, draw a picture of an imaginary club, Nonest United, contemplating the transfer of a player like "Dixie" Dean; and imagine yourself a director of that club, weighing up the potentialities of this proposed transfer.

As a result of careful and lengthy consultations with your co-directors and your manager, your board has decided to strengthen your team because of injuries sustained or in view of the precarious position occupied by Nonest United in the League, or because the gate receipts have shrunk so seriously that the stability of your club is threatened. Having further decided that Dean is the player most suitable to your requirements, you then have



David Jack, the new Arsenal "ten-thousand pounder," heading the ball for goal in the match with Liverpool.

to agree as to the maximum fee that you are willing to pay, since no club opens negotiations with another club without knowing first of all how much it is prepared to spend. What, then, are the considerations that will influence you as a responsible director in your duty of fixing a price that is likely to be profitable to the club whose interests you represent?

Five Considerations.

(1) Nonest United's team lacks a definite personality, a master of the game. What would Dean be worth to you for his personality alone? £2,000.

(2) What would be the value of Dean's play in its effect upon those of his colleagues who might be brilliant in conjunction with him, but who have proved themselves moderate without him? In other words, how much would the increased ability of your existing players be worth? At least £2,000.

(3) If the acquisition of Dean were instrumental in preventing Nonest United from descending into a lower grade of football, what would be a fair figure to pay for Dean? At least £2,000.

(4) When that gold-mine, the F.A. Cup Competition, is reached, what increase in gate receipts will be taken by Nonest United with Dean as against Nonest United without Dean? Excluding the possibilities of the semi-final or final round, £2,000.

(5) Assuming that Dean avoids injury, what would be the increased gate receipts from League matches by the end of the season? £2,000.

In brief:—

	£
(1) Personality	2,000
(2) Increased value of other players	2,000
(3) Value of position in League	2,000
(4) Increased gate receipts in Cup ties	2,000
(5) Increased gate receipts in League games ..	2,000
	£10,000

I maintain, moreover, that in each of the above items, £2,000 is a very conservative estimate.

Some one is sure to say—it is continually being said—that even if a particular player be worth a fat fee, transfers in general are foolish because the player might break his leg or be otherwise seriously injured in his first game with his new club. Well, he can be insured against that. Remember—football is no longer a game in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but has become a highly organised industry.

The Football Association.

If anything be wrong with football, the F.A. need have few twinges of conscience; it has played its part well. Since that day, sixty-five years ago last Friday, when a handful of clubs brought it into existence, until the present time, it has ruled its ever-growing domain

with fairness, with far-sightedness and above all with rigour. Although professional soccer has become so vast a spectacle that it offers healthy, cheap and harmless entertainment to hundreds of thousands of people weekly, the F.A. has continued to frame and to enforce wise laws and has never lost control either of its players or its crowds.

The Clubs.

It is quite true that there exist some clubs who look no further than their balance sheets and whose directors seek their position from motives of vanity or even in some cases to make sure of a good seat. On the other hand, many of the leading clubs boast boards of directors who are sound business men of good position and repute, and who are actuated by high motives and great ambitions; and who are not only conscious that it is their duty to provide a high-class entertainment for the public, but are anxious to attract all sections of that public by showing them the best side of football and football management.

If I quote the case of one particular club, it must not be thought that it stands alone; happily, there are others. I refer to The Arsenal. They have a ground that is probably worth £100,000 and one that is easily reached from any part of London. They now have a good board of directors with a keen and active chairman in Sir Samuel Hill-Wood; they are idealists at Highbury and never weary of probing different ways of perfecting their football, improving their already magnificent ground and raising the standard of the game generally in a manner worthy of a go-ahead business concern.

From the Touchline—*contd.*



Richmond versus Cambridge University. Richmond forwards held after a break-away from a scrum.

That is what they admit they are, what they boast they are. Yet, in every conversation I have ever had with that enthusiastic and capable manager, Mr. Herbert Chapman, he has never failed to impress upon me the extent of his obligations to the public. I would even suggest that The Arsenal don't mind losing a match for their own sakes; but they do mind people going home disappointed on a Saturday night.

There is an increasing number of clubs of this character. I submit that there is little wrong with football; in fact, I would go so far as to say that it is probably the cleanest of all the money-sports. Achievement in anything is a thing to be admired; the F.A., helped by the discipline of the British public, have achieved much; and I, for one, doff my bonnet to them.

Rugby Football.

WALKING weather never will be football weather. Of the two men between whom I was sitting at a public dinner the other night, the man on my left was an incorrigible walker—the sort of man who does his twenty miles a day. He spent at least the first half-hour of dinner bemoaning the loss of hard, dry roads and firm, crisp turf beneath his feet. My right-hand companion had been playing in a county championship match that afternoon, and he loudly thanked his Maker that his feet had sunk well into the grass and that he could “bring the —’s down hard at last!” We all hate platitudes, but in this case one man's meat really was another man's poison; for the walker weighed sixteen stone and eight pounds!

Coventry continue to play most effective football and are probably the strongest club team in England at the moment. The Welsh sides do not seem to be so formidable as in most years; I am told by some one who was present at the match that the narrowness of Newport's two points win over Oxford was due to their own weakness rather than to Oxford's brilliance. For all that, Oxford created a really good impression and are likely to have at least as good an all-round team as Cambridge, although they have no match winner comparable to Aarvold.

The county match between Middlesex and Hampshire was chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Colin Laird at wing three-quarter, for which piece of enterprise the

Middlesex selectors were soundly rated in certain quarters. Middlesex's difficulty was a curious one. They had at their disposal two stand-off halves, Spong and Laird; Laird can play in the three-quarter line, Spong cannot. Consequently Middlesex were faced with the choice of playing Laird in his right position and dropping Spong altogether, or playing Spong at stand-off and turning Laird into a three-quarter for the afternoon. The first plan meant playing one good footballer; the second plan released two good footballers.

On the afternoon's play Laird justified the experiment by playing quite well, although he vowed he would never play there again! Still, from the Middlesex point of view, and remembering that it was a county match and not an International, the disposition of the two players was a wise one.

Tom Devitt is in good form this year, and if he has the good luck to be played on his proper wing in the trials, he might well oust Taylor as Aarvold's partner.

Ireland's Chance.

George Stephenson, Ireland's captain, warns me that Ireland, although she may not be the popular selection, holds as good a chance of carrying off the International Championship as any of her rivals. If there is one certain thing in an uncertain world it is that Ireland will have a team of fifteen stout-hearted fellows who will play with a hundred per cent. virility from the kick-off to no-side.

Stephenson, by the way, now equals the great record of 35 caps held by R. M. Owen of Wales. One more cap will, therefore, establish for him an International record, but as he is only 27 there is no reason why he should not add a dozen to his score; such a record as that is hardly likely to be broken in our time.

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—*Cambridge University v. Leicester; Richmond v. Oxford University.*

ASSOCIATION.—*Aston Villa v. Derby County; West Ham v. Manchester City; Middlesbrough v. Bradford.*



Middlesex versus Hampshire in the county championship at Teddington. Sir T. C. Devitt (Middlesex) kicking clear on being tackled.